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ANGLOPHOBIA IN GERMANY.

Among other lessons which the war has brought home to us, not the least visible is the widespread presence of Anglophobia on the Continent. In its general aspects Anglophobia resembles a malady; it has features in common with the influenza. Both complaints are contagious, epidemic—they are certainly not endemic—intermittent, amenable to treatment, and may, if unwisely neglected, become a serious menace to life, and to the temper of the body politic. The therapeutics of both are simple. We need not labor the analogy. There are no bacilli in Anglophobia, which has a pure culture of its own—obscure, it is true, but withal, psychologically viewed, susceptible of analysis and of definition. Analytical, psychological, introspective examination is an ominous theme. The "Inner man" is quite as perplexing indeed as the "Over man." But if the proper study of mankind is man, it is right that, at times, we should pull up the curtain, turn on the lights, see and be seen; learn that to know others we must learn to know ourselves.

Anglophobia, we know, is rampant on the Continent; the war has lent it wings; it has become systematic, almost a fashion. At the present moment we enjoy the privilege of being

the most talked of, the most hated, the most "isolated" people on the face of the globe; to which distinction we are probably the most callous. Foreigners, "Barbarians" we say, and pass on; for we are a busy people and have a big thing before us which commands our attention. Yet in Anglophobia we have a big thing too. I am no alarmist; this is no homily. A well-hated man is generally a man feared. Yet in Anglophobia there is matter for reflection. As a phenomenon it is noteworthy; how much more so speculatively, as a political factor in the shaping of peoples. And this is particularly the case in Germany, where Anglophobia is now almost universal. There, among the people of our great commercial rival, its presence is assuredly worth consideration. Like some malignant growth, the virus of Anglophobia penetrates and permeates the nation. Perhaps in no other European nation is hatred of England and of Englishmen so general or so deep-rooted, and, in its more serious aspects, so disquieting, as among our kindred in the fatherland. And this, be it said, *sine ira et studio*, is no hyperbole, but sober statement of fact.

Lying beneath the surface, Anglophobia is a passive, latent potency. From the academic chair, from the pul-

pit, in the mess-room, in the canteen; in the Junker's household, in the lonely farmstead, from the scribbler's pen, in the drawing-room, in the proletariat's garret, it turns up, importunately, like a bad penny. In a Berlin High School for girls, the teacher, during a lesson on geography, recently, though she knew—probably because she knew—that an English girl was present, bade all her pupils rise from their seats who sympathized with the Boers. Instinctively the poor children obeyed. In confusion and blushes the solitary English girl alone remained seated. That was a lesson in Anglophobia. Take another instance. At Kiel the present writer overheard a conversation between two German sailors. The one roundly rated the other, who served on an English ship and wore the ship's cognizance on his cap, for working for "such a nation." "Die schweine haben das geld" (The beasts—literally pigs—have the money), was the characteristic rejoinder. At the beginning of the war a necessitous bootmaker refused to resole a pair of my boots because, he said, I was an Englishman, and he hoped the Boers would win. At no time since the accession of the present Emperor to the throne has the tension between the sovereign and his people been so marked or so general as it has been during the last two years, owing to the Emperor's policy of friendship to England; just as at no time, before or since, was the sense of loyalty so strong as immediately after the publication of the famous telegram in 1896 to Mr. Kurger. It has even been suggested that the telegram was despatched with that object.

The feelings of a nation are often embodied in a cartoon. In one of these—I think it was in the "Blutbuch," or Transvaal Book of Blood, one of those scurrilous prints to which the war has given birth—the feeling is portrayed. There, a lifeguardsman is depicted

complacently gazing at enraged Michael. Michael, or the German man-in-the-street, brandishes a heavy bludgeon, exclaiming, "Ach! If I could only get hold of you on shore." The present writer happened to be at Hanover the day of the outbreak of hostilities. We were a mixed company at the luncheon table. Suddenly a telegram was brought in announcing that the Boers had crossed the frontier. The effect was instantaneous. Spontaneously conversation became general. As the only Englishman present, I was immediately "talked at." Two things were notable in the conversation: the knowledge—which events have verified—of the Boer armaments, preparedness and military capacity; the conviction that the war would be a matter of years, the certainty with which they prophesied our mishaps, discomfitures and defeats; and underlying it all, the undisguised pleasure evinced that, at last, the "proud Britons" were entangled in a dangerous undertaking, and were, as they hoped, to be "well thrashed." There was little sympathy for the Boers; it was "Schadenfreude"—malicious delight—in anticipation of disasters. That was the feeling throughout Germany at the beginning of the war. That is the feeling of enraged Michael in the "Blood Book" cartoon. We need not enlarge on this. Nor is it to our purpose to chronicle grievances. Anglophobia is very visible. If we speak of it at all it is because we believe Anglophobia in Germany to be more than a surface menace, which if we cannot eradicate it, we may not improbably have to reckon with later as a serious danger.

Historically viewed, there exists no ground, either for the Germans to hate the English, or the English to hate the Germans. Indeed, it may be questioned whether any serious animosity towards Germans exists in England at all. We have only once been at war

with Germany—in 1805, at a time when Germany was a geographical term, and subservient to the will of Napoleon. And we have often fought along with the Germans, and even for them. We are a kindred nation. Our dynasties are blood relations. Both peoples have the same religion, tendencies, ambitions; are in art, music, literature, science, philosophy, civilization, complementary to each other. The methods may be different, the interests of the two nations conflicting; but there is nothing insuperable between them, little that should alienate, much that should attract and consolidate. Cynical, critical, materialistic, the modern German sets aside sentiment and religion to serve as day-dreams to his women. He is not sensuous like the Frenchman, nor captious like the Spaniard, nor rancorous like the Italian. His mental equipment is sane and very keen. He thinks before he acts; acts carefully, deliberately, consciously. The passive receptivity for Anglophobia in the German is a curious psychological phenomenon.

Now the question immediately arises, how far is the Transvaal war responsible for this feeling. In part, undoubtedly, it must be admitted freely, and to a large extent. The war did not cause it. The war fanned it, intensified, magnified it; in part, too, created it. Our whole policy in South Africa has unquestionably lost us a number of true German friends—men of the old-fashioned type who have watched the rise of their own country with mingled feelings of awe and pride, who looked to England as the muni-ment of chartered liberty, who, in a new Germany “across the seas,” see the foundations of great troubles. These men have become estranged. Their opinions upon the war are well-known. They need neither chronicler nor apologist. Theirs is the opinion of Europe and of the “Pro-Boers.” In a sense,

they represent our own Liberal party, and are, numerically, of about the same force. To these must be added cities once Anglophil, such as Hamburg. There in the old Hanseatic free town, once, it may truly be said, well-nigh a foreign sea-port of England, now the greatest emporium of trade on the Continent, a remarkable revulsion of feeling has taken place. But a few years ago the “cult” of England was a popular feature of the town. There was an English atmosphere about the city and its denizens. The ovation once accorded to Mr. Gladstone by the people of Hamburg was as spontaneous as it was literally popular. The chords which he touched there were human. No show of bunting, no martial magnificence could have strung them. The people hailed him not as Minister or ruler, not as victor or conqueror, but as a great citizen, as a man, as a fighter in the common cause of humanity.

The war has swept all that away. Hamburg is now as Anglophobe as Dresden or as any other city throughout Germany. In the sailors’ booths and popular music-halls which line the Avenue of St. Pauli—a suburb of Hamburg much frequented by the populace—the “clou” of the repertoire is now invariably the war. Outrageous accusations, blatant calumny, scurrilous defamation of “Tommy” and his generals—no slander is too gross. This is the product of the war. A year or so ago such a thing was unheard of. The fact cannot be blinked. The women of Germany, their children, the old Liberals, the learned and the masses of the great unlearned are incensed against us. All this unquestionably the war has produced. And yet it is very strange. In the nation wrought of “Blood and Iron,” *Gefühlspolitik*—sentimental politics—has no place. The nation which absorbed so big a portion of Poland, of Denmark and of France;

which can boast of a Frederic the Great and of a Bismarck; which has stamped all Europe with a political impress of its own healthy selfishness, has assuredly, as Mephistopheles said of the church, a big belly, and, it may be supposed, an easy digestion. "What is Hecuba to us?" remarked the Iron Chancellor on a memorable occasion. The remark should be still apposite. Are Armenians less than Finns, Finns than Bulgarians, Bulgarians than a nation of Nomad farmers? Not a tear was shed for the Cubans under Spain; for the Philippines struggling against black-frocked tyranny—and who by the way are still struggling. During the Spanish American war the sympathies of all Germany were with Spain. They were for the Spaniards, as they are now for the Boers, and for the same reasons. Were the Chinese theatricals, the "No Pardon" speech, that Christian pilgrimage against the infidels, not affairs of conscience? Does the Prussian police *régime* make men of sentiment? Is the Fatherland prone to hysteria? No! the reasons are far other.

Anglophobia, in its collective sense, is no child of sentiment. The explosion of outraged popular feeling on the occasion of the Emperor's visit to the death-bed of his grandmother, of the presentation of the order of the Black Eagle to Lord Roberts, of the official rebuff offered to Mr. Leyds on the threshold of Germany, of the seizures of German mail steamers, of Mr. Chamberlain's utterances—these are but the outlets of long pent-up rancor. In Germany, where public opinion as we understand it, may be said hardly to exist, where the Press is wholly partisan and but rarely in agreement, so forcible an outburst is the more noteworthy. The Press has, in these cases, been the expression of the public voice. The Press has sinned and still sins grievously against the canons of truth and of common decency; by omission and

commission. Telegrams have been garbled, misrepresented, twisted out of recognition. But the public have so willed it. Many an editor, desirous of striking the golden mean, has quailed before the mandate of his private correspondence insisting upon his flowing with the tide against England. The Press—and I mean the serious political organs—is not wholly to blame. Not but that almost every print published anywhere in Germany has, at some time or other, wallowed in Anglophobia. They all have; there is no Yves Guyot in the Fatherland.

Taken as a whole, perhaps, the German Press has been more consistently and maliciously hostile than that of France. True, its gutter Press is not so obscene; so much certainly can be said. "*Schadenfreude*," vilification, vituperation of England have characterized them all. Yet of all this host of newspapers, only one, I believe—the "*Kölnische Zeitung*"—had a correspondent at the front. And he, poor fellow, soon tired of it, and was denounced as "Pro-Englishman." The Government succeeded in curbing the too rabid propensities of the Press. From time to time, some Foreign Office official would pen a few lines of wisdom, as a corrective to the "Furor Teutonicus." The public wanted more. Even the "literary" orgies of the Antisemite and Pan-German papers could not meet the demand. A series of illustrated prints, treating of the war, sprung up. In these the disgraceful cartoon of the French and Dutch gutter Press are reproduced. Absolute obscenities are erased, but the spirit of the garbage is there. Mr. Leyd's Press laboratory supplies the text. These prints are for sale at all railway station book-stalls, where a number of regular comic journals—such as "*Simplicissimus*"—are forbidden by the police. In this literature the public slake their thirst.

Now, Anglophobia is a threefold com-

pound. Its ingredients may be classed thus. Dislike of the individual Englishman, and of his country's policy; commercial and, to a certain extent, political rivalry; and as substratum, underlying and embracing the whole, envy—what Bacon called the gadding passion of envy. Among the Latin races, in Scandinavia, in Russia, the Englishman, as an individual, is not disliked. We are the traditional foes of France, yet an Englishman can be very good friends with a Frenchman, with a Swede, an Italian or a Russian. We have had many a hard knock with the proud Castilian in old times, but I never found, even with the most Quixotic of Spaniards, a personal antipathy to Englishmen. I have heard a Spaniard dismiss us as "*antipático*." Yet an Englishman is rarely the friend of a German. Not that admiration and love of England are not found in Germany. They are, or were before the war, even to a considerable extent. They may still be found in rich Jewish circles, in young ladies' academies and, to a certain degree, in what is called "good society." But in Germany it is not called love; it is a mania, and is so called. The expression *Francomania*, *Russomania*, is not current. A German is a *Francophil*, a *Russophil*, but he is an *Angliomaniac*.

The historian Treitschke deploras this weakness, this mania for England; he writes with contempt of the "Historical Alliance" of the old Prussian diplomats. The modern German resents it. In the neologism "*Engländerei*"—a word coined during the war, meaning subservient fondness or enthusiasm for England, and aimed at the Emperor—the shade of meaning is curiously defined. "*Engländerei*" is a reproach, just as we might speak of a "Germanite." The change of word is not fortuitous. It is characteristic of modern Germany—of the modern German conscious of his strength and

success, hyper-sensitive of his being a new creation. A German once wrathfully remarked to me, "You can never mistake an Englishman." There lies the rub—John Bull—whose stamp, Heine said, was as indelible as the impress of a Greek coin. The insularity of the Englishman, his self-reliance, self-complacency, his aggressive personality—this is the contrast to the German who is sensitive, punctilious, versatile, pedantic. The breeziness of the Briton is as intolerable to the German as is his pipeclay to us. Both idiosyncrasies are historically intelligible. The soldier and the sailor; it is the old tale. If the German is petty, the Englishman is rude, not rude deliberately, but—that is the pity of it—rude unwittingly. It never occurs to him that in foreign countries other habits and customs may obtain, and that in disregarding them he offends. A young Englishman studying German in Berlin called upon a judge and Government official to whom he had an introduction at his office. He was surprised when, after some minutes' conversation, the judge rang the bell and asked for his hat, which he proceeded to place upon his head. As it was midsummer the Englishman enquired whether he was afraid of catching cold. "No," replied the judge, "I wish to be polite, and as you keep your cap on"—of course it was a cap—"I feel I ought to be covered too, but would much rather not." The Englishman understood and they were good friends afterwards.

The feeling in Germany towards this sort of thing is very strong. An old messroom chestnut gives a typical example. An Englishman travelling in an express train asked a German officer sitting in the opposite corner for a light. The officer, having no matches, offered the Englishman his lighted cigar. The Englishman took it, lit his cigar from it, and casually threw it out of the window. Shortly after-

wards the Englishman lit a fresh cigar from the stump. This time the officer requested a light. The Englishman proffered his cigar and—"horrible *visu*"—watched the officer, who had obtained a light, quietly drop it upon the rails. Stories of this kind might be told indefinitely. Singular as it may seem, a reputation for this sort of behavior accounts to no small extent for the inveterate animosity of Germans towards Englishmen. Unfortunately the reproach is not unmerited. De Montesquieu explained it. "Les Anglais," he said, "sont occupés; ils n'ont pas le temps d'être polis." The apophthegm is consoling, but then the author of it was a Frenchman. Again, the modern German has an ineradicable idea that the English are "poking fun" at him. He imagines, even when the English Press sing pœans to his Emperor, that, at heart, they are, as it were, "pulling his Majesty's leg." He chafes under his modern dignity, and he thinks we do not respect him individually or collectively. He wishes to be taken seriously, and he thinks he is not; he wishes to be very German just as the Englishman is very English. He dislikes us for our carriage, while imitating our tailors. Our individuality galls him, our manner irritates him; he rages at our buoyant personality. In part this is intelligible. The manners of "Three Men in a Boat" are not necessarily the best. To the German they are odious. But until Englishmen leave them "in the boat" when they visit the Fatherland, this feeling of antipathy will assuredly be intensified. If we are "*raptores orbis*," Germany—Tacitus said so—is "*officina gentium*." We ought to understand one another.

An Englishman who had lived many years in Germany once said to me, "When two Germans meet it immediately becomes a question which of the two treats the other like a dog." There

is much truth in that. The German is born to be led. He is happy under discipline, as a unit. Want of organization, either in his pleasures or his affairs, is physically abhorrent to him. His military education moulds him to obey. Hence the rough and tumble Briton is jarring to his spirit. Equally jarring is the policy of Great Britain. In German politics "*la femme*" plays no rôle. Petticoat influence is to the German an abomination. The political "*salon*," the "*badinage*" of the lady politician—whom Schopenhauer called "that monster of European civilization and Christian-Germanic stupidity"—are unknown. Hence the German woman has little interest in politics—cares and knows little about them. Now in this Transvaal business feminine influence has played a conspicuously big part. In every family the womenkind are for the Boers. The children play at "Boers," just as in Spain they play at bull-baiting. The bull is always worsted, so are the English. Among the Junker aristocracy it is the men, among the middle-class the women, who foster Anglophobia.

It is only possible to understand this political hatred of England by some acquaintance with Germans in their own country. Busch's "Bismarck" tells us something about it too. In one passage of the third volume in that interesting work the Great Chancellor recapitulates England's sins. From the beginning of the century, he tells his "Little Archer," the policy of England has constantly been to sow dissension between the Continental Powers, or to maintain existing discord on the principle of "*Duobus litigantibus tertius gaudens*" . . . they have tried to play us off against the Russians on the Bosphorus and on the Indian frontier. They urged us during the Crimean war to co-operate, against our own interests, with the Western Powers against the Emperor

Nicholas. In 1863 England wanted to see the Polish insurrection supported as a means to weaken Russia. In 1877, when a Russo-Turkish war was imminent, we were expected to exert our influence at St. Petersburg to prevent it—in the interest of humanity, as the "Times" demonstrated—and so on. Then there came the Battenberg marriage scheme; the "aprons and petticoats" influence against the bombardment of Paris; English sympathy for the Danes in 1864, for the French during the war.

The German has a long memory. He still rankles over the "slight" that Waterloo was won by Wellington before Blucher arrived; over a supercilious jest of Lord Palmerston, who professed ignorance of the color of the German naval flag; over a score of petty, long-forgotten grievances now collocated and edited in the "Naval Almanac"—that powerful organ of propaganda for the construction of a German fleet which is some day to "crush" us. The German schoolboy is taught these things. They are not allowed to be forgotten. In a famous speech the creator of the German Empire said he knew of no possible point of contention between England and Germany which diplomacy should not be able to settle, unless England—for Germany never would—deliberately desired to provoke war. But for his own ends the Chancellor artificially fostered Anglophobia as a lever against English influence at the Court, and against the German Liberals. Thus we read in Busch of the articles he wrote in 1884, at the instigation of Prince Bismarck, inciting Europe to help the Boers against England.

Of the dead, "*Nil nisi bonum.*" Yet it is impossible to speak of Anglophobia in Germany without referring to the late Empress Frederick, of whom "Buschlein" wrote as the "English-woman on the throne of the Hohenzollerns," and of "Frederick the Briton" who is to govern according to her

views. The Empress's English nature, tastes and habits caused an intense anti-English feeling at the time which has never been forgotten. Again, the feeling ran high when Sir Morell Mackenzie was called in to attend the dying Emperor. The telegram to Mr. Kruger did not improve it. Then came the Samoan affair. There we had an opportunity to heal old sores. Yet we rode the high horse, blustered—and blundered. Germany went down on her knees, implored us not to buffet her before the eyes of Europe, even threatened us if we did not concede her claim. And we did so finally, albeit with bad grace enough, for we were completely in the wrong. To our yielding then we undoubtedly owe the strict attitude of neutrality Germany has observed during the Transvaal war. Had we then exposed her to ignominy, Germany would have altered the whole trend of her policy towards us. She would have spared no means to incite Europe against us; and she let our Government know it. Equally clumsy, impolitic, ungracious, were the seizures in the early days of the war, of German mail-ships. Germany had officially informed us that they carried no contraband. We should have accepted her word in our own despite. Again Germany writhed. She could do nothing, and the nation knew it. So the Emperor obtained his new naval program.

Thus the feeling is fostered, nursed, handed down traditionally. We are commercial rivals. The field is open, the fight should be a fair one. Once more we find the German a martyr to his sensitiveness. The war cry "Made in Germany," stabs the German to the quick. He is sensitive, and the sore still smarts. Dr. Tilly, who was hustled by the students of Glasgow University, and has since been appointed under-secretary to the Central Association of Industrialists,

sought to parry the blow. But his work, "England's Flegeljahre" (England's hobbledehoydom) was a poor thrust, and never went home. It was too obviously inspired by Anglophobia, and has since been skilfully parodied by the Socialist Bernstein. Dr. Tilly, who is an able economist, is a type of a type; he thinks we are decadent, dillettanti, falling into atrophy. We are Colonial rivals, too. Germany wants her "place on the sun." There should be room for both peoples. In his diplomatic reminiscences, "Shifting Scenes," Sir Edward Malet tells "Mr. Whiffles" that Germany's development has roused us out of a dangerous half-sleep. A "greater" Germany is not necessarily a menace to our own "greater" Empire. The hare, if he does not sleep, can well smile at the tortoise. Where the Eagle soars, the lion does not roam. But Germany's development, rapid rise, success, prosperity and wealth have also made her vain, ambitious, envious and overbearing. If intoxicated with success, the modern German is conscious that there is one still greater than himself, whose sinews are as tense, whose pride is as great. He envies us our wealth, our unequalled resources, our English name. If envy is akin to hatred, the genesis of Anglophobia contains a real source of danger. It is in this sense disquieting.

Our Governments understand one another. The political horizon is unclouded. On the principle of "*Do ut des*" we are officially the best of friends. We have had a personal union with Germany—in Hanover—a political union, and now we have a common sense union soldered with the tie of dynastic kinship. We have no contiguity of frontier to fight for, no traditional blood feud to avenge, no stain of honor

to wipe off. The historical page between the two peoples is a clean one, and should remain so. Heine thought Germany could never acquire unity. Yet he was wrong. I hazard no vaticination.

The moral of it all is this. If we will not, if we cannot learn to treat Germany as an equal, to be less blustering, more gracious towards her, and if, in ourselves, we cannot learn to be less insular, less self-sufficient, more thoughtful towards others, then let us learn to be ready. "We don't want to fight." Let us then see that we have the ships. There is no danger yet, or in the immediate future. Germany is not ready, nor can she be for some decades. With a powerful navy the rôle of the "broker" ceases, becomes an anachronism. Moltke, that great "thinker of battles," has left it upon record "that the ambitions of princes are no longer the cause of war, but the feelings of peoples." The big wars of modern years have arisen against the wishes and will of those ruling. It is of less consequence for a State now to possess the means of conducting a war than it is for it to have the power to prevent it. Count Bulow has since publicly confirmed that view. We want no alliance either with Russia or Germany. We stand best alone, independent, all-powerful upon the sea. Under a weak ruler, with a weak Government, what in Germany is now a ripple, may, in some given circumstance, become a wave irresistible. We can be friends with her; we should be friends.

But mark this. The Germans are hostile, increasingly so; and they believe we are degenerating. Let us not, *spretâ conscientia*—pass on unmindful. Let us strengthen our fleet. It behooves us to be ready.

Patriæ quis Exul.

A HARE IN THE SNOW.

On a bitter winter's morning of the year 1537, Thomas Goodwin, peasant, rose from his pallet, shifted the sheepskin coverlet more over his wife and babe, and in the half-darkness began to array himself for the field. That was no long matter, for the rustic of that day slept just as the back-country Boer of South Africa does at the present time—mainly in his clothes. Inside the cottage the air was nipping indeed. Without, the whole land lay lapped in snow and spell-bound under one of the grimmest frosts of the century.

Thomas awoke in no happy mood this dark morning. He was out of work and nearly starving; his wife lay abed with her first child, now but ten days old. Do what he could, he knew not where to turn for a day's wage, and food must be got somehow. A pound or two of fat bacon still remained to them, and less than a quarter of a sack of rough meal; but for the kindness of a good-hearted widow in the neighboring hamlet, who had hitherto sent his wife a trifle of milk each day, the great helpless giant knew that his wife and child could scarce have won through the bad times that were upon them. For, indeed, Thomas Goodwin was very helpless, and that from no possible fault of his own. The peasant of King Harry the Elghth's day was in some respects a better and a happier man than his predecessor; villeinage was a thing of the past; yet he was still little else than a serf, and a serf too often in the hands of a hard and grudging aristocracy.

Thomas Goodwin, strong of thews, a giant in stature, and a willing worker, was just now, by no fault of his own, in hard case. He had wrought for the neighboring priory until the

dissolution of the monasteries, and since that vast upheaval he had been field-laborer to a small yeoman. But the constant growth of the wool industry and the spread of the sheep throughout England had ruined the yeoman as it had ruined many of his kind. At Michaelmas he had given up the struggle, and his small patrimony had been acquired by the neighboring lord of the manor, Sir Edmund Wing, knight of the shire.

Now Sir Edmund was one who jumped alertly with the spirit of the times. He was a zealous—nay, a searching Protestant; and Thomas Goodwin had fallen under his displeasure for that, in his slow Saxon way, he had not turned his cloak of religion over quickly. For three months had Thomas fought a losing battle with fortune. He had picked up odd work here and there, thanks mainly to the kindness of the humbler among his neighbors; but now he knew not where to turn for food. His meal would be out in a fortnight or less; flesh he had none save for the scrap of fat bacon; his wife alled, and was growing weak for lack of nourishing food, and with her alled also her babe. Thus Thomas Goodwin's thoughts this dark, freezing morning were bitter enough as he struggled into his hard footgear and fastened some rude leggings of sheepskin about his brawny calves. The wood fire had all but died down. With the deftness of long experience he blew it up, nursed it into flame again, and cooked for his wife a warm mess of meal and water.

The flickering firelight fell upon the woman's face as she sat up in bed and took the porringer from her husband. It was a young and not uncomely face, despite dishevelled hair and the pallor

of lying-in. As she took her food spoonful by spoonful, she looked anxiously at her husband's gloomy countenance and knitted brows. Where was he going? she asked him. To Thonfield, a neighboring village, he answered, to see if, by any chance, he might get work there. The great, gaunt fellow kissed his wife, piled more wood upon the fire, and then arrayed himself for his walk. On his head he pressed firmly down an old cap of rabbit-skin; over this and his shoulders he threw a short threadbare hooded cloak of faded green frieze; upon his rough chapped hands he drew a pair of thick hedge-cutter's gloves; then, buckling a broad belt round his smock, and taking a short crab-tree staff from the chimney-corner, he unlatched the door, and stepped out into the frigid, cheerless morning. It was bitter cold indeed. The icy blast smote upon the man's cheeks with Arctic rigor; from the cottage thatch hung long icicles enchaind a month since by the fetters of that pitiless frost; the sky was dull and leaden, and that curious, numbing cold which betokens the near approach of heavy snow was in the air.

Thomas Goodwin tramped steadily through the snow. Crossing a belt of woodland which lay between him and the more open country, he presently entered upon a spreading stretch of grass-land—now sheeted in with snow—which formed a corner of the great park of the lord of the manor, Sir Edmund Wing. Before him, twelve miles distant, rolled the great range of the South Downs, their smooth, rounded contours now white with snow, showing up boldly against the dark and lowering sky. The ancient footpath which led across this angle of the park was hidden by snowfalls; but Thomas had traversed it a thousand times, and had no difficulty in making out his way. He saw little on his march to divert his gloomy thoughts, although his eyes

and senses were alert enough. A flight of fieldfares, chattering round a great haw-bush in the woodland, from whose berries they were devouring a hearty meal, attracted his attention. He looked hungrily at them; half a dozen of them would make a delicate meal for his sick wife; but, at the moment he had no means of killing a single one of them, and with a sigh he passed them by. As he crossed the corner of the park his gaze not unnaturally wandered to the great house of Cleathercote, a corner of which, half a mile away among the trees, caught his eye. Within those warm, red-brick, castellated walls dwelt, in high comfort and honor, Sir Edmund Wing. Thomas Goodwin sighed again to himself; the load of his present misery lay chiefly at the charge of the knight, who had had much to do with the ousting of the priors and the dissolution of their establishment, and who had bought up his late master the yeoman, and now refused him work, and that in the most pitiless winter for many a long year.

Just before he came to the high stile which gave exit from the park to the arable fields beyond, Goodwin suddenly halted. Something in the snow arrested his attention. His blue eyes glittered as he noted the tale spread out there so plainly upon the white surface. A great hare had come lopping down the park, picking its way delicately through the snowy covering, passing beneath the stile, and moving out over the fields beyond. The man's hungry eyes were riveted upon those delicate footprints. To him they meant so much. If he could but secure that hare, his wife would fare sumptuously upon the rich flesh and broth for two days at least, even if he himself picked a bone or two.

Thomas looked round—not a figure showed anywhere upon the whole landscape. The keepers, he

well knew, were on the other side of the park, looking to the feeding of the deer, which in this hard season were being assisted with the comforts of hay and straw. It was a risk; but Thomas's mind was quickly made up. The chances were much in his favor. The snow would be falling again in an hour or two, and his footprints and the hare's would be obliterated. This was a sequestered corner of the park, seldom visited by the knight or his servants. The man stepped out again, crossed the stile, and with swift, stealthy footsteps followed the tell-tale tracks that danced there in the snow before him. He was, like most peasants of that period, skilled in woodcraft, and had a pretty shrewd idea whither the hare was making its way. The instinct of the wild creature warned it of a heavy storm of snow about to descend; the wind was shrewdly piercing across the open park, and the animal was now on its way to some warmer and more cozy shelter. Steadily the man pressed forward; over two or three arable fields, across a meadow of old pasture, and thence to a wide fringe of gorse and bracken, which here, upon the southern side, hemmed in the outskirts of a large tract of woodland.

The tale, told so plainly in the snow, came to an end just as Thomas Goodwin had expected. There was much less snow here than within half a dozen miles. Passing a thick piece of bracken, below a warm, sheltering wall of dark-green gorse, the man's keen eye noted the brown skin of a great doe-hare, nestling snugly in the form in which she had so recently ensconced herself. His eye carefully avoided hers; if they had met, ten to one the hare would have leaped out and fled incontinently. He looked carelessly beyond as if he had never seen her; but just as he passed her he gave one swift whirl of his crab-tree staff, which,

crashing into the skull of the hare, stretched her instantly dead. She gave one convulsive kick with her strong hind feet and lay there in her form quite still. As Goodwin picked her up by the hind-legs a few drops of blood fell upon the snow, leaving neat, circular patches of crimson staining the pure, untrodden surface. Goodwin hastily kicked some snow over the tell-tale gout, and then, undoing his belt and bestowing the hare beneath his smock, he belted up again, picked up his staff, and with elastic footsteps plunged into the woodland and betook himself by another and more sheltered way back to his cottage again.

Within an hour the hare was skinned, cut up and simmering in an iron pot, while Thomas and his wife, wonderfully brightened by this unexpected piece of good fortune, were devising fresh plans for the future.

But, alas! Goodwin's successful raid upon the hare had not been entirely unperceived. Just as Thomas crossed that angle of the park and first caught sight of the footprints and halted, Sir Edmund Wing had entered his dining-hall, and before falling to breakfast, happened to be surveying the landscape, musing upon the length of the frost, the prospect of more snow and the welfare of his deer. At that moment a figure came into view, crossing the corner of his park. It was a dull, dark morning; but Sir Edmund Wing had a keen eye, and he noticed that the figure paused a moment, as if to look about before passing on. The knight's brow contracted; he watched the figure till it became lost in the wintry gloom, and then turned to the table. Breakfast was a hearty meal at Cleathercote Manor; a great fire burned bravely on the open hearth; Lady Wing and her two children were already seated; the knight fell vigorously to his repast. A plate of brawn, a slice or two of venison-pasty, a couple of manchets, and

a flagon of good ale, and Sir Edmund rose refreshed and strengthened. Presently, after an interview with his steward, he called for his outdoor gear. A pair of long brown boots, reaching to his mid-thighs, were brought to him; into these he struggled, and then, stamping about the hall to get his feet well home, was assisted by a serving-man into a warm cloak of thick plum-colored cloth, trimmed with fur, reaching below his hips. Now setting a broad flat cap of the same material jauntily on the side of his head, and thrusting his white hands into leather gauntlets, the knight took his staff and sallied forth. First looking at his stables and seeing that his horses were well strawed and tended, he set off at a brisk pace down the long avenue of elms, planted by his grandfather fifty years before, when in the second year of Henry the Seventh's reign, the building of the great manor-house of Cleath-ercoate was begun. Towards the end of the avenue Sir Edmund turned away from the well-trodden path, beaten hard by many feet upon the snow, and plunged across the smooth white waste that lay before him. He ploughed his way steadily for nearly two furlongs, and then suddenly came upon the traces he expected to find. The footprints told a clear tale, and the knight's broad brow again knit ominously. Here had a hare passed. There had the man halted, gazed, and, taking up the tracks, pursued his quarry.

Now, whether for his deer, his many partridges and rare pheasants, his hares, conies or what not, no great freeholder in Sussex looked more jealously after his game, or was more tenacious of his sporting rights than was Sir Edmund Wing. Ten or twelve years before, in the fifteenth year of the reign of the present King Henry, the knight had busied himself in the passing of a statute in Parliament which provided for just such an offence as he now saw

delineated in the snow before him. Thus ran the statute: "None shall trace, destroy or kill any Hare in the Snow, in pain of 6s. 8d. for every such Offence; which penalty assessed in Sessions shall go to the King; but, in a Leet, to the Lord thereof."

With an exclamation of wrath and an angry thrust of his staff into the snow, the knight now set himself to follow the footprints of this man. Who was the varlet that dared thus to break the law upon his land? He had, with ruthless severity, extirpated a nest of deer-stealers who had once haunted his forests and raided his parks; was he to be bearded by lesser ruffians? Surely not! He marched briskly through the snow, and presently came upon the scene of the hare's death. The quick eye of the sportsman saw readily the whole tragedy in little. Stooping somewhat, Sir Edmund deftly cleared away with his staff the snow which had been carelessly kicked up by Thomas Goodwin to cover up the traces of his capture. There, as he expected, were the signs of death, a red, circular stain or two, where the hare's blood had dripped upon the spotless snow. It was enough; he now set himself to piece together the remaining fragments of the tale and run the miscreant to earth.

Meanwhile the dark leaden sky had become more overcast. Flakes were beginning to descend lightly, the fore-runners of a mighty fall; the north wind beat fiercely upon the knight, freezing his moustache and beard upon his ruddy face. He folded his cloak more tightly about him, and entered the woodland, still following the man's footsteps. In little more than half an hour he stood before the cottage of Thomas Goodwin. The snow fell now in thick, blinding flakes, which, whirled hither and thither by the fierce tempest, had wrapped the knight from head to foot in a mantle of white. For

the last ten minutes all footprints had been obliterated; but Sir Edmund knew now where his quarry had taken refuge and had struggled through the rising hurricane straight for the mud hovel where starved Thomas Goodwin and his wife. Alas, poor Thomas! If the snow had come but half an hour earlier you had been safe!

Without word or knock of warning, the knight of Cleathercote lifted the latch and entered the poor dwelling, vigorously shook the snow from his person and looked about him. Poverty—dire, naked poverty—was stamped upon the whole interior. If the man had any sentiment of pity in his heart, it would surely have arisen at that moment to rebuke him. The tale of freezing penury, the poor, pallid woman sitting up on the miserable pallet yonder, clasping her infant to her breast, gazing at him with scared, awe-stricken eyes, should have melted the great man. His own handsome apparel and well-fed person, his plump ruddy face and shining dark chestnut hair, all eloquent of high living and prosperous content, contrasted aggressively with the wretched interior in which he stood. But in Sir Edmund's heart, in the stead of pity, only a fierce resentment burned. The rich smell of cooking which greeted his nostrils told him at once what had been the end of the hare. A bloody knife upon the table, the skin and some entrails completed the chain of evidence. He glanced from the woman to her husband, and his red-brown eyes blazed with wrath. The man, who had been stooping over his cooking-pot on the rude stone hearth, had straightened himself as the knight entered, and making clumsy obeisance, now looked at him ruefully, tongue-tied with fear.

"So," said the knight in a harsh, angry voice, "'tis as I had expected. You, Thomas Goodwin, are the man who steals my hares, snares my pheasants

and, I dare wager, slays my deer. The snow has done me a shrewd turn. I have watched every move in your knavish law-breaking; and, by my troth! you shall suffer for it."

The man, with a gesture of despair, put up his clenched hands entreatingly, and in a strong Sussex dialect made answer in a trembling voice:

"Your honor!—reckon I were tempted. I killed de hare, dis true; but 'twere not meant onhendy. I beant a poacher by natur', as some be. We staarve; de wife be sick an' wakely. A man must live. I cannot get work, an' dis bitter weather do try us sorely. I cannot mew [change] my place just now, an' seek work elsewhere; I cannot see my wife an' babe die for lack of victual. What be a man to do?"

"Do!" roared the knight angrily. "Why, take that hare out of the pot, put it in that sack—'twill do to feed my dogs with—and come with me to the Manor. I'll teach thee, knave, to steal my game from my park under my very nose."

The peasant's aspect changed; his great frame stiffened; his muscles grew rigid; a stony look came into his dull blue eyes.

"I wun't part with de food, asking your honor's pardon," he said, "an' that's flat."

Sir Edmund uttered a fierce oath, strode to the hearth, kicked the pot over with his boot, and furiously trampled the pieces of half-cooked flesh into the fire and ashes.

In a sudden impulse of frenzy, Goodwin snatched up the long knife from the table; the knight's back was towards him. With all the energy of his huge frame and the frantic hatred of despair and passion, he drove the weapon deep between the ribs of his enemy and destroyer. The keen blade shore to the knight's heart, and with a long, choking groan, horrible to hear, he fell dying upon the stone floor. A

gasp or two, a convulsive struggle of the limbs and chest, and in a few seconds the knight of the shire, instinct and burning with hot life so recently, lay there as much clay as the walls of the hut around him.

The man and woman looked at one another with eyes in which sickening horror and the birth of a haunting fear struggled for the mastery. The knife dropped from the man's hand; his ashen face fell; the fierce rigor of passion passed from his great frame.

"What—what shall us do?" he gasped.

The woman, pale and trembling as she was, had the readier wit. Her instinct of self preservation was the stronger.

"Put him under the bed," she said, "till nightfall, and clean that knife."

Goodwin did as he was bid, shuddering at his fell task, tidied up the cottage, destroyed every trace of the hare, and then opened his door and looked out. The snow was befriending them, that was certain. The air was thick with it, and the mighty flakes, torn and beaten by the fierce hurricane of wind, were massing a fresh covering upon the earth a foot in depth. They watched and waited all that morning and afternoon, whelmed in a fear so horrible that it froze their tongues and turned them into figures of stone. Every blast of the tempest, every rattle of the door, sent a sickening pang of dread to their hearts. Yet, save once, none came near them, and the long, long afternoon at last deepened into night. Once, indeed, a sharp knock came at the door, a head was thrust inside, and a blue-faced forester inquired, "Hath Sir Edmund been seen this way to-day?" Goodwin answered "Nay," and the man passed hastily on. It was a fearsome moment, but nothing came of it.

That evening Thomas Goodwin, fastening a long coil of rope about his

waist, and, carrying on his back a ghastly burden, staggered through the forest, and after incredible exertion reached a huge oak-tree deep in the woods more than a mile away. This oak he had known since boyhood, when, to his vast delight, he had found at the crown of the massive bole a great cavernous hollow. In this hollow—down which he had cut steps to the very base of the tree—when the spreading summer leaves gave him secure shelter, he had loved to hide childish treasures, and to imagine for himself a woodland home. None knew of his secret. Hither, in the despair of his manhood, his staggering limbs carried him that winter's night. He reached the tree, fastened a running noose under the armpits of the now stiff corpse, and then with the free end of his stout rope in his grip, climbed from branch to branch, until he had reached his resting-place. Then, with the exertion of all his mighty strength, slowly, slowly he drew the grisly burden up towards him. He had acquired some purchase over a projecting branch, but the struggle was intense. The man's iron sinews stretched and cracked; his wrists and arms and shoulders ached horribly; the sweat, cold as was the night, burst from him; yet the task was achieved, the rope loosened from the heavy corpse, and then the body of Sir Edmund Wing vanished finally from the eye of the world. With a dull, crashing thud it reached the bottom of the hollow tree. All was still. Goodwin fastened up his rope, climbed down again, and then sped home with all the haste that fear, loathing and superstition could lend to him. The air was still thick with snow; the wind had sunk, but the myriad flakes ceaselessly descending covered up tenderly all traces of that dreadful night's journey, and the man reached his cottage unperceived.

Sir Edmund Wing's murder was never discovered. The country-side was searched, the greatest anxiety prevailed, but the snow and the oak-tree effectually baffled every effort of the searchers. It was believed that during that wild tempest the knight had lost his way, and either fallen into the neighboring river or perished in a snow-drift in some deep bottom or pit. The search was in time abandoned, and the wonder of the knight's disappearance faded presently into a mere memory. More than two hundred years later when the old oak-tree finally rotted to pieces, and some bones were discov-

Chambers's Journal.

ered in its recesses, the Wing family had died out, the estate had passed into other hands, and the mystery had been long forgotten.

The shock of that dreadful day and night killed Goodwin's wife, who died and was buried a fortnight later. The man and his child lived on; their descendants still make their homes within sight of the pleasant South Downs. And it is a curious fact that in that family a hare is looked upon as poisonous or unwholesome food; to this day not a man or woman of the blood will partake of it.

H. A. Bryden.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Nearly thirty years have passed since Stevenson began to attract a circle of appreciative readers. From the first it was clear that the literary appreciation coincided with a personal attraction. As his fame extended, the admiration of readers remotest in the flesh had a tinge of friendship, while the inner circle could not distinguish between their enthusiastic affection for the man and their cordial enjoyment of his genius. So far as the biographer is concerned, the identity of the two sentiments is a clear gain. Affection, though not a sufficient, is an almost necessary qualification for a good biography. It may be doubted, however, whether a man's friends are his best critics. The keen eye of the candid outsider has detected a tacit conspiracy in this case. The circle of friends looks unpleasantly like a clique, trying to gain a reflex glory from the fame of its hero, or to make a boast of its superior insight. The connection, it is true, has other dangers. The tie may be broken and the rupture.

it appears, cancels all obligations to reticence. No one can then lay on the lash like the old friend who knows the weak places and has, or fancies that he has, an injury to resent. The bitterness may be intelligible, and therefore, perhaps, we should excuse a man for relieving his feelings after this peculiar fashion. I cannot say that I think the result edifying; but I make no further comment. I would rather observe that fidelity to old ties is not necessarily blinding. No one can read Mr. Colvin's notes upon his friend's letters without admitting that his friendship has sharpened his insight. To him belongs the credit of having been the first, outside the home circle, to recognize Stevenson's genius and to give encouragement when encouragement was most needed. The keen interest enabled him to interpret both the personal and the artistic characteristics of his friend with a clearness which satisfies us of the essential fidelity of the portrait. If we differ from the valuation which he puts upon

certain qualities, he gives essential help to perceiving them. We often learn more from the partisan than from the candid historian; and in criticism, as well as in history, candor may be an alias for insensibility.

It was to Mr. Colvin that I owe what is perhaps my chief claim to such respect as readers of a periodical may concede to an editor. Through his good offices, Stevenson became one of my contributors, and I may be allowed to boast that, in his case at least, I did not nip rising genius in the bud—the feat which, according to some young authors, represents the main desire of the editorial mind. Fate, however, withheld from me the privilege of forming such an intimacy as could materially bias my opinions. So far I have a negative qualification for answering the question which so many people are eager to put: what namely, will posterity think about Stevenson? I am content to leave the point to posterity; but in trying to sum up my own impressions corrected by the judgment of his closer friends and critics, I may contribute to the discussion of the previous question: what was the species, not what was the degree of praise which he will receive? Friendly criticism is apt to fall in this direction. Enthusiasts fancy that to define a man's proper sphere is to limit his merits. They assume that other sects are necessarily hostile, and that they must remove one bust from Poet's Corner in order to make room for doing honor to their favorite. Such controversies lead to impossible problems, and attempts to find a common measure for disparate qualities. We may surely by this time agree that Tennyson and Browning excelled in different lines without asking which line was absolutely best. That will always be a matter of individual taste.

Whatever Stevenson was, he was, I think, a man of genius. I do not mean

to bring him under any strict definition. My own conception of genius has been formed by an induction from the very few cases which I have been fortunate enough to observe. I may try to describe one characteristic by perverting the language of one of those instances. The late W. K. Clifford, who had the most unmistakable stamp of genius, held that the universe was composed of "mindstuff." I don't know how that may be, but a man has genius, I should say, when he seems to be made of nothing but "mindstuff." We of coarser make have a certain infusion of mind; but it is terribly cramped and held down by matter. What we call "thinking" is often a mechanical process carried on by dead formulae. We work out results as a phonograph repeats the sound when you insert the diaphragm already impressed with the pattern. The mental processes in the man of genius are still vital instead of being automatic. He has, as Carlyle is fond of repeating about Mirabeau, "swallowed all formulas," or rather he is not the slave but the master of those useful intellectual tools. It is this pervading vitality which has marked such geniuses as I have known, though it assumes very various forms. A proposition of Euclid such as "coaches" hammer into the head of a dunce to be reproduced by rote developed instantly, when inserted into Clifford's hearer, into whole systems of geometry. Genius of a different type was shown by the historian, J. R. Green. You pointed out a bit of old wall, or a slope of down, and it immediately opened to him a vista of past ages, illustrating bygone social states and the growth of nations. So Stevenson heard an anecdote and it became at once the nucleus of a story, and he was on the spot a hero of romance plunging into a whole series of thrilling adventures. Connected with this, I suppose, is the invincible boyishness so often noticed as

a characteristic of genius. The mind which retains its freshness can sympathize with the child to whom the world is still a novelty. Both Clifford and Green were conspicuous for this possession of the prerogative of genius, and showed it both in being boyish themselves and in their intense sympathy with children. Clifford was never happier than in a child's party, and Green sought relief from the dreariness of a clergyman's life at the East-End by associating with the children of the district. Stevenson's boyishness was not only conspicuous, but was the very mainspring of his best work. That quality cannot be shown in a mathematical dissertation or an historical narrative, but it is invaluable for a writer of romances. The singular vivacity of Stevenson's early memories is shown by Mr. Balfour's account of his infancy as it was sufficiently revealed in the delightful "Child's Garden." It is amusing to note that Stevenson could not even imagine that other men should be without this experience. You are indulging in "wilful paradox," he replied to Mr. Henry James. "If a man have never been" (Mr. James alleged that he had not been) "on a quest for hidden treasure, it can be demonstrated that he has never been a child." His scheme of life, as he puts it in a charming letter to Mr. Monkhouse, was to be alternately a pirate and a leader of irregular cavalry "devastating whole valleys." Some of us, I fear, have never been pirates; and if we were anything, were perhaps already preaching infantile sermons. In any case, the castle-building propensity is often so weak as not even to leave a trace in memory. Stevenson's most obvious peculiarity was that it only strengthened with life, and, which is rarer, always retained some of the childish coloring.

A common test—for it is surely not the essence—of genius is the proverbial

capacity for taking pains. Stevenson again illustrates the meaning of the remark. Nothing is easier, says a recent German philosopher, than to give a receipt for making yourself a good novelist. Write a hundred drafts, none of them above two pages long; let each be so expressed that every word is necessary; practise putting anecdotes into the most pregnant and effective shapes; and after ten years devoted to these and various subsidiary studies, you will have completed your apprenticeship. Few novelists, I suppose, carry out this scheme to the letter; but Stevenson might have approved the spirit of the advice. Nobody would adopt it unless he had the passion for the art, which is a presumption of genius and, without genius, the labor would be wasted. That, indeed, raises one of those points which are so delightful to discuss, because they admit of no precise solution. When people ask whether "form" or "content," style or matter be the most important, it is like asking whether order or progress should be the aim of a statesman, or whether strength or activity be most needed for an athlete. Both are essential, and neither excellence will supersede necessity for the other. If you have nothing to say, there is no manner of saying it well; and if not well said, your something is as good as nothing. For Stevenson, the question of style was the most pressing. His mind was already, as it continued to be, swarming with any number of projects; he was always acting "some fragment from his dream of human life;" the storehouse of his imagination was full to overflowing, and the question was not what to say, but how to say it. Moreover, a singular delicacy of organization gave him a love of words for their own sake; the mere sound of "Jehovah Tsidkenu" gave him a thrill (it does not thrill me!); he was sensitive from childhood to as-

sonance and alliteration, and in his later essay upon the "technical elements of style" shows how a sentence in the "Areopagitica" involves a cunning use of the letters P V F. Language, in short, had to him a music independently of its meaning. That, no doubt, is one element of literary effect, though without a fine ear it would be hopeless to decide what pleases; and the finest ear cannot lay down the conditions of pleasing. This precocious sensitiveness developed into a clear appreciation of various qualities of style. Like other young men, he began by imitating; taking for models such curiously different writers as Hazlitt, Sir Thomas Browne, Defoe, Hawthorne, Montaigne, Beaudelaire and Ruskin. In the ordinary cases imitation implies that the model is taken as a master. Milton probably meant, in youth, to be a second Spenser. But the variety of Stevenson's models implies an absence of strict discipleship. He was trying to discover the secret which gave distinction to any particular style; and without adopting the manner would know how to apply it on occasion for any desired effect. How impressionable he was is curiously shown by his statement towards the end of his life, that he would not read *Livy* for fear of the effect upon his style. He had long before acquired a style of his own so distinctive that such a danger would strike no one else. I will not dwell upon its merits. They have been set forth, far better than I could hope to do, in Prof. Raleigh's admirable study. He is a critic who shares the perceptiveness of his author. I will only note one point. A "stylist" sometimes becomes a mannerist; he acquires tricks of speech which intrude themselves inappropriately. Stevenson's general freedom from this fault implies that hatred to the commonplace formula of which I have spoken. His words are always alive. He came to insist chief-

ly upon the importance of condensation. "There is but one art," he says, "the art to omit;" or, as Pope puts it, perhaps more accurately, "the last and greatest art" is the "art to blot." That is a corollary from the theory of the right word. A writer is an "amateur," says Stevenson, "who says in two sentences what can be said in one." The artist puts his whole meaning into one perfectly accurate line, while a feeblar hand tries to correct one error by superposing another, and ends by making a blur of the whole.

Stevenson, by whatever means, acquired not only a delicate style, but a style of his own. If it sometimes reminds one of models, it does not suggest that he is speaking in a feigned voice. I think, indeed, that this precocious preoccupation with style suggests an excess of self-consciousness; a daintiness which does not allow us to forget the presence of the artist. But Stevenson did not yield to other temptations which beset the lover of exquisite form. He was no "aesthete" in the sense which conveys a reproach. He did not sympathize with the doctrine that an artist should wrap up himself in luxurious hedonism and cultivate indifference to active life. He was too much of a boy. A true boy cannot be "aesthetic." He had "daydreams," but they were of piracy; tacit aspirations towards stirring adventure and active heroism. He dreams of a future waking. Stevenson's energies had to take the form of writing; and though he talks about his "art" a little more solemnly than one would wish, he betrays a certain hesitation as to its claims. In a late essay, he suggests that a man who has failed in literature should take to some "more manly way of life." To "live by pleasure," he declares, "is not a high calling;" and he illustrates the proposition by speaking of such a life (not quite seriously) as a kind of intellectual prostitution. He

laments his disqualification for active duties. "I think 'David Balfour' a nice little book," he says, "and very artistic and just the thing to occupy the leisure of a busy life; but for the top flower of a man's life it seems to be inadequate. . . . I could have wished to be otherwise busy in this world. I ought to have been able to build light houses and write 'David Balfours' too." This may be considered as the legitimate outcome of the boyish mood. It might have indicated a budding Nelson instead of a budding writer of romance. One result was the curious misunderstanding set forth in the interesting letters to Mr. William Archer. Mr. Archer had pleased him by an early appreciation; but had—as Stevenson complains—taken him for a "rosy-gilled æstheticæsthete;" whereas he was really at this time "a rickety and cloistered spectre." To Mr. Archer Stevenson's optimism seemed to indicate superabundant health and a want of familiarity with sorrow and sickness. A rheumatic fever, it was suggested, would try his philosophy. Mr. Archer's hypothesis (if fairly reported) was of course the reverse of the fact. Stevenson's whole career was a heroic struggle against disease, and it is needless to add that his sympathy with other sufferers was such as became an exquisitely sensitive nature. Neither would he admit that he overlooked the enormous mass of evil in the world. His view is characteristic. His own position as an invalid, with "the circle of impotence closing very slowly but quite steadily round him," makes him indignant with the affectation of the rich and the strong "bleating about their sorrows and the burthen of life." In a world so full of evil "one dank and dispirited word" is harmful, and it is the business of art to present gay and bright pictures which may send the reader on his way rejoicing. Then ingeniously turning the tables, he ar-

gues that Mr. Archer's acceptance of pessimism shows him to be a happy man, "raging at the misery of others." Had his critic tried for himself "what unhappiness was like," he would have found how much compensation it retains. He admits the correctness of one of Mr. Archer's remarks that he has "a voluntary aversion from the painful sides of life." On the voyage to the leper settlement at Molokai he speaks of the Zola view of the human animal; and upon reaching the place sees "sights that cannot be told and hears stories that cannot be repeated." M. Zola would have managed perhaps to tell and repeat. Stevenson is sickened by the spectacle but "touched to the heart by the sight of lovely and effective virtues in the helpless." The background of the loathsome is there; but he would rather dwell upon the moral beauty relieved against it.

Stevenson might certainly claim that his optimism did not imply want of experience or want of sympathy. And, indeed, one is inclined to ask why the question should be raised at all. A man must be a very determined pessimist if he thinks it wrong for an artist to express moods of cheerfulness or the simple joy of eventful living. We may surely be allowed to be sometimes in high spirits. It would require some courage to infer from "Treasure Island" that the author held any philosophy. Stevenson, of course, was not a philosopher in such a sense as would have entitled him to succeed to the chair of Sir William Hamilton at Edinburgh. Yet it is true that he had some very strong and very characteristic convictions upon the questions in which philosophy touches the conduct of life. The early difficulties, the abandonment of the regular professional careers, the revolt against the yoke of the lesser catechism, the sentence to a life of invalidism enforced much reflection, some results of which

are embodied in various essays. A curious indication of the progress of thought is given in his account of the "books which influenced him." It is a strangely miscellaneous list. He begins with Shakespeare, Dumas and Bunyan; then comes Montaigne, always a favorite; next, "in order of time," the Gospel according to St. Matthew; and then Walt Whitman. By an odd transition (as he observes elsewhere) Walt Whitman's influence blends with that of Mr. Herbert Spencer. "I should be much of a hound," he says, "if I lost my gratitude to Herbert Spencer." Next comes Lewes's "Life of Goethe"—though there is no one whom he "less admires than Goethe." Martial, Marcus Aurelius, Wordsworth and Mr. G. Meredith's "Egoist" follow, and he notes that an essay of Hazlitt "on the spirit of obligation" formed a "turning-point in his life." One would have been glad of a comment upon the last, for the essay is one in which Hazlitt shows his most cynical side, and explains how frequently envy and selfishness are concealed under a pretence of conferring obligations. Stevenson, perhaps, took it as he took Mr. Meredith's novel, for an ethical lecture, revealing the Protean forms of egoism more or less common to us all.

Stevenson clearly was not one of the young gentlemen who get up a subject systematically. He read as chance and curiosity dictated. A new author did not help him to fill up gaps in a theory; but became a personal friend, throwing out pregnant hints and suggesting rapid glances from various points of view into different aspects of life. Each writer in turn carried on a lively and suggestive conversation with him; but he cares little for putting their remarks into the framework of an abstract theory. He does not profess to form any judgment of Mr. Spencer's system; he is content to find him "bracing,

manly and honest." He feels the ethical stimulant. He is attracted by all writers whose words have the ring of genuine first-hand conviction; who reveal their own souls—with a good many defects, it may be, but at least bring one into contact with a bit of real unsophisticated human nature. He can forgive Walt Whitman's want of form, and rejoice in the "barbaric yawp" which utterly rejects and denounces effete conventionalism. What he hates above all is the Pharisee. "Respectability," he says in "Lay Morals," is "the deadliest gag and wet blanket that can be laid on man." He is, that is to say, a Bohemian; but he is a Bohemian who is tempered for good or (as some critics would say) for bad by morality and the lesser catechism. He sympathizes with Whitman's combination of egoism and altruism. "Morality has been ceremoniously extruded at the door (by Whitman) only to be brought in again by the window." So Stevenson's Bohemianism only modifies without obliterating his moral prejudices. Scotsman as he was to the verge of fanaticism, he refused to shut his eyes to the coarser elements in the national idol. The "Lay Morals" is specially concerned with the danger of debasing the moral currency. In spirit the Christian principles are absolutely right; but as soon as they are converted into an outward law, the spirit tends to be superseded by the letter, and the hypocrite finds a convenient shelter under the formula which has parted company from the true purpose. An interesting bit of autobiography is made to illustrate the point. "Thou shalt not steal," he says, is a good rule; but what is stealing? Something is to be said for the communist theory that property is theft. While his father was supporting him at the University, where he was surrounded by fellow students whose lives were cramped by poverty, he consid-

ered that his allowance could be excusable only when regarded as a loan advanced by mankind. He lived as sparingly as he could, grudging himself all but necessities, and hoped that in time he might repay the debt by his services.

No very definite conclusion was to emerge from such speculation. Stevenson was to become a novelist, not a writer of systematic treatises upon ethics or sociology. The impulses, however, survived in various forms. They are shown, for example, in the striking essay called "*Pulvis et Umbra*." It is his answer to the pessimistic view of men considered as merely multiplying and struggling units. Everywhere we find that man has yet aspirations and imperfect virtues. "Of all earth's meteors," he says, "here, at least, is the most strange and consoling; that this ennobled lemur, this hair-crowned bubble of the dust, this inheritor of a few years and sorrows, should yet deny himself his rare delights and add to his frequent pains and live for an ideal, however misconceived." This view implies his sympathy with the publican as against the Pharisee. We should cherish whatever aspirations may exist, even in the pot-house of the brothel, instead of simply enforcing conformity to the law. We should like the outcast because he is, after all, the really virtuous person. To teach a man blindly to obey public opinion is to "discredit in his eyes the one authoritative voice of his own soul. He may be a docile citizen; he will never be a man." The sanctity of the individual in this sense explains, perhaps, what was the teaching in which Walt Whitman and Mr. Herbert Spencer seemed to him to coincide.

The "philosophy" is the man. It is the development of the old boyish sentiment. Disease and trouble might do their worst; the career of the "pirate," or even more creditable forms of the

adventurous, might be impracticable; but at least he could meet life gallantly, find inexhaustible interest even in trifling occupations when thrown upon his back by ill-health, and cheer himself against temptations to pessimistic melancholy by sympathy with every human being who showed a touch of the heroic spirit. His essay upon the old "*Admirals*" is characteristic. His heart goes out to Nelson, with his "peerage or Westminster Abbey," and even more to the four marines of the "*Wager*," abandoned of necessity to a certain death, but who yet, as they watched their comrades pulling away, gave three cheers and cried, "God bless the King!" In "*Es triplex*" he gives the same moral with a closer application to himself:—

It is best [he says] to begin your follo; even if the doctor does not give you a year, even if he hesitates about a month, make one brave push, see what can be finished in a week. . . . All who have meant good work with their whole heart have done good work, although they may die before they have the time to sign it. . . . Life goes down with a better grace foaming in full tide over a precipice, than miserably struggling to an end in sandy deltas.

That, he explains, is the true meaning of the saying about those whom the gods love. At whatever age death may come, the man who dies so dies young.

This gallant spirit combined with extraordinarily quick and vivid sympathy, gives, I think, a main secret of the charm which endeared Stevenson both to friends and readers. His writings showed anything but the insensibility to human sorrows of the jovial, full-blooded athlete. It must be admitted, however, that if he did not ignore the darker side of things, he disliked dwelling upon it or admitting the necessity of surrender to melancholy, or even to incorporating such thoughts

in your general view of life. In some of his early work, especially in "Ordered South," his first published essay, and in "Will o' the Mill," a different note of sentiment is sounded. The invalid ordered south is inclined to console himself by reflecting that he is "one too many in the world." This, says Stevenson in a later note, is a "very youthful view." As prolonged life brings more interests, the thought that we cannot play our part becomes more, not less, painful. To some of us, I fear, every year that we live only emphasizes our insignificance. To Stevenson such resignation savored of cowardice. "Will o' the Mill" is certainly one of his most finished and exquisite pieces of work. He told Mr. Balfour that it was written as an "experiment." His own favorite doctrine was that "acts may be forgiven, but not even God can forgive the hanger back;" "Will o' the Mill" was written "to see what could be said in support of the opposite theory." The essay suggests the influence of Hawthorne and shows a similar skill in symbolizing a certain mood. It implies, no doubt, a capacity for so far assuming the mood as to make it harmonious or self-consistent; but I cannot perceive that it makes it attractive. Translated into vulgar realism, Will would be a stout innkeeper, who will not risk solid comfort by marrying the girl whom he likes. He hardly loves her. He prefers to help his guests to empty his cellar. Will lives in so vague a region that we do not test him as we should in real life; but, after all, the story affects me less as an apology than as a satire. If that be really all that can be said for the prudential view of life, it is surely as contemptible as Stevenson thought the corresponding practice. He has a little grudge against Matthew Arnold, whose general merits he acknowledges, for having introduced him to Obermann, for in Obermann he

finds only "inhumanity." The contrast is shown, as Professor Raleigh points out, by Arnold's poem on the "Grande Chartreuse" and Stevenson's "Our Lady of the Snows." Arnold is tempted for the time to seek peace among the recluses, though he cannot share their belief. Stevenson "treats them" to a sharp remonstrance. He prefers to be "up and doing." He warns them that the Lord takes delight in deeds, and approves those who—

Still with laughter, song and shout,
Spin the great wheel of earth about.

"Perhaps," he concludes,

Our cheerful general on high
With careless look may pass you by.

If I had to accept either estimate as complete I should agree with Stevenson. Yet Stevenson's attitude shows his limitations. The sentiment which makes men ascetic monks; the conviction of the corruption of mankind; of the futility of all worldly pleasures; the renunciation of the active duties of life; and the resolute trampling upon the flesh as the deadly enemy of the spirit, may strike us as cowardly and immoral, or at best represents Milton's "fugitive and cloistered virtue." Still it is a mood which has been so conspicuous in many periods that it is clearly desirable to recognize whatever appeal it contained to the deeper instincts of humanity. Matthew Arnold recurred fondly but provisionally to the peacefulness and harmony of the old order of conception, though he was as convinced as any one that it rested on a decayed foundation. The enlightenment of the species is, of course, desirable, and may lead ultimately to a more satisfactory solution; for the moment its destructive and materializing tendencies justify a tender treatment of the survival of the old ideal. Stevenson was no bigot, and could most

cordially admire the Catholic spirit as embodied in the heroism of a Father Damien. But when it took this form of simple renunciation it did not appeal to him. In fact it corresponds to the kind of pessimism which was radically uncongenial. Life, for him, is, or can be made, essentially bright and full of interest. He agrees with Mr. Herbert Spencer that it is a duty to be happy; and to be happy not by crushing your instincts but by finding employment for them. Confined to his bed and sentenced to silence, he could still preserve his old boyishness; even his childish amusements. "We grown people," he says in an essay, "can tell ourselves a story, give and take strokes till the bucklers ring, ride far and fast, marry, fall and die; all the while sitting quietly by the fire or lying prone in bed"—whereas a child must have a toy sword or fight with a bit of furniture. Indeed he was not above toys in later days. He spent a large part of one winter, as Mr. Balfour tells us, building with toy bricks; and beginning to join in a schoolboy's amusement of tin soldiers, developed an elaborate "war game" which occupied many hours at Davos. We can understand why Symonds called him "sprite." The amazing vitality which kept him going under the most depressing influences was combined with the "sprite's" capricious, and, to most adults, unintelligible modes of spending superfluous energy. Whatever he took up, serious or trifling, novel writing, childish toys, or even for a time, political agitation, he threw his whole soul into it as if it were the sole object of existence. He impressed one at first sight as a man whose nerves were always in a state of over-tension. Baxter says that Cromwell was a man "of such a vivacity, hilarity and alacrity as another man hath when he hath drunken a cup too much."¹ Stevenson—not very like Cromwell in other respects—seemed to

find excitement a necessity of existence. He speaks to a correspondent of the timidity of youth. "I was," he says, "a particularly brave boy"—ready to plunge into rash adventures, but "in fear of that strange, blind machinery in which I stood. I fear life still," he adds, and "that terror for an adventurer like myself is one of the chief joys of living." Terror keeps one wide awake and highly strung. Inextinguishable playfulness, with extraordinary quickness of sympathy; an impulsiveness that means accessibility to every generous and heroic nature; and a brave heart in a feeble body, ought to be, as they are, most fascinating qualities. But it is true that they imply a limitation. So versatile a nature, glancing off at every contact, absorbed for the moment by every impulse, has not much time for listening to the "Cherub Contemplation." Stevenson turns from "the painful aspects of life," not from the cowardice which refuses to look one in the face, but from the courage which manages to not turn us a counter irritant. His "view of life," he says, "is essentially the comic and the romantically comic." He loves, as he explains, the comedy "which keeps the beauty and touches the terrors of life;" which tells its story "not with the one eye of pity, but with the two of pity and mirth." We should arrange our little drama so that, without ignoring the tragic element, the net outcome may be a state of mind in which the terror becomes, as danger became to Nelson, a source of joyous excitement.

What I have so far said has more direct application to the essayist than to the novelist; and to most readers, I suppose, the novelist is the more interesting of the two. As an essayist, however, Stevenson becomes an unconscious critic of the stories. The essays

¹ A similar remark was made about Ninon de l'Enclos. They make a queer trio.

define the point of view adopted by the story-teller. One quality is common to all his writings. The irrepressible youthfulness must be remembered to do justice to the essays. We must not ask for deep thought employed upon long experience; or expect to be impressed, as we are impressed in reading Bacon, by aphorisms in which the wisdom of a lifetime seems to be concentrated. We admire the quick feeling, the dexterity and nimbleness of intellect. The thought of "Crabbed Age and Youth" is obvious enough, but the performance reminds us of Robin Oig in "Kidnapped." He repeated the air played by Alan Breck, but "with such ingenuity and sentiment, with so odd a fancy and so quick a knack in the grace-notes that I was amazed to hear him." Stevenson's "grace-notes" give fresh charm to the old theme. The critical essays, again, may not imply a very wide knowledge of literature or familiarity with orthodox standards of judgment. They more than atone for any such defects by the freshness and genuine ring of youthful enthusiasm. I am hopelessly unable, for example, to appreciate Walt Whitman. Stevenson himself only regretted that he had qualified his enthusiasm by noticing too pointedly some of his author's shortcomings. The shortcomings still stick in my throat; but if I cannot catch the enthusiasm my dulness is so far enlightened that I can partly understand why Whitman fascinated Stevenson and other good judges. That, at least, is so much clear gain. To read Stevenson's criticisms is like revisiting a familiar country with a young traveller who sees it for the first time. He probably makes some remarks that we have heard before; but he is capable of such a thrill of surprise as Keats received from Chapman's "Homer."

The "love of youth," says Mr. Henry James in an admirable essay, "is

the beginning and end of Stevenson's message." Mr. James was writing before Stevenson's last publications, and was thinking specially perhaps of "Treasure Island." Now to me, I confess, for I fear that it is a confession, "Treasure Island" is the one story which I can admire without the least qualification or reserve. The aim may not be the highest, but it is attained with the most thorough success. It may be described as a "message" in the sense that it appeals to the boyish element. Stevenson has described the fit of inspiration in which he wrote it. He had a schoolboy for audience; his father became a schoolboy to collaborate; and when published it made schoolboys of Gladstone and of the editor of the "cynical" "Saturday Review." We believe in it as we believe in "Robinson Crusoe." My only trouble is that I have always thought that, had I been in command of the "Hispaniola" I should have adopted a different line of defence against the conspirators. My plan would have spoiled the story, but I regret the error as I regret certain real blunders which were supposed to have changed the course of history. I have always wondered that, after such a proof of his powers of fascination, Stevenson should only have achieved full recognition by "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." That book, we are told, was also written in a fit of inspiration, suggested by dreaming a "fine bogey tale." The public liked it because it became an allegory—a circumstance, I fear, which does not attract me. But considered as a "bogey tale," able to revive the old thrill of delicious horror in one who does not care for psychical research, it has the same power of carrying one away by its imaginative intensity. These masterpieces in their own way suggest one remark. Mr. Balfour points out that Stevenson did an enormous quantity of work, considering not only his ill health

but the fact that he often worked very slowly, that he destroyed many sketches, and that he rewrote some articles as often as seven or eight times. Thanks to his "dire industry," as he said himself, he had "done more with smaller gifts" (one must excuse the modest formula), "than almost any man of letters in the world." The restless energy, however, did not mean persistent labor upon one task; but a constant alternation of tasks. When inspiration failed him for one book he took up another, and waited for the fit to return. One result is that there is often a want of continuity, when his stories do not, as in "Treasure Island," represent a single uninterrupted effort. "Kidnapped," for example, is made up of two different stories, and "The Wrecker" is a curious example of piecing together heterogeneous fragments. Moreover, a good deal of the work is the product of a feebler exercise of the fancy intercalated between the general fits of inspiration. The undeniably successful books, where he has thrown himself thoroughly into the spirit of the story, stand out among a good deal of very inferior merit. I will confine myself to speaking of the four Scottish novels which appear to be accepted as his best achievements, and to endeavoring to point out what was the proper sphere of his genius.

They represent a development of the "Treasure Island" method. He began "Kidnapped" as another book for boys, and the later stories may be classed for some purposes with the Waverley series. Stevenson was fond of discussing the classification of novels. He contrasts the "novel of adventure," the novel of character, and the dramatic novel. Properly speaking, this is not a classification of radically different species, but an indication of the different sources of interest upon which a novelist may draw. "Adventure" need not exclude "character." A

perfect novel might accept, with a change of name, Mr. Meredith's title, "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." The facts are interesting, because they show character in the crucible; and the character displays itself most forcibly by the resulting action. A complete fusion, however, is, no doubt, rare, and requires consummate art. "Treasure Island," of course, is a pure novel of adventure. It satisfies what he somewhere describes as the criterion of a good "romance." The writer and his readers throw themselves into the events, enjoy the thrilling excitement, and do not bother themselves with questions of psychology. "Treasure Island," indeed, contains Silver, who, to my mind, is his most successful hero. But Silver incarnates the spirit in which the book is to be read; the state of mind in which we accept genial good humor as a complete apology for cold-blooded murder. Piracy is for the time to be merely one side of the game; and in a serious picture of human life, which of course is out of our sphere, we should have required a further attempt to reconcile us to the psychological monstrosity. In the later stories we assume that the adventurers are to be themselves interesting as well as the adventure. Still the story is to hold the front place. We may come to be attracted to the problems of character presented by the author, but the development of the story must never for a moment be sacrificed to expositions of the sentiments. We must not expect from Stevenson such reflections as Thackeray indulges upon the "Vanity of Vanities" or a revelation, such as George Eliot gives in "The Mill on the Floss," of the inner life of the heroine. Either method may be right for its own purpose; and I mean so far only to define, not to criticize, Stevenson's purpose. It is not only possible to tell a story in Stevenson's manner, "cutting

off the flesh off the bones" of his stories, as he says, and yet to reveal the characters; but critics who object to all intrusions of the author as commentator hold this to be the most legitimate and effective method. Here, however, the limitation means something more than a difference of method. I do not think, to speak frankly, that any novelist of power comparable to his has created so few living and attractive characters. Mr. Sidney Colvin confesses to having been for a time blinded to the imaginative force of the "Beach at Falesa" by his dislike to the three wretched heroes. One is deservedly shot, and two others, credited with some redeeming points, lose whatever interest they possessed when they accepted conversion to avoid death from a missionary's revolver. However vivid the scenery I cannot follow the fate of such wretches with a pretence of sympathy. There is a similar drawback about the "Master of Ballantrae." The younger brother, who is black-mailed by the utterly reprobate Master, ought surely to be interesting instead of being simply sullen and dogged. In the later adventures we are invited to forgive him on the ground that his brain has been affected; but the impression upon me is that he is sacrificed throughout to the interests of the story. He is cramped in character because a man of any real strength would have broken the meshes upon which the adventure depends. The curious exclusion of woman is natural in the purely boyish stories, since to a boy woman is simply an incumbrance upon reasonable modes of life. When in "Catriona" Stevenson introduces a love-story, it is still unsatisfactory because David Balfour is so much of the undeveloped animal, that his passion is clumsy, and his charm for the girl unintelligible. I cannot feel, to say the truth, that in any of these stories I am really living among human beings with

whom, apart from their adventures, I can feel any very lively affection or antipathy. Mr. Balfour praises Stevenson for his sparing use of the pathetic. That is to apologize for a weakness on the ground that it is not the opposite weakness. It is quite true that an excessive use of pathos is offensive, but it is equally true that a power of appealing to our sympathies by genuine pathos is a mark of the highest power in fiction. The novelist has to make us feel that it is a necessity, not a mere luxury, that he is forced to weep, not weeping to exhibit his sensibility, but to omit it altogether is to abnegate one of his chief functions. That Stevenson's feelings, far from being cold, were abnormally keen, can be doubted by no one; and his view of fiction keeps him out of the regions in which pathos is appropriate. Any way, I feel that there is a whole range of sentiment familiar to other writers which Stevenson rarely enters or even touches.

The character to which I am generally referred as a masterpiece is that of Alan Breck. Mr. Henry James speaks of that excellent Highlander as a psychological triumph, and regards him as a study of the passion for glory. Mr. James speaks with authority; and I will admit that he is a very skilful combination of the hero and the braggart—qualities which are sometimes combined, as they were to some degree in Nelson and Wolfe. Somehow, perhaps because I am not a Gael, I can never feel that he is fully alive. He suggests to me the artist's study, not the man who appeals to us because his creator has really thrown himself unreservedly into the part. When I compare him for example with Dugald Dalgetty (I must venture a comparison for once) he seems to illustrate the difference between skilful construction and genial intuition. He may suggest one other point. Scott was

for Stevenson the "King of the Roman-ticists." Romance, as understood by Scott, meant among other things the attempt to revive a picture of old social conditions. He was interested, in his own phraseology, in the contrast between ancient and modern manners, and his favorite periods are those in which the feudal ideals came into conflict with the more modern commercial state. This interest often interferes with his art as a story-teller. The hero of *Waverley* for example, is a mere walking letter of introduction to Fergus MacIvor, the type of a chief of a clan modified by modern civilization. The story halts in order to give us a full portrait of the state of things in which a semi-barbarous order was confronted with the opposing forces. Scott, in fact, began from a profound interest in the social phenomena (to use a big word) around him. He was full of the legends, the relics of the old customs and ways of thought, but was also a lawyer and a keen politician. His story-telling often represents a subordinate aim. Stevenson just reverses the process. He started as an "artist," abnormally sensitive to the qualities of style and literary effect to which Scott was audaciously indifferent. His first interest is in any scene or story which will fit in with his artistic purposes. Life swarmed with themes for romance, as rivers are made to supply canals. The attitude is illustrated by his incursions into politics. He was stirred to wrath by Mr. Gladstone's desertion (as he thought it) of Gordon, and could not afterwards write a letter to the guilty statesman because he would have had to sign himself "Your fellow-criminal in the sight of God." He was roused by the boycotting of the Curtin family to such a degree that he could scarcely be withheld from settling on their farm to share their dangers and stir his countrymen to a sense of shame. His

righteous indignation in the case of Father Damien, and the zeal with which he threw himself into the Samoan troubles, are equally in character. The small scale of the Samoan business made it a personal question. He came to the conclusion, however, that politics meant "the darkest, most foolish and most random of human employments," and though he had an aversion to Gladstone, had no definite political creed. Political strife, that is, only touched him when some individual case appealed to the chivalrous sentiment. In the same way the story of the clans interests him by its artistic capabilities. The flight of Alan Breck gave an opportunity, seized with admirable skill, for a narrative of exciting adventure; and he takes full advantage of picturesque figures in the history of his time. But one peculiarity is significant. The adventure turns upon a murder which, according to him, was not committed, though certainly not disapproved, by Alan Breck. Now, complicity in murder, or, let us say, homicide, is a circumstance of some importance. Before landlord-shooting is regarded as a venial or a commendable practice we ought to be placed at the right point of view to appreciate it. We cannot take it as easily as Mr. Silver took piracy. We should see enough of the evictions or of the social state of the clansmen to direct our sympathies. No doubt if Stevenson had insisted upon such things, he would have written a different book. He would have had to digress from the adventures and to introduce characters irrelevant in that sense, who might have been types of the classes of a semi-civilized society. Perhaps the pure story of adventure is a better thing. I only say that it involves the omission of a great many aspects of life which have been the main preoccupation of novelists of a different class. Stevenson once told

Mr. Balfour that a novelist might devise a plot and find characters to suit, or he might reverse the process; or finally, he might take a certain atmosphere and get "both persons and actions to express it." He wrote the "Merry Men" as embodying the sentiment caused by a sight of a Scottish island. That, indeed, is an explanation of some of his most skilful pieces of work, and the South Seas as well as his beloved country gave materials for such "impressionist" pictures. But besides the atmosphere of scenery, there is what may be called the social atmosphere. To reproduce the social atmosphere of a past epoch is the aim—generally missed—of the historical novelist; but it is the prerogative of the more thoughtful novelist to set before you in concrete types, not only personal character but the moral and intellectual idiosyncrasies of the epoch, whether remote or contemporary. The novelist is not to lecture; but the great novels give the very age and body of the time "its form and feature." I will give no instances because they would be superfluous and also because they would suggest a comparison which I would rather exclude as misleading. That is the element which is absent from Stevenson's work.

The affection which Stevenson inspires needs no justification. The man's extraordinary gallantry, his tender-heartedness, the chivalrous interest so easily roused by any touch of heroism, the generosity shown in his hearty appreciation of possible rivals, are beyond praise. His rapid glances at many aspects of life show real insight and singular delicacy, a sensibility of moral instinct, and the thought is expressed or gently indicated with the most admirable literary tact. The praise of versatility again is justified by the variety of themes which he has touched, always with vivacity and often with a masterly handling within

certain limits. When panegyrics, dwelling upon these topics, have been most unreservedly accepted, it is a mistake to claim incompatible merits. The "Bohemian"—taking Stevenson's version of the character—the man who looks from the outside upon the ordinary humdrum citizen, may be a very fascinating personage; but he really lacks something. Delighted with the exceptional and the picturesque, he has less insight into the more ordinary and, after all, most important springs of action. The excitable temperament, trying to stir every moment of life with some thrill of vivid feeling, and dreaming adventures to fill up every interstice of active occupation, is hardly compatible with much reflection. The writer, whose writing is the outcome of long experience, who has brooded long and patiently over the problems of life, who has tried to understand the character of his fellows and to form tenable ideals for himself, may not have accepted any systematic philosophy; but he represents the impression made by life upon a thoughtful mind, and has formed some sort of coherent and often professedly interesting judgment upon its merits. He is sometimes a bore, it is true; but sometimes, too, we have experience which is ripe without being mouldy. The rapid, vivid "Sprite," the natural Bohemian impinging upon society at a dozen different parts, turning from the painful aspects of life, and from the first considering life as intended to suggest romance rather than romance as reflecting life could not possibly secrete that kind of wisdom. He had a charm of his own, and I do not inquire whether it was better or worse; I only think that we do him injustice when we claim merits belonging to a different order. His admirers hold that "Weir of Hermiston" would have shown profounder insight founded upon longer experience. I will not

argue the point. That it contains one very powerful scene is undeniable. That it shows power of rivalling on their own ground the great novelists who have moved in a higher sphere is not plain to me. At any rate, the claim seems to be a tacit admission

of the absence of certain qualities from the previous work. "He might have" implies "he did not." But I have said enough to indicate what I take to be the right method of appreciating Stevenson without making untenable claims.

The National Review.

Leslie Stephen.

THE CHILDREN'S BREAD.

Well, James? The Waits? No, tell them not to—oh!
It's Mr. Wace. How very . . . How d'ye do?
Oh, not at all. Delightful! James, bring tea.
You've brought the cold in with you.—Oh! and, James,
Don't go before I've finished speaking, please,—
Tell them to air *Miss Fido's* Jaeger sheets,
At once. Poor love, she's perished with this weather.
Yes, isn't it? Ah yes, the poor. Quite so!
They must. I'm sure they do. But you're so wrong,
You clergy. Yes, you are. You coddle them.
Oh, but you do, you know. You know you do.
Won't you sit down? You'll find—oh, no, not there!
Take care! My precious *Fido*! Is she hurt?
My sainty dainty! How you frightened me.
Shall have a biccy, precious. Would you mind?
So many thanks. That silver *bonbonnière*.
He's werry sorry, pet, so don't be cross.
Give him a nice wet kiss.

Ah, here comes tea.

Sugar and cream? One lump? Thanks, not for me.
I'll wait, I think, till you have—afterwards.
Now tell me, are you fond of—yes? How nice!
Well then I must—I wonder if you'd like
To see her little things, her odds and ends,
And all her clothes—yes, *Fido's*. Sure you would?
Yes, get them, James, and don't forget the plates.
Oh, yes, her very own. She never eats
Off anything but silver,—never has.

Another cup? No? Well, I think you're wise:
It does destroy one's appetite for dinner.
And—yes, my sweet, what is it? Oh, of course!
Her dinner. Yes, she always knows that word.

Isn't it sweet of her? Yes, clever one
 Shall have its little din-din by-and-by.
 Oh, put them here, James. Yes. And tell the cook
 To mince *Miss Fido's* kidneys very fine,
 And send them up directly they are done.
 She's positively starving, precious love.
 But—are there really? Children? Very sad!
 Improvidence, no doubt,—and drink, of course.
 But still it's most distressing.

Oh, don't go.

It's only parish business, I suppose?
 To carry lukewarm soup to some old woman,
 Or—is it that? What nonsense. Let her wait.
 Sit down again. Now, don't you like this brooch?
 Sweet, isn't it? Oh, dear me, no, they're real,
 Yes, diamonds. Let's see. I gave it her.
 This time last year. I made them put the date
 In pearls. My own design. I always think—
 Don't you?—that Christmas is the time we ought
 To give to others of our very best.

Oh, but of course. Your Coal and Clothing Club?
 Delighted. Now this bangle, don't you think
 It's rather nice. A cat's-eye. No, quite cheap.
 Oh, those. Her little india rubber shoes.
 Yes, for wet weather. She's so delicate,
 Poor precious darling. That's her *saut-de-lit*:
 Real Mechlin, yes. And here, you see, she's got
 A weeny pocket for her handkerchief.
 What's this? Oh, no; please wrap it up again.
 She mustn't see it yet. Her Christmas-box.
 A little sable coat. I've had it lined
 With mink. It's—not so very. Thirty pounds
 I think it was. It's much too cold for her
 To be in England now that winter's here.
 She simply had to have it.

Must you go?

Well, if you really—ah, the Clothing Club!
 I quite forgot. What did I give last year?
 Five shillings? Well I'll—yes, I'll make it ten.
 And half-a-crown from *Fido*: twelve and six.
 No, please don't thank me. It's the merest—what?
 Put *Fido* in your sermon! But how sweet!
 And what will be your text? "The Children's Bread!"
 That sounds quite charming, though I must confess.
 I don't see what it has to do with dogs.
 Oh, shall I? Yes, of course I'll come. Goodbye.

THE GREAT DUCHESS.

Whenever, in my casual reading, I meet with even the slightest mention of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, I pause to offer her memory a silent salutation. I have just now read two rather large volumes about her, and it becomes necessary to me to break into articulate homage. It is an instinct with most of us to be struck (whether we are catholic enough to admire or not) by the spectacle of any person wholly and absolutely consistent with himself and with some simple elemental law of his being. Now I know of no man or woman in history who, on anything like a large scale and with recognizable strength of will and action, is at all comparable to Sarah Jennings for unity of life and feeling. In her slightest aside and most vehement speech, in her least and her greatest actions, the same spectacle is presented to my admiring vision—a procession of strong, unfaltering, straightforward, frank, remorseless, heartless selfishness. She was a perfect expression of egotism, without compromise or exception—a type, an example forever. The moralist may say this or that, but the artist cannot choose but applaud.

It is not my purpose to "review" Mr. FitzGerald Molloy's *Life of her* which I have just read. (He calls it "*The Queen's Comrade*," in which title I doubt poor Queen Anne would have seen irony or cynicism.) But it would be less than civil not to thank him for much material new to me, and to compliment him on the pleasant manner of its presentment. To people who have not made a study of the sort of thing the book should be both illuminative and interesting, and an excellent corrective, so far as it goes, in regard to Revolution times of that arch-manipulator of truth, Lord Macaulay. To

me, who knew something of the subject, it was an increase of detailed knowledge and a confirmation of opinion. The latter very decidedly, especially as regarded Sarah Jennings. In every fresh detail she was the same as I had always seen her, never swerving to the right or the left, grasping everything with her strong hands, and striking hard with them if she were thwarted—old friends, old benefactors, her own children; it was all one to her. A perfectly consistent woman.

You can express her life with the simplicity and finality of a problem in Euclid. The theory which guided her throughout, and which I will not believe could have been less than half conscious, was clearly this: that the world was created for the benefit of Sarah Jennings; and those who aided this wise design of Providence by advancing her fortunes, heaping money and titles on her, and so forth, were simply doing their duty, and deserved neither return nor any feeling of gratitude on her part; that those who ceased so to do, or who were indifferent, or who did the opposite, were wretches for whom no punishment could be too severe; they were thwarting the nature of things. There is something almost impersonal in the even, unhesitating retribution with which she pursued any one who had crossed or offended her in the slightest degree; such a person was an undoubted reptile, and when it raised its head—whenever or wherever—Sarah Jennings hit at it. And, mark, there was very little cant or self-righteousness about all this. She was not like Queen Mary II, who, whenever her treachery to her father had been brought home to her, went and congratulated Heaven on her virtues in her diary.

No misconduct, you may be sure, was ever brought home to the mind of the Duchess of Marlborough. When Queen Anne finally dismissed her, the Duchess simply excused herself for ever having put up with the society of such a creature as her Sovereign. "I am afraid," she wrote to Sir David Hamilton, "you will have a very ill opinion of one that could pass so many hours with one I have just given such a character of; but though it was extremely tedious to pass so many hours where there could be no conversation, I knew she loved me." You see, the kindness had been all on the Duchess's part, not on the Queen's, who had endured all kinds of affronts in the last reign, because she would not part with her favorite, and since her accession had heaped every benefit she could on the Duchess. Of course Sarah had given her sovereign a direct piece of her mind before her dismissal, in terms even then, when English people were far less obsequious to Royalty than they are now, very much out of the way, but not as one defending herself, rather as one painfully pointing out a child's naughtiness. To say that she did not blame herself for the rupture is to understate the truth; in her mind no conduct of hers, whatever it was, could justify a revolt against her. With the same beautiful and, I do not doubt, sincere simplicity, when she had to leave England, she bewailed the necessary ruin of a country which had ceased to pay the Duke and her ninety thousand a year. There was no cant in this; it flowed inevitably from her theory of life.

For the expression of this theory—and it was surely a fine theory to live with—Nature had been kind to Sarah Jennings and us. It had given her every quality necessary to make it clear to our edification. To begin with, she was only passionate when her interests were

concerned, not otherwise. People who are passionate in their love affairs may be selfish, but their selfishness is superficially obscured now and then by an apparent regard for the other person. Sarah Jennings escaped that obscuration. Moreover her coldness of blood, in that regard, probably ministered to the extreme uxoriousness of the Duke, lasting from young manhood to old age. Wherever he was, campaigning or not, he sent her constant letters of devotion, and was lucky, it seemed, if he escaped a douche of criticism in return. He mentions a "kind" letter of hers as something extraordinary. No one could throw stones at the Duchess on the score of her morals, in the usual sense of the term, so that she was invulnerable to the general criticism of English moralists; in fact, I venture to think they ought to acclaim her as a "good woman." But her husband could not stand against her theory; she could not curb her indignation with Anne for taking a new favorite, and so give him a chance of keeping his places. It is not an extended selfishness that we contemplate in Sarah Jennings; it is the real thing; self with her meant self.

Again, she had a splendid constitution, a strong will and a good head; necessary qualities, because if she had been ailing, weak or a fool, her selfishness might have been just as complete, but it would not have been so fine a spectacle for us. Also she was naturally frank and straightforward. Had she been more inclined to subterfuge and double-dealing she might, it is true, have had even greater success in life, but her memory would not be so finely simple to appreciate. She was not an intriguer. She felt it due to her theory of life to march straight to her goal and seize on what she wanted in the eye of the world. Of course she dropped people who had ceased to be useful to her, but openly

and as a natural consequence. When James's cause was hopeless she dropped him; it was his fault that he could no longer promote and enrich her husband, and so he forfeited her patronage. It is really misleading to call such plain-dealing as that treachery. The great successes in her life were due to her influence over Anne, and that was gained by no flattery or intrigue, but by the frank imposition of a strong will on a weak one. Anne became her creature and took her orders. When Anne had revolted and that source of power was gone, even then she did not intrigue. She made one straightforward threat, to publish the letters of "Mrs. Morley" to "Mrs. Freeman." It was rather like blackmailing, to be sure, and no doubt the Duchess thought it hard that Providence should drive her to such means to her just ends, but it was not intriguing. Nor, in the absence of direct evidence, do I believe that she coquetted between St. Germain and Hanover as her husband did. He was a born intriguer, a man natively underhand, but it was not her way at all. She did not plot to bring people into power; when they were in power she went to them and demanded everything they had to give. Moreover, she honestly disliked St. Germain, and was true to her dislikes. Fairly consistent in an age of turncoats, fairly truthful in an age of liars, and very strong in an age of weaklings—her good qualities in this kind all minister to the supreme effect of her life.

Accident and circumstance as well as natural qualities conspired to bring her theory into relief. If she had been successful without interruption, had never met with a rebuff, we should have missed the sublime spectacle of her indignation, of her wrath with those who had defied the right order of the universe. The first rebuff came with William and Mary. Mary hated

Lady Churchill, a fact which Lady Churchill was very slow to grasp. But when she did grasp it, and the fact that she and Lord Churchill had little to hope for from the new Court, she said very forcible things. Other people were disappointed as well. It is, indeed, rather refreshing to observe the indignation of the patriots who had brought in William of Orange when they perceived that he preferred his Dutch minions, the Bentincks and the Keppels, to his English traitors, driving the latter from his presence that he might get drunk in peace with the former. The Princess Anne said things about him that we may fairly trace to the more trenchant style of her favorite—"Caliban" and "the Dutch monster" I am sure were phrases of Sarah Jennings. But Sarah was generous; those who sinned against her had to be punished all their lives, but her just wrath stopped short at the grave. "When the King came to die," she beautifully wrote, "I felt nothing of that satisfaction which I once thought I should have had upon this occasion . . . so little is it in my nature to retain resentment against any mortal (however unjust he may have been) in whom the will to injure is no more." Surely a grand passage! But familiarity with the injustice of kings did not prevent this great woman from taking infinite pains to punish humble people. When Sir John Vanbrugh had the temerity to criticize her she "was very sorry I had fouled my fingers in writing to such a fellow;" but, mindful of her duty to the world, she took the trouble to fill thirty sheets of paper with charges against Sir John.

In her old age, indeed, she found time to do a good deal of polemical writing against her enemies. Among other such efforts she wrote an elaborate account of her daughter's misconduct towards her, and sent the agreeable brochure to various friends and relations.

"Having boare what I have done for so many years, rather than hurt my children, I hope nobody will blame me now," etc., etc. Also she dictated to Hooke her famous "Account of her Conduct," and composed with Henry Fielding her "Vindication." (What would one not give to have heard these two geniuses in consultation!) Her vindication, it need hardly be said, took the form of exposing the wickedness of other people rather than of defending herself. . . . But I protest that as I think of this splendid old woman, bed-

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ridden at last and so near her end, still indomitable, still strong in thought, and still keenly humorous, I feel sympathy for her human qualities rather than admiration for her superhuman perfection. But that is a sentimental weakness and must be suppressed. An artistic wonder and joy in the contemplation of life and character absolutely thorough, absolutely true to itself—that must be one's emotion when one reads of Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough.

G. S. Street.

THE ELIZABETHAN ROSTANDS

We who love English, we who rejoice in the grand march of English words, often forget and disuse our privileges. Even the miser turns over his gold, and rolls in it. We ignore the pageants that might heal sore eyes; we stand soiled on the brink of cleansing and charmed waters; we see the perspective of illimitable gardens, and will not walk in them. We are content always with the same few of our possessions; we catalogue the rest, and sleep on the catalogue. We are the richest people in the world, and we know it, and the mere knowledge seems to suffice us. We take our wealth for granted, foolishly unaware that wealth taken for granted is no longer wealth. While reading Jane Austen, and reading her again (good little Jane!) we take for granted, we assume, the Elizabethan and Jacobean age! Oh, yes! Lamb's "Specimens," Hazlitt's "Elizabethan Dramatists"—this matter has been attended to once for all! Consider yourselves read, excellent contemporaries of Shakespeare. We admit you. You are of course. Shakespeare is your

representative among us. We honor him, sometimes, and through him, you. He alone wrote nearly forty plays—think of that, and understand that we make it a rule to peruse Jane Austen's complete works every year.

Such is our ineffable attitude towards our golden age, an age comprising at least a dozen great poets, at least fifty writers of rare distinction, and at least a hundred that the dictionaries and cyclopædias dare not omit; the age when English, just come to lusty manhood, was indeed English—*riotous, immense, magnificent, lovely*—when the flood of art gushed careless, gorgeous and overwhelming, like a mighty cataract. We, whose best produce one novel in three years, have the effrontery to talk of the creative impulse. Heavens! We have forgotten what it is. We chatter about language, we who polish a period in a month; we prate like children. How those Ulysses, bending their formidable bows, would laugh at our catapults! One can picture Jove saying to an Elizabethan: "Here! These Victorians have a singular conceit of them-

selves. Show them what is what." And the Elizabethan would bare his brawny arms and with a quill a yard long write the whole blessed Victorian literature in six months, and get tipsy each night at the "Mermaid" to boot.

The reason why we should return to the Elizabethan men is, not because they are "classical," not because they are the correct thing and part of a proper education, but simply and solely because they are, in the colloquial phrase which was always on the lips of William Morris, so "jolly fine," so amusing, diverting, refreshing, uplifting, satisfying. To read them is to plunge into a vast marble bath—the dive, the tingle in the ears, the head-shaking, the striking-out, the swish of water, the final emergence, the deep breath—"Ah! That was grand!" These works were written in joy, and in joy they are to be read. Do not confuse them with "The Ring and the Book," "Ghosts," or "Clarissa Harlowe." They are the sheer expression of the plentiful joy and the exultant power of life. And, above all, do not imagine that, because Shakespeare happened to be Shakespeare, his companions were second-rate. There are sundry non-Shakespearian English plays far superior to sundry plays of Shakespeare. The assertion may sound startling, but if it does, the more shame to the startled. Shakespeare was hemmed in by great men, authors of great works; and the Twentieth Century, which must needs be acquainted with "Love's Labor Lost" and "The Comedy of Errors," could not even name those works, unless by chance it had been to a University Extension lecture.

Who has read "Philaster?"

Nay, to break down that polite convention which assumes the omniscience of readers, is there one "well-read" man in five who can with certainty name the author of "Philaster?" And "Philaster" is among the most resplen-

dent ornaments of the world's drama. It was the first and finest success of Beaumont and Fletcher, the brethren who, by common consent of critics, stand next to Shakespeare. Beaumont died at thirty-two, Fletcher at forty-six; and they wrote, beside oddments, a play for every week in the year. They were the Rostands of the Elizabethan stage, incredibly fecund, full of easy invention, versed in all technique, great poets by profession—in short, artists of the supreme sort.

"Philaster" is well within the usual Elizabethan dramatic formula. Philaster is heir to the crown of Sicily, which has been usurped by the king of Calabria. The King designates Pharamond of Spain his heir, and offers him the hand of his daughter, Arethusa. But Arethusa falls in love with Philaster, and Philaster gives her his page, Bellario (Euphrasia in disguise, heroine of the piece). Most of the action springs from a false accusation of immorality against Arethusa and Bellario-Euphrasia. In the sequel, of course, Bellario's sex is disclosed, Philaster becomes the darling of the people, and all is set right between Arethusa and Philaster, while the constancy of Euphrasia, who loves Philaster, is its own reward.

Note first the blustering wooing of Arethusa by Pharamond, the swaggerer:—

... Sweet princess
You shall enjoy a man of men to be
Your servant; you shall make him
yours, for whom
Great queens must die.

Such sounding is worthy of Shakespeare's Antony. You would think that with that cock's note Pharamond could silence all opponents, but Philaster shrivels him up in a phrase:—

Know, Pharamond,
I loathe to brawl with such a blast as
thou.

Who art nought but a vallant voice;
but if
Thou shalt provoke me further, men
shall say,
"Thou wert," and not lament it.

It is the mark of the great writer
that he can always beat his best. Du-
mas's Louis is lord of all till D'Artag-
nan comes along and faces him. But
Philaster, who has something of Ham-
let's subtlety mixed with his direct-
ness, is always more than equal to the
occasion. Listen to his fine irony at
the expense of the usurper:—

King: "Sure, he's possessed."

Phi: "Yes, with my father's spirit.

It's here, O King,

A dangerous spirit! now he tells me,
King,

I was a king's heir, bids me be a king,
And whispers to me, these are all my
subjects.

'Tis strange he will not let me sleep,
but dives

Into my fancy, and there gives me
shapes

That kneel and do me service, cry me
King:

But I'll suppress him; he's a factious
spirit,

And will undo me. Noble sir, your
hand;

I am your servant."

King: "Away! I do not like this.

What usurper would?

Philaster's description of his finding
of Bellario, which begins:—

Hunting the buck,

I found him sitting by a fountain's
side,

Of which he borrowed some to quench
his thirst,

And paid the nymph again as much in
tears,

Is the stock "extract" from this play,
and, lovely as it is, we may not quote
it. There are still finer things than
this to which we shall come immediate-
ly. Meanwhile, let us note Bellario's
charming and tender farewell to Phi-

laster when the latter dismisses her
to the service of Arethusa:—

I am gone.

But since I am to part with you, my
lord,

And none knows whether I shall live
to do

More service for you, take this little
prayer:

Heaven bless your loves, your fights,
all your designs!

May sick men, if they have your wish,
be well;

And Heaven hate those you curse,
though I be one!

How superb is the defiance of Phi-
laster when Dion, a lord, accuses Are-
thusa of being unchaste!

Let me alone,

That I may cut off falsehood whilst it
springs!

Set hills on hills betwixt me and the
man

That utters this, and I will scale them
all,

And from the utmost top fall on his
neck,

Like thunder from a cloud.

And in quite another vein with equal
mastery, is Bellario's unforgettable de-
scription of death:—

Yes, I do know, my lord:

'Tis less than to be born; a lasting
sleep;

A quiet resting from all jealousy,
A thing we all pursue; I know, besides,

It is but giving over of a game
That must be lost.

Here follows the jewel of the play. It
is Philaster's meditation in the forest,
when he is desolated by the general
misery of things:—

Oh that I had been nourished in these
woods

With milk of goats and acorns, and not
known

The right of crowns nor the dissem-
bling trains

Of women's looks; but digged myself
a cave

Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my
bed
Might have been shut together in one
shed;
And then had taken me some mountain
girl,
Beaten with winds, chaste as the hard-
ened rocks
Whereon she dwelt, that might have
strewed my bed
With leaves and reeds, and with the
skins of beasts,
Our neighbors, and have borne at her
big breasts,
My large, coarse issue! This had been
a life
Free from vexation.

The passage abounds in admirable felicities, in profound psychological truth and in emotional power. Of the kind, nothing finer exists outside Shakespeare.

We might continue to quote great poetry from this drama—trifles like:—

Not the calmèd sea,
When Æolus locks up his windy brood,
Is less disturbed than I.

Or long passages of sustained perfectness such as Bellario's confession, which begins:—

... Sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw
a god,
I thought (but it was you), enter our
gates—

But it was you! We must end, however, and with a reference to the

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clowns of the brethren. Hazlitt said that in comic wit and spirit Beaumont and Fletcher were "scarcely surpassed by any writers of any age." He was probably right, and though this particular play does not overflow with fun, there is enough of it in the great hunting scene. The *fracas* between Philaster and the Country Fellow is excellent. The Country Fellow does not argue:—

I know not your rhetoric; but I can lay it on if you touch the woman.

He lays it on; Philaster flees, and the Country Fellow calmly remarks to the King's daughter:—

I cannot follow the rogue. I pray thee, wench, come and kiss me now.

We like also his last speech:—

If I get clear of this, I'll go to see no more gay sights.

We will finish with a passage between the redoubtable Pharamond and the mob:—

Pha: "You would not see me murdered, wicked villains?"

First Citizen: "Yes, indeed, will we, sir; we have not seen one
For a great while.

For the rest, *verb. sat. sap.*, or should be.

LIFE BY TIME-TABLE.

Probably since the world began there was never a period when men wasted their time as little as they do now. Whether they use it well or ill, they at least do not let it slip away empty. Never was the fascination of work so potent as at the present moment, and never before were the same keenness

and concentration displayed in the pursuit of distraction. Energy is the dominant quality of the Anglo-Saxon race, the quality they love to exercise, the quality they cannot choose but admire. Work is no longer regarded as a necessary evil or even wholly as a means to an end, it is valued for its own sake.

The richest men in America work as hard as the poorest—or at least pretend to do so—lest the society in which they move should suppose them men of leisure, a supposition which would be, we understand, against an American, whatever his position in life. The greater number of men desire to be actively useful or actively amused from morning to night, and this fever of activity is not confined to the one sex. The eagerness with which the unmarried women of the middle and upper middle class embrace work in any shape or form is a great sign of the times. It is not what is called occupation but regular employment which they seek, and they will accept drudgery and even privation, rather than live in idleness or content themselves with the irregular work which falls naturally to their share in an ordinary household. Those women for whom the nature of their circumstances or their brains makes other employment impossible, play hockey with a praiseworthy industry, and keep their playing engagements with businesslike exactitude. The average length of life is longer than it was; yet it never seemed so short. Time, health and strength are all inadequate to what the majority of us want to do. How to make the most of three-score years and ten is the question we are all asking. How are we to “make time?” Literally speaking, every one of us has all the time there is, and it is by method alone that the apparent capacity of each day can be increased. Some system is certainly necessary to the successful packing of life; the only doubt is how far into details should method extend, and what proportion of the hours of life are to be, as it were, brought under cultivation so that their produce may be arranged for and expected with some measure of certainty.

Is it better, one wonders, to prepare, and as far as possible to abide by a kind

of mental time-table, or to maintain a certain fluidity of arrangement? In the one case we fail to provide against waste, in the other we shut the door upon opportunity. Decision in this matter depends, we believe, almost entirely upon temperament. Sanguine people never live entirely by rule; they always leave a door open through which unforeseen good fortune may slip into every plan. The anxious, on the other hand, can only regard life calmly from inside a well-closed cage of habit. One half of the world seeks protection in monotony, the other half seeks recreation in variety. It is not easy to define the charm of the habitual, or to find a reason why, as Goethe said, we are even reluctant to part with what is itself unpleasant when once we have got used to it. One explanation of its potency we believe to be this—habit is a strong defence against one of the greatest evils of life; we mean apprehension. If for years and years a man has done the same thing on the same day of the week, at the same time, the chances seem very large that he will continue to do it. The small circumstances of his daily life become fixed by force of reiteration upon his mental retina, and when he looks into the darkness of the future he sees them repeating themselves before his mind's eye. Thus, by the monotony of habit men screen from themselves the fact—which no one can contemplate without a distinct loss of courage and mental vitality—that we cannot see one second ahead of us. No one, as Victor Hugo says, can take tomorrow from the hand of God; but to those who stick close to the habitual the future appears, if not less knowable, at least less incalculable. Another reason which makes many men cling to custom is the desire to save themselves the unnecessary wear and tear of small decisions. It is a curious fact that those people who most readily

employ their reason upon great matters shirk its use in small particulars, and spare their minds by adopting mechanical rules. No doubt such men conserve their mental force, but at the expense perhaps of their mental freshness. No fear is so insidious as the fear of change—a tendency to refuse the unaccustomed grows upon all who give in to it. To be obliged to consult a pre-arranged plan every time that any new course of action is suggested becomes a slavery, and if a man will not force upon himself an occasional period of lawlessness in minutiae, so that he may judge between those habits which have an intrinsic importance and those which derive their significance entirely from the length of time during which they have been in practice, he will find himself so fast in prison that he cannot get forth, and will stay there until he has paid the last debt of Nature. In a sense every man's habit is his castle, wherein he may abide safely when besieged by the unexpected; but there is no use in being too well defended—in having a protection out of all proportion to the attack. A castellated house is not suitable to the present year of grace; a refuge becomes a prison to the man who is no longer pursued. The monastic system is, of course, largely founded upon this predisposition of human nature in favor of routine. There the friction arising from small disputes, the galling necessity for small decisions, the confusions caused by the hourly perplexities of life in the world, are all soothed and cured and made plain by the universal panacea of obedience; and with these evils disappear all the chances, opportunities, risks and possibilities which glorify life. A monastery is a tower of defence, or a

dungeon of despair, according as we look at it.

"Custom is the chief magistrate of life," says Bacon; but in these excitement-loving days how many people, at least in small things, defy his jurisdiction? Variety, as South declares, is nothing else than continued novelty, and there is no doubt that there are natures for whom custom stales everything. The fact that they have done this or that often is in itself a reason for doing it no more. They make the most of their time by disregarding the precedent, and aiming always at change. Undoubtedly such people serve to keep the world fresh, but they have not always much depth of human feeling. They strike no root anywhere. They like new faces and new places. They never husband their strength; they never need, they are the millionaires of energy. Their watchword is "Move on." A change for the worse, they say, better than no change at all; if we cannot come through life unworn, we can at least shift about under the harrow of the daily round and get the wear on a new place. The devotee of habit and the adherent of opportunity both continue to fill their lives fairly full. It is difficult to decide which speeds the better in his respective course. Perhaps in the effort to "make time," as in so many other serious endeavors, those who adopt a policy of compromise are the most successful. We mean those men who, while they work by time-table, never hesitate—if we may be permitted to stretch our metaphor a little—to stop the habitual traffic and put on a special train. This power to make the most both of law and liberty is rare, but it is worth cultivating by those who "would fain see good days."

EDWARD FITZGERALD.*

There are more ways than one of becoming famous in letters. The doors of the Temple swing easily backwards and forwards, and let authors in and out noiselessly enough. No visible authority presides over this double operation. There are no elections to this Academy; nor does the Tutelary Goddess, after the prudent fashion of the promoters of a public meeting held when times are troublesome, obviously employ brawny reviewers to eject undesirable intruders. The thing settles itself. "Whenever," says Hazlitt, "Nature bestows a *turn* for anything on the individual, she imparts a corresponding taste for it in others. We have only to throw our bread upon the waters, and after many days we shall find it again." So wrote Hazlitt, with an easy pen, knowing full well he had a *turn* himself.

Edward FitzGerald undeniably had a *turn* for doing one or two things just as well as things of that kind can be done, and consequently he has slipped into the Temple almost unawares; and there abides with those writers who are always read, be it by the many or the few, in their own original words. To contribute to the common stock of thought is, indeed, a privilege, but to remain *yourself* is more tickling to the vanity of authorship.

Writing to Mrs. Kemble, shortly after the death of Sir Arthur Helps, FitzGerald observes:—

I scarcely knew him except at Cambridge forty years ago, and could never relish his writings, amiable and sensible as they are. I suppose they will help to swell that substratum of Intellectual *Peat* (Carlyle somewhere calls it) from which one or two living trees stand out in a century. So Shake-

speare above all that Old Drama which he grew amidst . . . Is Carlyle himself with all his Genius, to subside into the Level? Dickens, with all his Genius, but whose men and women act and talk already after a more obsolete fashion than Shakespeare's? I think some of Tennyson's will survive, and drag the deader part along with it, I suppose. And (I doubt) Thackeray's terrible humanity.

He then subscribes himself "A very small *Peat* Contributor, E. F. G."

Reflections of this kind, though familiar, are always melancholy. We love a favorite author for *himself*, and would fain see him endowed with at least the life of a sturdy oak. But so far as FitzGerald is concerned, he must either endure in his entity or pass clean away out of men's minds. Letter-writers and paraphrasers do not make *peat*. That fate is reserved for philosophers, historians and moralists.

FitzGerald, so Mr. Aldis Wright assumes in his brief preface to the volume above mentioned, "has taken his place among English letter-writers." FitzGerald was an advocate of the "hundred year limit." Not till then did he think it safe to speak about any one's place in Literature. We will, however, run whatever risk is involved in agreeing with Mr. Aldis Wright's *dictum*.

In no other bit of literary craftsmanship is there infused so much of a man's philosophy and way of life as in his letters, if he happens to write any, and if he does not write any it is probably not so much from want of time as because it is not in him to do it. It would be sad to think of mute Sévigné and Walpoles guiltless of their country's ink.

FitzGerald led an odd life, and was early apprenticed, so he puts it himself.

*More Letters of Edward FitzGerald, (Macmillan, 5s.)

"to this heavy business of idleness," adding, "I am not yet master of my craft; the Gods are too just to suffer that I should" (1846). Yet his letters sometimes read as if he had fully mastered the art or craft of "honeyed indolence."

Here is a glorious sunshiny day; all the morning I read about Nero in Tacitus lying at full length on a bench in the garden, a nightingale singing, and some red anemones eyeing the sun manfully not far off. A funny mixture all this; Nero and the delicacy of spring; all very human, however. Then at half-past one lunch on Cambridge cream cheese; then a ride over hill and dale; then spudding up some weeds from the grass; and then coming in I sit down to write to you, my sister winding red worsted from the back of a chair and the most delightful little girl in the world chattering incessantly. So runs the world away.

Three months later FitzGerald is to be found in Bedford still enjoying himself:—

Here I am again in the land of old Bunyan—better still in the land of the now perennial Ouse. . . . This house is just on the edge of the town; a garden on one side, skirted by the public road, which is again skirted by a row of such poplars as only the Ouse knows how to rear, and pleasantly they rustle now, and the room in which I write is quite cool and opens into a greenhouse, which opens into the said garden, and it is all deuced pleasant. For in half an hour I shall seek my piscator, and we shall go to a village two miles off and fish and have tea in a pothouse and so walk home. For all which idle ease I think I must be damned.

And even when in London he knew how to spend a day:—

I was in London only for ten days. The most pleasurable remembrance I have of my stay in town was the last day I spent there, having a long ramble in the streets with Spedding, looking at

books and pictures; then a walk with him and Carlyle across the Park to Chelsea, where we dropped that Latter Day Prophet at his house; then, getting upon a steamer, smoked down to Westminster; dined at a chop-house by the Bridge, and then went to Astley's; old Spedding being quite as wise about the Horsemanship as about Bacon and Shakespeare. We parted at midnight in Covent-garden; and this whole pleasant day has left a taste on my palate like one of Plato's lighter, easier and more picturesque dialogues.

This is surely "divine Chit-Chat."

A vein of delightful humor frequently discloses itself. What a lucky fellow was Bernard Barton to have both Charles Lamb and FitzGerald for correspondents. Whether his daughter was quite as lucky to have the last-named correspondent for a husband is another of those matters which by this time has settled itself. In 1842 FitzGerald wrote to Barton:—

New honors in society have devolved upon me the necessity of a more dignified deportment. A letter has been sent from the secretary of the Ipswich Mechanics' Institution asking me to lecture; any subject but party politics and controversial divinity. On my politely declining, another, a fuller and a more pressing, letter was sent urging me to comply with their demand. I answered to the same effect, but with accelerated dignity. I am now awaiting the third request in confidence; if you see no symptoms of its being mooted, perhaps you will kindly propose it. I have prepared an answer. Donne is mad with envy. He consoles himself with having got a Roman history to write for Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. What a pity it is that only lying histories are readable! I am afraid that Donne will stick to what is considered the truth too much.

What a pity it is Nature has bestowed a turn for writing agreeable letters about nothing upon so few of her children!

FitzGerald always wears an air of ingenuous simplicity, and makes more show of his ignorance than of his learning. He had a genuine hatred of self-sufficiency, and much preferred the bald and commonplace to the oracular and fuliginous. In the essentially ridiculous he greatly delighted, and was as fond as Macaulay of a really bad book. He would copy out the absurd advertisement of a tradesman for the amusement of a friend as conscientiously as if the nonsense were a favorite bit of his beloved Crabbe. Yet he was through it all intensely critical and terribly hard to please; and if he held his tongue it was only because he was thinking the more and found it difficult to think things out. His likes and dislikes were founded, not as were too many of Carlyle's on mere rhetorical presentations of the case, but deep down in the nature of things. Had he felt himself free to criticize the plays and books, actors and authors of his day Woodbridge might have become as great a name of terror as once was Twickenham. Fortunately, perhaps, his lugger and boats found other employment for his bile.

One rarely meets either in life or literature with a quite genuine recluse

that bids the world good-night
In downright earnest and cuts it quite;

and even FitzGerald occasionally displayed an almost infantile interest in newspaper criticism of some one or another of his rare literary enterprises.

His Tennysonianism are the most interesting we have. It is true he did not like any portrait of his great friend

after he had grown a beard, or much of his poetry since 1842, but his criticisms, like his admiration, are manly, frank and free. He does not write about Tennyson as if he were in church and in danger of arrest for brawling if he spoke above his breath. Spedding lives o'er again his noble life in FitzGerald's letters, for though E. F. G. was no hero-worshipper he loved his friends even if he did not call upon them.

FitzGerald's other claim to world-wide recognition, his paraphrase of Omar, needs no enforcement. Its strange history in Mr. Quaritch's "penny box" is the best-known "Literary Anecdote" of our time; and its stanzas have been got by heart all over the English-speaking world. Were every copy to be destroyed by fire to-morrow, we very much doubt whether there is a town in England of over 40,000 inhabitants which could not produce a sufficient number of citizens whose united memories would prove equal to the task of dictating the entire version to a type-writer. Popularity so great has its penalties, even where it comes twenty years after, but real merit is independent of foolish notes of admiration, and it is idle to find fault with FitzGerald's verses simply because they have found favor in the marketplace, and are quoted, often aptly enough, by stockbrokers on their way to business.

Mr. Wright's volume, probably the last of FitzGerald's correspondence, will be added to their libraries by all lovers of good letters and independent thinking.

SKETCHES IN A NORTHERN TOWN.

In these days of ever-shifting and changing conditions of trade and labor, it is obvious that the personal relations between the manufacturer and his hands must undergo many changes, too, from causes quite outside their control, at times even outside their consciousness.

In the golden age of Milltown's prosperity, when the machines were running all the year round, turning out huge orders easily obtained at high profits, a pleasant patriarchal custom prevailed of work people often spending all their lives in the service of the same masters, in "th' owd shop." The little girl or lad passed from a simpler process to become a "learner" at some one's loom downstairs, perhaps the father's or mother's, and remained amongst those same looms until old age or death stiffened the knee that worked the treadle.

Happily for us, it is now difficult to realize on what small shoulders the burden of life was allowed to descend in those old days, but it was brought home forcibly some time ago to a manufacturer who bought an old mill in the district. A long-disused workshop was stacked with hundreds of little wooden stands, very like milking stools. It was difficult to guess what purpose they could have served, but an old workman smiled when he heard his employer puzzling over them; he knew well enough what they had been used for. He remembered the days when he and many others had stood on those stools because they were as yet too little to reach up to the machines at which they nevertheless had to spend their days, working like their fathers—often, I am afraid, working for their

fathers. The past is past, and to-day the children have their sacred birth-right of play and freedom, but there are many old people still alive in our town who stood on those stools to work for their living by the time they were six years old.

The passing of time is not often marked for the whole nation of workers by such epoch-making measures as the great Factory Acts; the silent changes that it brings, however, dig their own gulfs between one generation and another. Not more than fifteen or sixteen years ago the lifelong and even hereditary service of one master, or family of successive masters, was still quite usual, and the veterans who had only worked in one mill were common enough. But a little later the evil days came, when our local industry began the unarmed struggle for its life which is still being desperately, if not hopelessly, waged against the tremendous odds of foreign tariffs, and of Japanese and Continental competitors, whose factory laws are far less strict than ours, and whose living wage would mean starvation to our Northern mill-hand.

One morning, about sixteen years ago, a manufacturer known from his boyhood to all his people, through long years of hard and successful work, was stopped many a time as he went through his mills, by eager old questioners.

"Eh, Mester! be it true what t' papers say, as Mester Richard 'll be gettin' 'e self a wife?"

"Mester Richard's" father nodded with a slow smile, in his usual quiet fashion, and passed from the weaving shops to where the old women, warpers and winders, were lying in wait

for him, he knew, with the same question.

Here even greater excitement prevailed, and many quaint or exultant ejaculations were given utterance to, in tones some degrees harsher and more jerky even than you hear from their descendants now. For many of these knotted arms had fondly carried Mester Richard in his childhood away from the fascinations of the slowly twirling drum-like machines, to the home from which he had escaped; a small head had rested sleepily on many of the hard shoulders before its owner went to school and from thence into the big unknown world outside Milltown. Severe was the ordeal of critical and appraising eyes through which Mester Richard's *fiancée* passed when brought through the mills on approval soon afterwards in answer to urgent demands, but the welcome finally accorded was none the less warm for its freedom from all rash precipitation!

It was not, in fact, really given until after the wedding ceremony had brought assurance that unusual speech and unwonted demonstrations could run no risk of being thrown away, and then it came with one of those rare outbursts which occasionally break down the habitual barrier of reserve and the cautious appearance of indifference which characterize these people. Messages were sent to the travellers, summoning them northwards, for "it's sure, now, mester, doost a see," said a bent old weaver in his slow speech, with that look of indescribable, immense sagacity which seldom has time to concentrate upon the faces of a more nimble-witted race. "Us a'd like them to coom just now, when us 'as decorated t' mills, and made t' place a bit bright like for them."

"Just now," by the way, is one of the pitfalls of Milltown language; it simply means "very soon," and is never used in the sense of "immediately," as

the ignorant stranger is apt to suppose, which misapprehension sometimes leads to trouble. The "place" was hardly recognizable when they did come. Many hands had toiled at the end of the day's work far into many nights, to construct the endless array of colored paper or evergreen chains, elaborately festooned so as almost to cover the bare walls, and quite disguise the gaunt outlines of machinery, all up and down the long array of workshops. Scores of cottages had poured forth their choicest treasures and ornaments to transform these rooms into the likeness and similitude of infinitely magnified best parlors. Gaudy vases, wax flowers under glass cases, giant shells, brilliant wool mats, framed prints and illuminated texts, struggled for precedence on the shelving machines with more homely but equally cherished household gods offered up for the occasion, the best teapot, the home-made hearthrug, even a new bright saucepan! There were triumphs of constructive ingenuity, too, and the portrait groups of dressed dolls, brides and bridegrooms, by the dozen. And since "the late Mr. Wesley" (as they still often call him) is one of the principal patron saints of Milltown, he presided, too, in many shapes and forms over these festivities. There were terrible colored "pot" images of him in gown and bands, with starting eyes, poised on giddy resting places, varied by innumerable pictures of scenes from his life. But since dearest of all to the hearts of his faithful followers of the older generation is a certain appalling print representing the departing leader in his last moments, so the late Mr. Wesley on his deathbed naturally confronted the guests of the hour from many frames, and over most doorways, where he was always proudly pointed out for special admiration.

Here and there groups of smaller

dolls, gorgeously apparelled, surrounded the inevitable bride and bridegroom. "These are the bridesmaids, of course, are they not?" was asked unwarily at first by the stranger, all unacquainted as yet with the robust and matter-of-fact fashion in which Milltown looks forward as well as backward. They were not and the mistake was cheerily explained, while she steered a less venturesome subsequent course through shoals of similar, more unmistakable tokens of guileless good wishes, for all that a long life could possibly bring in the way of domestic happiness.

The excuse for dwelling on the homely details of this festivity of welcome from working people is that such a *tableau de mœurs* belongs to a condition of things which has already passed away; it could scarcely be presented again now, so quickly has the inexorable wheel turned in the world of textile labor during the last fifteen years. The recollection of those particular demonstrations of good will, the individual interest, the almost proprietary claim to share in the domestic joys and sorrows of a master long served and known, even the rougher speech and habits smacking of the soil always so full of character, tend to inevitable regrets. But, after all, *rien n'est plus bête que de boudier l'avenir*, as Anatole France says with profound truth; and indeed it is only that most irreclaimable of pessimists, the confirmed sentimentalist, who will not see the greater gains brought in by the new order of things along with all its losses.

"Well! things is changed too-by sure!" exclaimed an old winder the other day. "What w'l' the schoolin' being that long, and th' hours so short, and all these treats and 'olidays, th' gells doos ahve an easy time of it now compared to what us did when us was young!"

"All very well, missus," said one of "th' gells," bending over a new em-

broidering machine, that clattered on with its two thousand stitches a minute while she spoke, "but if we doos 'ave shorter hours we mun' get through a proper bit of work, I'm thinking, while we're at it!" She glanced with a twinkle in her eye at the jug of tea the old woman was holding while she dawdled at the door on the way back to her own workshop, the veteran warpers and winders being privileged persons in the mill. They are, in fact, almost superfluous, and not a little embarrassing, since their methods of work have necessarily been superseded by others, rather different and far more effective in character, but rejected with scorn and rebellion by the old guard, who declare that they would choose "clemming" sooner than "be moltered w'l' new-fangled ideas and no sense in them!" And since clemming it would certainly be, their employers and those set over them are often sorely put to it to provide these obdurate old people with enough work for a bare and hard subsistence.

But in the work-girl's answer lies the whole gist of the difference between the working life of this generation and the last.

As a matter-of-fact, the fifty-six hours a week now allowed by the Factory Act represents harder, often far harder and more concentrated work than the old long days of toll indefinitely prolonged, when human nature revenged itself by many a dawdle and easy gossip for the time abstracted from its freedom. Costly new machines are constantly required to keep abreast of the fashions, and of strenuous rivals; the output of each of these must be carefully watched and kept up to a high standard to show any profit on the capital outlay. The worker who is given to spending golden minutes in "passing the time of day" with her companions in a pleasant and sociable fashion does so at the manifest and

quickly calculable expense of her employers. She must learn a more concentrated habit or speedily make way for some one else. Improved education, however faulty still, must certainly have done something for the mental disciplining required to meet such demands as are made by modern conditions of industry; it has brought, too, the wider outlook, the more intelligent enjoyment of the opportunities of change and movement afforded by the shorter hours, cheap locomotion and more frequent holidays. With brighter and more varied lives, a decided progress towards gentler manners and a finer personal observance amongst the work-girls, and therefore amongst the young men, is obvious to the onlooker. It is so, at any rate, in our little town, a clean little town, where the airy streets of comfortable cottages at low rents cluster round the mills. And ah! how vitally it is the little towns and small communities which make for the happiness and welfare of the industrial classes is a truism which becomes the most essential of truths when you meet it face to face in their daily lives. For them the huge cities are the caves of Giant Despair, all the more so that they seldom know it until they are set fast in one or other of his many gyves and not always even then.

As remarked before, the present generation of workpeople in Milltown cannot attach their lives to the service of one master, because no one master can now supply large numbers with work all the year round, and they must go from the mill which is slack at one season to another which is busy, making a different class of goods. But if the old almost feudal feeling has necessarily died out, they remain at least as responsive to every sign of personal interest and sympathy which is shown them. Those who proclaim them hard and ungrateful be-

cause they are still inarticulate enough to depress and discourage the stranger until a long apprenticeship of acquaintance has been served, will find suddenly in some wholly unexpected fashion that, if anything, they are overgrateful, terribly grateful for any such small individual services as circumstances in these days make it possible for their employers to render them. A side-wind, a confidence to a third person, or a sudden momentary thawing of the outer frost, will reveal in force what may lie behind a rigid face and a forbidding manner. Nobody who has had such glimpses can ever doubt again whether seeds of real interest and real sympathy sown in this stiff soil are thrown away.

As Wordsworth exclaimed in one of those moments when truth did duty for his muse:—

I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftner left me mourning.

I have a growing suspicion that some of them nowadays are becoming uneasily conscious of this same ancient disability to express themselves graciously or at all, and therefore the not infrequent sight of a little book of etiquette lurking under a whirring machine, or behind a window shutter, is ceasing to prove so dangerous to one's gravity. I catch a glimpse, along with it, of a dumb and rather desperate struggle, and of an aspiration in the main not vulgar. The consequences of this somewhat dreary and arduous study of the abstruse science contained in these books are occasionally obvious, when opportunity offers, and it is impossible to suppress a perhaps optimistic conviction that the self-imposed discipline, however artificial, has its value for a class whose traditions are not those of severe self-restraint.

Some years ago handloom weavers,

or "wavers" as they call themselves in Milltown, still formed a class apart, a peculiar people, far more so than is, I think, at present the case. Popular opinion was curiously derisive of them, traditionally so in all probability, for it was difficult to arrive at any adequate explanation as to why the old-established inhabitant should speak of weavers as we do of the nine and twenty tailors who went out to catch a snail! But such was in fact exactly the attitude of the rest of the world towards this section of the community, and much laughter and mild derision generally accompanied the very mention of them. It took little short of a strike to impress their grievances or their opinions upon anybody, as matters deserving serious attention. Yet they have always held obstinately enough to their own opinions, and usually possess a larger collection of them than any other class of working people. Several fanatical and far-spreading religious movements, the Luddite amongst others, owe their rise to these handloom weavers, amongst whom certain marked types have a natural affinity for the gloomier forms of religious enthusiasm. The long hours spent in bending over the rattling loom, forever throwing the shuttle on its recurrent course with a precision which hereditary skill and years of practice reduce almost to a mechanical process, afford time for that sombre brooding which is the natural tendency of the sedentary and half occupied, under the heavy lowering skies and eternal rains of our northwestern slopes. If you loiter about in any large handloom workshop you are sure to notice a certain proportion of curious and striking faces, bearing the stamp of much solitary and concentrated thought, often of that fierce melancholy which marks the bigot or the fanatic. Here and there, in former years, it was no surprise to see a Hebrew grammar or a

Greek Testament propped up on the loom in front of one of these strange faces. Many a weaver has contrived to teach himself enough of both to enjoy the soul-stirring denunciations of the Old Testament, as well as the (perhaps less appreciated) promises of the New. Others, less theologically inclined, have devoted themselves to the study of the systems of philosophy, by no means to the detriment of that other intricate design which was growing under their hands all the while. I knew one man, a severe recluse, who taught himself many Oriental and European languages, living and dead, and worked through several systems of philosophy. He read the "Rig-Veda" in Sanscrit in bed at night for preference, he told me, and Hegel often in his dinner-hour. He was fond of the French classics of the great age, but, having been his own teacher here also, he pronounced that language (like all the others of his *répertoire*) exactly as if it was his own; and I must confess to having passed through a time of hopeless bewilderment one day, before it dawned upon me at last that it was Racine, and not a Persian or Arabic poet he was quoting.

The type of weaver who is a religious fanatic, or a hermit with a thirst for learning, is usually sparing of speech, of sombre and often forbidding aspect, little given to that light-hearted gossiping intercourse enjoyed by the more ordinary and frivolous members of his craft. These last being far more numerous, are no doubt responsible for the unwonted levity with which traditional opinion has been used to regard them in Milltown, a region not as a rule characterized by lightness of spirit or an over-keen sense of the ludicrous! Forced by the exigencies of his occupation to keep his hands soft and flexible, and debarred thereby, as well as by his natural indolence, from taking part in football or other favorite local

pastimes of a sturdy nature, the average handloom weaver finds his recreation in the study of his fellow men. He loves to stand in groups at street corners, gazing at all that passes, gossiping with his hands in his pockets, eagerly inquisitive about his neighbors' affairs, great and small; endlessly, if idly, interested in the spectacle of the life that goes by. A very little experience enables you to pick out a handloom weaver from amongst other men a long way off, not only by his bent knees, but by a certain peaked look in the face which comes early in life, together with that vaguely observant expression characteristic of the lifelong spectator of activities not his own.

No one used to laugh more genially and habitually at handloom weavers than one who had employed many hundreds of them almost from his boyhood onwards, a prominent mill-owner of the generation that has almost disappeared. From him I gathered much characteristic and interesting information about industrial conditions and local peculiarities in an age which to all intents and purposes is separated by the gulf of centuries rather than the actual score or two of years from our own. But when we came to handloom weavers he always began to laugh; he never could take them seriously, or believe they were like other men, and to be reckoned with as such. Their soft hands, their dawdling groups, their very docility to any arbitrary rule, the timid fears and the general helplessness with which, at any rate, he was fond of crediting them, never ceased to call forth his mirth—in genial and kindly derision—to the end of his days. He certainly put them to strange uses sometimes, in his own quaintly patriarchal and high-handed fashion. Occasionally whole rows of pale-faced, crooked-kneed men would be discovered brushing his trim lawns and paths, weeding the flower-beds, or engaged in

some other rural occupation, menial indeed for highly-skilled artisans.

"Weavers again?" one of his family would exclaim indignantly, while his eyes twinkled merrily as he watched them and received with philosophy meanwhile the inevitable outburst of expostulation which had so often been called forth before.

"Do they *like* to come?" asked the south-country visitor with enlightened views about the rights and privileges of men and brothers.

"I am sure I don't know," he would reply blandly.

"Did you just order them up here without giving them any choice then?"

He nodded imperturbably, and no flight of indignant eloquence on the part of the enlightened visitor ever banished the baffling twinkle from his eye, or at all affected that patriarchal autocrat, who continued placidly to pursue his course as of old, when pressure of work in the garden or scarcity of it at the mills inspired him to do so; yet it is not written that any weaver who worked for him was ever anxious to change his master. He is gone, and most of his generation with him; their successors have other methods, the weavers too have shared in the revolution of a new generation which has a way of stamping whole classes with a like image and superscription, and of obliterating individual and local characteristics. Certainly the weavers are not taken from their looms now and sent up to weed gardens, in all probability they would rightly refuse to go, but nevertheless many keep his memory green in their hearts, and it is doubtful whether they will feel again just that particular kind of affectionate and dutiful respect which they cherished for "th' owd mester," for whose death they made a great mourning. Once, when election riots were taking place, and political feeling ran very high in the town, one of these typical

"owd mesters" was warned that an angry mob of weavers had determined to storm his house on the night after the poll had been declared, since they considered that a member of his family was responsible for having turned the tide of the election. Nothing would induce this old gentleman to accept the police protection which the authorities endeavored to thrust upon him, nor was it possible to take any but clandestine and back-door measures to ensure his safety.

"He thinks," exclaimed one of his would-be protectors in despair, "that he has only got to put his head out of the door, or even to blow through the key-hole, to send hundreds of weavers flying;" and this indeed was entirely his conviction. As a matter of fact even these demonstrations proved unnecessary, for the warlike intentions of the aggressors melted away long before they reached his garden gate where nothing was seen or heard of them!

The weavers who work at home, and not at the mill, the "outsides" as they are called, have a more comfortable if a duller life than their fellows from the social point of view. When the weaver happens to be a woman the advantages to her house and family of this domestic branch of the industry are obvious. But these home-workers are the despair of the inspector and his time-sheet, for who can say whether the loom that is clattering and clicking all through the evening is, really and truly, only making up the actual time spent in "cleaning down t' kitchen this morn'ing," or in getting up "my mester's shirt for t' week-end?" They are the objects of jealousy and distrust also to "t' insides," when these are anxious to combine in order to bring pressure upon their employers; for the "outsides" have little tastes for such combinations, and no particular *esprit de corps*. When the home is the workshop too, and the day is spent there,

the dread of despoiling it of its comforts and household gods is more present to the eye of its owner than the possible—or impossible—advantage to be gained in the long run, after weeks or months of scarcity.

The home workers give the impression of being a specially cheery class, to the visitor. Here you may see two proud parents pausing, shuttle in hand, to smile triumphantly upon their first-born; a lad just promoted to work at the light loom set up between them.

"How a shapes to it, Joel, doesn't a!" cries the delighted mother to the father, probably for the fiftieth time, and the father answers more soberly, but with shining eyes: "Eh! a's a likely lad, a seems to be shaping to it nicely, if so be as a'll stick to it, mother."

In another garret half a dozen looms are clicking; a bird cage hangs before a window, and the canary is doing its shrill best to compete with their untiring noise; neither clatter seems to affect the people who are talking and laughing in voices not even raised, but adapted by long practice to the Babel. A gaunt old weaver with a stubby chin, and a merry twinkle in the eyes behind the big spectacles, sits at the end of the room beside a white-haired little woman with the usual large-boned face. It appears a matrimonial announcement has been made that morning by a couple of young weavers in the same garret.

"Well, Martha!" cries the old man hilariously to his neighbor, after having informed his visitors of the news of the day, "well, Martha! It's surely us 's turn now, and when's the day to be, wilt a not say?" He looks round with a succession of portentous winks.

"Why, yes, for sure, Mester! When the day cooms as they marries off th' odd ones us'll not be left out!" retorts the old woman, nodding her head with a chuckle. The young people laugh appreciatively, though the joke is evident-

ly a seasoned one, which has worn well. "A'll never tire o' that, Matthew winna," explains some one, in an audible aside.

Alas! even the "outsides" are not always cheerful in Milltown; there are often long wintry months when work is slack everywhere in the town. Slacker even than it need be, by reason of a dragon in the path, a grim and tyrannical monster who once did a great and necessary work in his time. A couple of years ago, in a season of dearth, a mill-owner who could not obtain orders at any but cost prices or less, but eager to find employment for his hands which would carry them through the worst of the winter, until trade was brisker again, explained the state of affairs to his weavers. He could not bear the thought of what lay before many families whose collective wages had made comfortable homes and warm hearths throughout the year until now, when the bitterest stress of weather was upon them, together with coal at famine prices, and one of those sudden cessations of business, apparently inexplicable, which traders know so well. It would only be possible, however, to set the looms going again, if the weavers would agree to take wages something below those "list" prices which had been decreed at the high tide of Milltown's prosperity; even so at the reduction proposed, their employer would face at the best no profit, more often a loss. It was a question for them of three-quarters of a loaf or no bread, except such as a union heavily drained at the time could allow them, until a period of plenty returned. Those who are acquainted with the tyranny under which working-men live will not need to be told what was the result! Many individuals came under cover of darkness, and bewailed the times which had made them slaves to the hardest master of all; a few of the more courageous, or the more desperate

went further, and crept back to their looms by back doors and side archways—but not for long, their self-assertion soon failed; life was made too bitter for them. Silence descended again upon the workshops, and many grates remained fireless through the ice-bound days. The "outsides," free lances as they are for the most part, were held by no such iron laws, and joyfully accepted the terms which were offered them. There are industries in this country which are perishing not only from the stress of rivals without, but also under the weight of a cumbersome Juggernaut car which rolls over them regardless of the perpetual changes and chances of new conditions, of the struggle with ever-growing foreign rivals, and of the war with foreign tariffs.

Such a subject is, however, far beyond my scope; to approach its complications and tragedies would be to attempt the *Götterdämmerung* upon a toy zither. I can only offer a few glimpses of the ways and workings of a still somewhat characteristic community north of the Trent, whose existence circles round a doubtless expiring English industry. In speaking of these people it is impossible to pass over those dark and empty months which will and must recur, under present conditions, when so many bread-giving machines are silenced whose loud-throbbing sounds might mean warmth and freedom from all besieging difficulty in so many homes. There are times when the problem is so pressing it is difficult to see it from another point of view than that which is bearing so hardly upon both employer and employed, arbitrarily condemned to run in sacks the race which is to the swift and to the strong. All these great questions are moving slowly towards their own solution, but what that solution may prove to be, no one, not even the inspired radical socialist,

can foretell. The motive power which sets huge social forces and streams of tendency in motion all over the world remains hidden; who can say where the tidal wave gathers which sweeps immense, resistless, over sea and land? Where do these vast changes take their rise? Not certainly in the minds of a few blind and bigoted persons, ineffective as the foam to direct, or to divert otherwise than momentarily, the great forces whose playthings they are. Like the wind of the spirit, vast changes sweep upon us, and no man can tell whence they come or whither they are bearing us. Surely all wisdom lies, for them as well as for us, in the line of least resistance to the boundless forces which shape the destiny of our industrious ant-hills, and cast the plastic mass of human clay into fresh moulds, whose outlines are too large for our vision until they are broken again into little pieces, to make way for the next model.

But to dwell upon the darker days of our local life is to fall into the weaver's vein of sombre and unfruitful reflection. Pleasanter and more profitable, than measuring ourselves against the immeasurable, is it to direct one's thoughts, as the working people often so courageously do, towards the festive and pleasant occasions which recur in all our years, fat or lean, to a greater or less extent. Little we reck of the stereotyped bank holidays which set others dancing! We have our own time-honored festivals, our "Barnaby" in July, and "the Wakes" in October, when the mills are closed and the town pours out its thousands to Blackpool

and the other sea-side places where they most love to congregate, while those whose means are not sufficient to carry them away by excursion trains are provided with all the merry-making of a noisy fair at home. The age of our "Barnaby" rejoicings is sufficiently attested by the fact that they are kept according to the O.S. calendar, and eleven days, therefore, out of the present-day reckoning for the commemoration of the saint, a difference which is decidedly perplexing to the stranger who happens to be within our gates, until the reason of the divergence from his almanac is explained to him. "Barnaby" is a domestic as well as a public festival, and then, more than at Christmas in our town, do families plan to meet together, then too, are the empty places more sadly perceptible! The new dresses towards which special clubs have been receiving weekly subscriptions for many months past, appear in all their glory in these July days, and from "Barnaby Saturday," when the mills close at noon, all prepare to make merry and banish care and thought for the morrow, as far as possible, for several days until the doors of labor and dull reality open again to receive their troops of workers, passing through them with somewhat slow and reluctant feet and that "day-after-the-holiday" expression which is apt to descend on all human creatures. And since the end of Barnaby is apt to turn greetings into farewells, it is but appropriate to close here our passing glimpse of the little town, with its cluster of tall chimneys, lying in the shelter of those gray-green northern hills.

Mabel C. Birchenough.

THE OLD AND THE NEW PRODIGAL.

To be a prodigal and do credit to the part, money is not the only thing needed. Imagination, to picture objects of expenditure, is also required. That is the difference between the prodigal and what the North country calls "wasters." The latter muddle their cash away; the former throws his away in handfuls. It was said of a Devonshire squireen by his keeper, that "poor Mr. W. lost most of his money racing woodlice." That shows the poor quality of his imagination, and how unfitted he was to be a striking example of extravagance.

The old-fashioned prodigal was always a young man, and there is no reason to doubt that he flourished in this country even more than elsewhere till comparatively recent date. There is a charming series of plates, of rather late Georgian date, in which his adventures are shown in great detail. The scenes in which, still clad in his white breeches and silk stockings, but without a coat or wig, he is pouring out swill for the pigs, and later, when forgiven, is being entertained at dinner, himself, his father and brother all in wigs, with expressions of pious thankfulness at having got to the end of what was apparently a painful but necessary incident in the family life of persons of quality, shows that his appearance was looked on as one of the regular social manifestations of the age.

The present hour is marked by such a remarkable scarcity of this kind of prodigal that when one does appear there is almost as much fuss made over him as if he were a lost species. Quite recently when a more or less gilded youth lost, at a smart young men's club, a trifle of 10,000*l.* (which his father promptly refused to pay for

him), it created quite a mild excitement. In the same society, about the "Rodney Stone" era, he would have been thought rather a fortunate if not a poor-spirited youth if he had not done something of the kind.

The greatest, most notable and never-sufficiently-to-be-thankful-for cause of this scarcity of the prodigal is that serious gambling is no longer the regular and fashionable amusement of the men of the great world in England, and therefore imitated by the younger aspirants. For this we have to thank, in the first place, our present King; and in the next, some general change of taste. Nothing will stand steady and high gambling. No fortune will meet it, and the money won, for some must be won, never seems traceable. Yet when it is the fashion it is almost irresistible from its easiness, and it is never considered disreputable. Only sixty years ago a steady West-country banker, a bachelor of good family and fortune who bought an estate, and retired with a cash balance in addition of 70,000*l.*, concluded that as he had never had any amusement, he might as well spend some of this in the *only* amusement of men of fortune; came to town for the season for three years, played steadily till he had lost 40,000*l.*, and then went home to his estate, apparently not dissatisfied.

There are other and very satisfactory reasons for, we will not say the reform of the old-fashioned or butterfly prodigal, but for the rareness with which he develops into the perfect insect. It is not to be supposed that the English world is growing perfect, but the upper classes are certainly more sensible, and become more sensible early. Some 15,000 of its sons go to the public

schools, where, if they do not learn much else, they do at least learn that debt and extravagance are thought bad form, and that a great deal of enjoyment and the society of their own class can be had on frugal terms. The levelling up and down of the sons of those with the largest incomes and with very modest ones also discourages the youthful prodigal early. The young Englishman who is rich generally spends freely. But he has an increasing desire to see that he gets value for his money. He is often rather too obviously keen on this. But whatever he spends on himself on these lines makes him no company for the prodigal, whose object in life is either to spend without getting value for his money, or to spend on things which he cannot afford. The modern rich young man, who is going to be richer, is also commonly desirous of adding to his income by going into the "business" or entering a profession or political life. "Eldest sons," in the old sense of the men who began a life of absolute leisure at twenty-one and merely waited till their inheritance came to them, are rarer every year. Nearly every one either has an occupation, or runs some interest so hard that it becomes a business. The result is that with all the best of the young rich engaged in reasonable if expensive amusement, the prodigal gets very little encouragement, and almost no companions if he is of good class. It is twenty to one that when he is found he is either a rank outsider, who has been floated up into a position to command large sums by accident, and has quite lost his head, or is a young man born to hold a great position, for which there are not proper funds forthcoming. The temptation to a young nobleman to live up to a position which ought to have thirty thousand a year attached to it, but unfortunately has only three, in the hope that something will turn up, does

every now and then account for perhaps one or two smashes. But we never see anything like the wild career of the young Frenchman or Russian, who means to dazzle the world for a few seasons. It is no longer considered good form to pretend to be indifferent to expenditure. Some people even make an affectation of the opposite.

The late "Jubilee Plunger" was an instance to hand of the outsider, half educated, and with none of the checks which the normal young Englishman's life is surrounded with, "chucking" money in every way; a real genuine specimen of the young and original prodigal. He was left 250,000*l.*, made by a relative, and this large sum he squandered, no one could quite tell how, in a very few years. He lived a rackety, expensive life, but the inquiries into his affairs did not divulge any striking or gorgeous ideas at all. What impressed the public most was that he had a new shirt every day, and never wore it again. He might have had three new shirts daily without touching the margin of his 250,000*l.* But his recklessness gained him one friend, and the friend gave an unsolicited testimonial. In the course of a legal inquiry the late lamented Marquis of Allesbury appeared in the witness-box to give his views on Mr. Benson. He admitted cheerfully that certain incidents quoted by other people were true to the best of his knowledge, but before stepping from the box he added approvingly, "But he was a real Jubilee Juggins for all that." He had, his lordship considered, lived up to his reputation.

There are people still left in London who keep the cash consciences of clients—a few solicitors in spite of recent scandals—*quis custodiet custodes?* and a good many bankers, who say that though the "old" prodigal, who was generally single and *young* is becoming

extinct and gives them no trouble, the new prodigal, who is generally middle-aged and married, causes them acute and constant misery. The New Prodigal is a product of quite recent years. As a social type he is respectable and important; and for a time he makes an imposing figure in the eyes of the world generally. He shines steadily as a star of some magnitude in the social firmament, possibly until he dies, when the cruise is found to be all but empty, and his belongings disappear into the dim obscure. More often the sources of supply are dried up before the end. Then there is in the case of one of the landed magnates an arrangement, and in that of business men a bankruptcy on an appalling scale, with liabilities of the most unpleasant nature. The career of the modern married and middle-aged prodigal, looked at from the inside, or M.M.M.P.'s own point of view, may be accounted for in this way. Rich people now remain very young. Their physique is kept up by exercise and a moderate amount of work. Consequently, after having enjoyed their youth and married early, they have a great surplus for physical energy and a large appreciation of the good things which money can give all round, if judiciously laid out, when you are at any age from thirty-five to seventy or more.

Matthew Arnold, writing of the young aristocrats of his day, pointed out that to the moneyed business-class they represented a kind of educational value. "They teach your Philistines to live fast." The very rich men of the greatest position, some seven or eight hundred, perhaps, in this most respectable reign and in the most respectable way, are quietly teaching the less wealthy of their own class, and of those in touch with it, to live *not* fast, because the very teachers number some of the worthiest, most charming, and most eminently reputable people in

Europe, but how to live beyond their means. With incomes ranging from 30,000*l.* to 100,000*l.* a year, constantly floated up by the natural rise in values of real property, they have shown their friends and acquaintances what the world can be made to yield to men in the prime of life, with a great income and a taste for spending it. While they are, without risk or trouble, and with every right to do so, getting the very most out of the best and easiest life in the world, and entertaining their friends on this scale, they are quietly educating the modern prodigal. Want of imagination, which often keeps expenditure within bounds, no longer acts as a negative safeguard to the latter. The practical working and results of every kind of expenditure are shown in these households, in the concrete, for imitation. So complete is their appointment, that, if you table the whole possible list of enjoyments and "departments," there is not one which is not done as well as ever any one could desire, and generally one or more pictures, horses, gardens, shootings or entertainments in which they go one better than most people even of their own class. Moreover, it is all paid for, all perfectly delightful and generous, often accompanied by splendid munificence to charitable objects, and just what every one in this world would like *if he could afford it.*

The usual beginnings of the New Prodigal are that he either is "in" this kind of life when young, and before he inherits his property, or that he lives on some border-land where he at any rate learns what it yields in satisfaction. When he does come into his estate—supposing him to be the heir to both land and money—he tries how far he can realize some part of these possibilities. Though not young, he is practically a beginner, and thinks that the difference between the 2,000*l.* a year he had before and the 10,000*l.* a

year which he has now to spend will "go round" and keep things up generally on the new scale in the new great house. In the interim, before he discovers what the non-productive necessary expenditure is, or what margin will be left "before his horses begin to eat," he has committed himself, his wife and his children to what is practically an adventure. If horses, sport and all the rest cannot be had on the income of land *plus* inherited cash, the latter is either "melted" gradually until not one penny is left, when the stoppage comes, or sometimes the cash is reinvested at high rates of interest. If this is not enough, or there is a loss of capital in risky investments, the middle-aged New Prodigal, who quite knows what he is about, speculates with the remainder. This, briefly and plainly, is the history of the most of the unfortunate and sometimes discreditable collapses with which names of standing and consideration are occasionally associated. These have been people whose position gave them all that men of sense and honor could wish. They have done all that they did with their eyes open, and it may frankly be said that as compared with the young prodigal they show up very badly. The latter usually only injured himself, and had no dependents. He might bring down his father's gray hairs with sorrow, but the law did not let him pledge his father's credit. The modern prodigal ruins his wife, his children, his sisters, his friends, yet we seldom see him uncomfortable himself, unless he happens to be quite an outsider. The embezzling trustees and solicitors who have figured recently in such numbers in the police courts have told different stories. But it will be found that in most cases, for professional men, their scale of normal expenditure was extravagant, and that the beginning of speculation was the endeavor to swell their budget by seek-

ing a high rate of interest. This is a class of prodigal of the very worst type, and an increasing one, if we may judge from this year's record. Professional incomes, except in a very few cases, do not and never will run to the maintenance of a large town house, a large country-house and establishments to match. That is for trade, finance and manufacture. The middle-aged prodigal in the business world usually flourishes on the border-line between the professions and commerce. As he is never found out till he comes to grief, he enjoys the pleasures of extravagance and the reputation of prudence. He has the distinction of adding a new vice to those of the ordinary prodigal, namely, hypocrisy.

Though men are the great offenders, the modern prodigal is sometimes a woman, and occasionally a lady of rank and position. In spite of all the nonsense talked about the extravagance of women, a spendthrift woman is rare in any class, and very rare in the highest. Women are far more careful by nature than men, and much more sensible in seeing that they get value for their money. Defoe's discovery that "the whole sex are, as a body, extravagantly desirous of going to heaven" is, no doubt, a controlling force now as then. But they are such good managers that probably two-thirds of the houses in England are "financed" from year's end to year's end by the wives.

There is also a practical difficulty in the way of the woman spendthrift. She very rarely has money of her own to "chuck." If she is rich, the cash is usually in the hands of trustees. If she is not, but her husband is, then the latter learns about it when he has to pay the bills. The married male prodigal can go on wasting his substance down to the last thousand without his wife or children dreaming there is anything amiss. That is a privilege denied usually to the other sex. But when

they do resolve to take the plunge they "go it" at a pace which the men cannot rival. To quote the words of a legal friend of the writer whose opinion was invited on this delicate subject, "they stick at nothing, and will have everything. Racing, betting, gambling to any amount, jewels, entertainments, and living fast all round account for the expenditure. For most of these activities ready money must be forthcoming. To get it the female prodigal is vastly more ingenious and far less scrupulous than the mere male who spends what he has got. They become experts in the finance of money-raising, working down gradually from the banker to the bill-discounter, then to the money-lender, then perhaps getting men friends to back bills, starting bogus companies, plunging on the Stock Exchange, and occasionally writing other people's names to paper which, no doubt, they feel convinced in their own mind that the other party *ought* to have signed, though unfortunately they did not." The delicate wording of the last sentence does credit to my lawyer friend's powers of expression, and perhaps explains many awkward situations. The natural and almost necessary ally of the lady prodigal is the money-lender, not because she prefers to borrow money at sixty per cent., but because, for the reasons given above, she *must* borrow of some one; and after the legitimate banker has done what he cannot refuse, she goes to the men who lend, not on security, but on the husband's wealth and squeezability. When Sir George Lewis wrote to the "Times" that he knew of a money-lender who had lent a lady a very large sum, in connection with which she had forged another person's name, the world was shocked, not more at the fact of the forgery than at the "revelation" that ladies did business with money-lenders. This was stupid. They are the lady prodigal's natural

allies. They can always be relied on to supply cash; and they make far less trouble about securities when dealing with married women, or those who have fathers living, than when lending to men.

There is another and happily rare class of lady prodigals, who only incur debts at shops, but do this on a scale and with a persistence which men never attain to. Clothes and jewels are the main lines of interest, and the extent to which they "plunge" over and over again is astonishing. The species is becoming extremely rare. But there are a few very bright and typical examples still left, whose names come before the public about every five years in this connection. It would be extremely interesting to know how much they would be satisfied with to meet their ordinary wishes and wants, and if it were possible to do so.

But prudence and principle in these matters are nearly always part of the ladies' inheritance through all classes, and it is rare indeed to find hereditary extravagance among ladies. To quote a Royal example: The young Queen of Holland, a model of all the virtues, at this moment occupies the throne which was destined for a prodigal—her half-brother, the Prince of Orange, who died before she was born. The Prince of Orange was a man of ability and amiability; but he never "got on" with the old King, and lived fast at the Hague with a very fast set of friends, but as a prince. Then he left Holland, dropped his title, and lived as M. Citron in an attic in Paris, and spent the *whole of the money so saved*—a very large sum—in gambling. The Queen, his mother, died; then the Prince of Orange died, and the old King married a young wife, and became the proud father of "Wilhelminje."

If any one doubts that the Continental prodigal survives in all the doubtful splendor of the type, the Cas-

tellani-Gould litigation before the French Courts should prove that it does. Of the capital squandered, though the income was enormous, it is not necessary to speak. There was one item of six figures for *bric-à-brac*, due to a single firm.

A few words on the nature and "causes" of the Continental prodigal may perhaps be forgiven in reference to the "blazing indiscretions" marked in this case where discretion was itself naturally thrown overboard to start with. In England adventurers, if they do happen to marry an heiress, seldom make such a scandal. Generally, in fact, the so-called adventurer who by marriage obtains more or less control of a great fortune becomes a most respectable family man, and takes his wife's position. There may be a few Barry Lyndons left, but they are very seldom heard of, and Barry Lyndon was not an Englishman. But on the Continent, especially where the Code Napoléon prevails, the spendthrift and the hard-up man of pleasure are found broadcast, though of course mainly in those places where the Continental world meets to amuse itself. Parliaments and laws cannot make people moral; but it is a law which has succeeded in making the French upper classes—and we must also add the Dutch—produce a disproportionate number of prodigals.

The Code Napoléon makes it obligatory on a man to divide his property equally among his children. This answers admirably where there is no property to divide, and not badly where there is only a little, for they all get that small start in life which often commands success quickly. But where there is a fairly large fortune, but not a great one, a sum sufficient to leave each child from 1,000*l.* to 1,500*l.* a year, the results are absolutely bad for the sons. The daughters get a much fairer share than English daughters usually

do, but the sons get just enough to be idle on, and not enough to satisfy the ideas and tastes in which they have been brought up. Their fortune would be ample to buy a share in a business, but the chances are that they have no training or inclination that way. So Baron Adolphe or Count Maximilian—they all succeed to the father's title as well as to the share of his money—has to think how he can best "put in his time" on what are to him very insufficient means. Probably the elder brothers solve the problem; but if there is a spoilt boy at the end of the family, or even a very young one, who remains for some time a minor, the chances are that when the cash is handed over he, with no public school and University training in which to learn a little and spend a little, has a glorious fling in the spend-all-your-money-and-nothing-to-show-for-it circles of Paris and the Riviera, and is left at thirty without a farthing. Perhaps before that time he succeeds in making a wealthy marriage. Then he does it all over again on a larger scale. It is "ignorance, pure ignorance." He never sees about him, when younger, other younger sons who are "responsible;" for all his natural companions are looking forward to the same future. In Holland, for example, the really well-born are practically composed of this leisured but not rich class, and have absolutely no social dealings with the burgher type. Their only chance is either to marry into their own circle, or possibly to go out to the Dutch East Indies, where now and again a fortune is made in a mine or plantation. Our great colonies and immense civil service alone save half the possible prodigals here from their fate.

If any further evidence were needed that the Continental nations alone regard prodigals as a necessary product of their social system, we may point to the survival and existence of that cu-

rious and useful institution the "Conseil de Famille." I believe that it is recognized by French law. It is constantly referred to in social matters, but is nearly always confined to the cashiering or restraint of the prodigal. It can practically take his cash from him by an application to the Courts, and assert a right to the control of his household. The first thing that the French Courts required in the Castellani-Gould dispute was that the American side of the family should put themselves in line with Continental feeling by holding an informal "Conseil de Famille," and making the Court their counselor.

Now all this is very odd. The French and Italian gentry, and indeed the bulk

of the nation, are more economical, more saving, and less given to making a show than we are. Yet we never evolved such an institution as this "Board of Prodigals," which can be called on to sit in any family in France. No one reason can be assigned for the difference; but probably the main factor lies in their law of inheritance. So long as equal division of properties supplies a number of minors, without experience, and with money, coming on at each generation, so long will they continue to "chuck" the money, gaining, let us hope, the experience; and so long will the "Conseil de Famille" survive also.

C. J. Cornish.

The Cornhill Magazine.

THE POET AND FATE.

Fate:

Singers who charmed the earth are dead;
Why singest thou to-day?

The Poet:

Because the laughing rose is red
And white the scented may,
And new-born golden light is shed
On silver stream and bay.

Fate:

Thou dwellest mid a heedless race;
They worship naught but gold.

The Poet:

Yet will I lift a tearless face
Towards Beauty, as of old.
Her boons of love, her gifts of grace,
Are won but by the bold.

Fate:

Shelley is dead, and Keats is gone,
And who will lift the lute?

The Poet:

Though these be dead, the same strong sun
Still changes flower to fruit;
The birds' hearts waken, one by one;
So why should I be mute?

George Barlow.

BIOGRAPHY.*

To the lover of books there are few more fascinating or more indispensable companions than the great "Dictionary of National Biography," which, with the issue of its supplement, has just been brought (for the time being) to a close. The man who has on his shelves, and within easy reach, the sixty-six volumes of this monumental work need never be at a loss for intellectual nourishment and stimulus. Whatever may be his mood, grave or frivolous, strenuous or desultory, whether he wishes to graze, or, as one sometimes does, only to browse, he can hardly fail, as he turns over these infinitely varied pages, to find what fits his taste. Literature in our days tends to become more and more specialized; there are vast and ever-increasing tracts which are made inaccessible to the general reader by technicalities of dialect and of form; but in the written records of the lives of men and women we have all a common territory, inexhaustible in its range, perennial in its interest, from which pedantry itself cannot shut us out. It seemed to me, therefore, when the promise which, many months ago, I improvidently made to address the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution,

was at last coming home to roost, that I might do worse than speak to you this evening for a few moments on Biography as a form of literary art.

I do not propose to theorize at length upon the subject. It might, indeed, almost be said that the good biography, like the good biographer, is born, not made. There is no kind of composition for which it is more futile to attempt to lay down rules; none in which it is more difficult *à priori* to say why one man should succeed, and another, with equal knowledge, better brains, and a readier pen, should ignominiously fail. We can easily enumerate a number of qualities, some of them commonplace enough, which the ideal biographer ought to possess—quick observation, a retentive memory, a love of detail, a dash of hero-worship. We can also say, negatively, that it is not the least necessary to the production of an immortal biography that the writer—or, for that matter, the subject either—should be a man of genius. But no theory, either of faculty, opportunity or environment will enable one to explain the supreme art, indefinable, incommunicable, which could create, say, such a masterpiece as Boswell's "Johnson." Still it may, I think, be worth

* An address delivered at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution on November 15, 1901.

while to endeavor, not as a mere speculation, but by the aid of concrete examples, to realize, if we can, some of the conditions which go to the making, and which account for the charm of a good biography.

There is, I need hardly say, a wide difference from the point of view both of the reader and the writer, between the summary and condensed record of a life in a dictionary, and a biography in the larger and fuller sense of the term. But, though the products of different literary methods, both depend for their interest upon their appeal to, and their satisfaction of, the same kind of intellectual curiosity, to the true lover of biography it matters comparatively little how much space the man of whom he is reading occupied in the eyes of contemporaries, or retains in the judgment of posterity. The interest of the life depends far more on the stature of the man than on the scale of his achievements. It must, no doubt, be admitted that there is a peculiar fascination in trying to pierce through the gloom which veils the life-history of some of the most famous of our race.

To take an obvious, and at the same time an extreme, instance, few things are more interesting to watch than the attempts of scholars and critics, like Dowden and Brandes and Sidney Lee, to reconstruct the life of a man at once so illustrious and so obscure as the greatest of our poets. The case of Shakespeare presents, perhaps, the strangest array of difficulties and paradoxes in the whole range of biography. The most splendid genius of his own or any other time has left behind him hardly a single undisputed trace of his own personality. There has not been preserved so much as a single line in his own handwriting of any of his poems or plays. Such of the plays as were published in his lifetime seem to have been printed from stage

copies—to a large extent by literary pirates. The apparently unbroken indifference of the greatest of all artists not only to posthumous fame, but to the safeguarding against defacement or loss of his own handiwork, is without precedent or parallel. The date and order of his plays, the identity of the "only begetter" of the Sonnets, the manner in which his wealth was acquired, the unproductiveness of his last five years—he died at fifty-two, the same age as Napoleon—his easy acquiescence in the sleek humdrum and the homely dissipations of social and civic life in a small provincial town—that all these questions, and a hundred more, should still be matters of conjecture and controversy is a unique fact in literary history. What else but this tantalizing twilight has made it possible for even the most distraught ingenuity to construct the great Baconian hypothesis? which, by the way, an accomplished critic has only this month so admirably capped by the counter-theory—for which there is at least as much to be said—that it was really Shakespeare who wrote the so-called works of Bacon. The task which confronts the writer of a life like Shakespeare's is not to transcribe and vivify a record; it is rather to solve a problem by the methods of hypothesis and inference. His work is bound to be, not so much an essay in biography, as in the more or less scientific use of the biographic imagination. The difficulty is, of course, infinitely enhanced in this particular case by the impersonal quality of most of Shakespeare's writings—a quality which I myself am heretic enough to believe extends to by far the greater part of the Sonnets. We do not know that the greatest teacher of antiquity wrote a single line. Shakespeare, who died less than three hundred years ago, must have written well over a hundred thousand. And yet, thanks to Plato and Xenophon,

we have a far more definite and vivid acquaintance with the man Socrates than we shall ever have with the man Shakespeare.

But, dismissing problems of this kind, which have to be judged by a standard of their own, let me say a word first of that form of biography in which success is at once rarest and, when achieved, most complete—autobiography. It may, I think, be laid down, as a maxim of experience, without undue severity, that few autobiographies are really good literature. And the reason lies upon the surface. Self-consciousness is, as a rule, fatal to art, and yet self-consciousness is the essence of autobiography. No man ever sat down to write his own life, not even John Stuart Mill, without becoming for the time an absorbed and concentrated egotist. It is because he is, for the moment at least, so profoundly interesting to and interested in himself, that he feels irresistibly impelled to take posterity into his confidence. The result too often is one of the most unappetizing products of the literary kitchen—a nauseating compound of insincerity and unreserve. And yet in the hands of a true artist there is hardly any form of composition which has the same interest and charm. Even Dr. Johnson said that every man's life may best be written by himself. Take, for instance, that which is, I suppose, at once the most shameless and the most successful specimen of its class, the "Confessions" of Rousseau. His object, he tells us, was to show a man (meaning himself) in all the truth of nature, and his belief is (as he also avows) that no reader, after going through the "Confessions" will be able to declare himself a better man than their author. It is amazing, at first sight, that he can imagine that such a belief will be able to survive the disclosure which he proceeds to make, of ungoverned impulse, of infirmity

and even of baseness. As Mr. Morley says: "Other people wrote polite histories of their outer lives, amply colored with romantic recollection. Rousseau, with unqualling veracity, plunged into the inmost depths, hiding nothing that would be likely to make him either ridiculous or hateful in common opinion, and inventing nothing that could attract much sympathy or much admiration." Or, again, in the words of Mr. Leslie Stephen, "he found realities so painful that he swore they must be dreams, as dreams were so sweet that they must be true realities." And the same writer sums up his point of view in a sentence of singular felicity when he adds that: "Rousseau represents the strange combination of a kind of sensual appetite for pure and simple pleasures." There are few more difficult questions than that which is constantly presenting itself to the reader of Rousseau, namely, what ought to be the limit of unreserve in autobiography, if indeed there ought to be any limit at all. You will remember how Boswell was rash enough on one occasion to say to Dr. Johnson, "Sir, I am sometimes troubled with a disposition to stinginess," and Johnson replied, "So am I, sir, but I do not tell it."

The great autobiographies of the world are to be found in many different shapes. Some of the best are spiritual and largely introspective, like St. Augustine's "Confessions," or Bunyan's "Grace Abounding," or Newman's "Apologia." Sometimes, again, they veil or color under the form of fiction the personal experience of the writer, as in "Consuelo," or "David Copperfield," or "Villette." Sometimes, without losing the note of egotism, they are frankly objective and mundane, as in the case of Benvenuto Cellini, and to a large extent of Gibbon. But all that are worthy of a place in this the highest class have one thing in common.

They are authentic human documents—the very mirror of the writer's personality, and it is by that quality that they make an appeal to us, more vivid because more direct, than any narrative by another hand.

I will not venture on any critical estimate of the famous works which I have just named. But let me take, by way of illustrating this branch of the subject, a less known, but, to my thinking, a hardly less remarkable book—the "Autobiography of Benjamin Robert Haydon," the painter, one of the most tragic figures in the history of art. The gigantic canvases by which he confidently expected to achieve not only fame but immortality—his "Lazarus," which he sometimes thought his masterpiece, covers nearly three hundred square feet—are perhaps as good an illustration as can be found of the difference between the grandiose and the great. He is probably best remembered in these days by Wordsworth's noble sonnet addressed to him as a fellow-worker in the school of "creative art"—

High is our calling, friend.

But Haydon, though cursed with a vain and violent temperament, a prey to ambitions always in excess of his powers of execution, perpetually hovering on the confines of the insanity to which he at last succumbed, was one of the acutest and most accomplished critics, and on the whole the most strenuous and indomitable controversialist of his time. In his journal and his unfinished autobiography he discloses to us his own personality with a freedom from reticence not unworthy of Rousseau, though you will look in vain in Rousseau or any of his imita-

tors for Haydon's simplicity and sincerity. There is not a single phase of his experiences, from the day when he records how, at the age of eighteen, he left his home at Plymouth for London, full of buoyant self-confidence, down to the last pathetic entry, when, in front of his easel, and amid the wreckage of his ideals and his ambitions, he was about to take up the pistol with which he put an end to his life—in the whole of that long, strenuous, disheartening pilgrimage there is nothing that he thought, felt, did or failed to do that is not set down faithfully and without reserve. Haydon was an egotist, afflicted by an almost diseased vanity, but no reader can doubt the substantial truth of his picture of himself.¹

No picture of a man, however, whether by himself or by others, is either true or adequate which does not give us also his environment. It is here that so many autobiographies, being little more than the outpouring of self-consciousness, disappoint and baffle us. But here, again, Haydon appears to me to merit a high place. He is said to have been an indifferent painter of portraits with the brush. If he was, it was not, as these pages show, from a lack of power either to observe and remember superficial traits of appearance and manner, or—at least when his prejudices were asleep—to penetrate the depths of character. You will, I think, be grateful if I give you a few illustrations selected almost at random from a long and varied gallery. Here is a glimpse or two of his celebrated contemporaries, Hazlitt, the critic; and Jeremy Bentham, the philosopher. "What a singular compound," he says of Hazlitt, "this man was of malice,

¹ In 1946, two months before his tragic death, Haydon opened an exhibition of his pictures at the Egyptian Hall. But Tom Thumb, the American dwarf, proved a greater attraction. On April 21, Haydon notes in his diary: "Tom

Thumb had 12,000 people last week. R. B. Haydon 133½ (the ½ a little girl)." Mr. Birrell recalls the lines:

All London flocks to see a dwarf,
And leaves a Haydon dying.

candor, cowardice, genius, purity, vice, democracy and conceit. One day I called on him and found him arranging his hair before a glass, trying different effects, and asking my advice whether he should show his forehead more or less. Bentham lived next door. We used to see him bustling away in his sort of half running walk in his garden. Both Hazlitt and I often looked with a longing eye from the windows at the white-haired philosopher in his leafy shelter, his head the finest and most venerable ever placed on human shoulders. . . . Once, I remember," he goes on, "Bentham came to see Leigh Hunt in Surrey Jail, and played battledore and shuttlecock with him. Hunt told me after of the profound powers of Bentham's mind. He proposed, said Hunt, a reform in the handle of the battledore." No abuse was too vast, and it would seem that no abuse was too small, to escape the reforming passion of the great Utilitarian. Elsewhere he says of Hazlitt—and this, I think, is a very remarkable picture—"As for Hazlitt, it is not to be believed how the destruction of Napoleon affected him. He seemed prostrated in mind and body. He walked about unwashed, unshaved, hardly sober by day, and always intoxicated by night, until at length, wakening as it were from his stupor, he at once left off all stimulating liquors, and never touched them after"—surely one of the quaintest occasions for taking the pledge in the whole history of total abstinence.

Then, again, let me give you a portrait of Wilkie, our great Fife painter, who was his fellow-student, and his best friend through life. They visited Paris together in 1814, after the first overthrow of Napoleon. Haydon says that "notwithstanding that Paris was filled with all the nations of the earth, the greatest oddity in it was unquestionably David Wilkie. His horrible French, his strange tottering, feeble

look, his carrying about his prints to make bargains with printsellers, his resolute determination—here I seem to see something of the soil from which he sprang—never to leave the restaurants till he got his change right to a centime, his long disputes about sous and demi-sous with the *dame du comptoir*, while the Madame tried to cheat him, and as she pressed her pretty ringed fingers on his arm without making the least impression, her 'Mais, monsieur,' and his Scottish 'Mais, madame,' were worthy of Molière." Or again, in a different vein, he tells us how he breakfasted with Wordsworth, and Wordsworth, speaking of three of the greatest men of his time, Burke, Fox and Pitt, said: "You always went from Burke with your mind filled; from Fox with your feelings excited; and from Pitt with wonder at his having the power to make the worse appear the better reason." One is reminded of Porson's remark, that while Pitt carefully considered his sentences before he uttered them, Fox threw himself into the middle of his, and left it to God Almighty to get him out again.

Here is another of Haydon's sketches—the sketch of a money-lender—one of the fraternity to whom he paid in the course of his life a long series of unsatisfactory visits. This is his first experience. He says: "When you deal with a rascal turn him to the light. I got him to the light. His eyes shrank, his face was the meanest I ever saw; the feeble mouth, little nose, brassy eyes, blotched skin, low forehead and fetid smell all announced a reptile." And afterwards, when after a more extended experience of this gentleman and his kind, he found himself at last in the King's Bench prison, arrested for debt, he writes—and this is characteristic of the man: "King's Bench. Well! I am in prison. So were Bacon, Raleigh and Cervantes." He came

here to Edinburgh in 1821 to exhibit one of his prodigious canvases, and it may be interesting to you to know his first impressions of this great city. "The season in Edinburgh," he says, "is the severest part of the winter. Princes Street in a clear sunset, with the Castle and the Pentland Hills in radiant glory, and the crowd illumined by the setting sun, was a sight perfectly original. First you would see limping Sir Walter, with Lord Meadowbank; then tripped Jeffrey, keen, restless and fidgety; you then met Wilson or Lockhart, or Allan or Thompson, or Raeburn, as if all had agreed to make their appearance at once."

Of Keats, he writes: "The last time I ever saw him was at Hampstead, lying on a white bed with a book, hectic and on his back, irritable in his weakness, and wounded at the way he had been used. He seemed to be going out of life with a contempt of this world and no hope of the other." Or, finally, to close my series of impressions from this storehouse of living portraits, take what he says of Scott and Wordsworth, who had spent the morning with him together: "It is singular how success and the want of it operate on two extraordinary men—Walter Scott and Wordsworth. Scott enters a room and sits at table with the coolness and self-possession of a conscious fame; Wordsworth, with a mortified elevation of head, as if fearful he was not estimated as he desired. Scott is always cool and very amusing; Wordsworth often egotistical and overwhelming. Scott seems to appear less than he really is, while Wordsworth struggles to be thought at the moment greater than he is suspected to be. I think that Scott's success would have made Wordsworth insufferable, while Wordsworth's failure would not have rendered Scott a whit less delightful. Scott is the companion of nature in all her feelings and freaks; while Words-

worth follows her like an apostle sharing her solemn moods and impressions." I do not think it would be possible to present a more vivid contrast in fewer words between two great and distinguished men.

But I must leave autobiography and turn for a few moments to biography in the stricter sense—the writing of one man's life by another. In that form of literature, no language is richer than ours; it may be doubted whether any language is so rich. "Colonel Hutchinson's Life" by his wife, Roger North's "Lives of the Norths," Boswell's "Johnson," Lockhart's "Scott," Carlyle's "Sterling," Stanley's "Arnold," Lewis's "Goethe," Mrs. Gaskell's "Charlotte Brontë," Trevelyan's "Macaulay"—these are only the titles which first suggest themselves in a brilliant and inexhaustible catalogue. Yet, with the single but large exception of fiction, there is no form of writing which lends itself so readily to the production of that which is trivial and ephemeral. It is hardly necessary to rule out, from the point of view of art, the monuments which filial piety or misdirected friendship is constantly raising to those who deserved and probably desired to be forgotten. Equally to be excluded, from the same point of view, is biography written with a purpose—a class of which those of us who were carefully brought up can recall not a few doleful specimens. Mr. Disraeli speaks somewhere, I think, in "Coningsby," of a voluminous history which once had a great vogue as "Mr. Wordy's History of the War, in twenty volumes, to prove that Providence was on the side of the Tories." The same taint of perhaps a laudable but certainly irrelevant purpose hangs about the didactic or edifying biography. It is not the function of a biography to be a magnified epitaph or an expanded tract. Its business is the vivid delineation of a person, and for its success there are two

obvious conditions—first, that the person delineated should have the power of permanently interesting his fellow-men; and, next, that the delineator should be able to recall him to life. The enormous increase, not only in the number but in the popularity of this class of books, is probably due more to the growth of the first class than the second. Man's interest in man is always growing, but from the nature of the case there is not and never can be an academy of biographers.

And here it may be worth noting that some of the most interesting personalities are the more elusive, and, therefore, the worst subjects for biography. There is about them a kind of bouquet which, after they are gone, can never be revived. For their friends, they might be brought back to life by the reminiscence of some slight, perhaps trivial, characteristic. It may be a trait or even a trick, a gesture, the inflexion of a voice, the turn of a phrase. But for those who never knew them, not even the highest and subtlest art can reproduce them as they really were. We have all of us known such men. The late master of Balliol, Mr. Jowett, was one. Lord Bowen, I think, was another. But let us suppose that the character and the life can be reproduced. What is the secret of the art which can make them live again? Sometimes, of course, the biographer may be said not so much to recreate as to create his hero. One cannot help feeling a suspicion of the kind in reading a book like Carlyle's "Life of Sterling." Sometimes, on the other hand, his function is exactly the opposite, and he is content to let his hero tell his own tale out of his own sayings or letters. An admirable example is Mr. Colvin's well-known edition of the "Letters of Stevenson." The best selection of letters is, however, an inadequate substitute

for a real biography. Indeed, one often feels that if he were given fewer of a man's letters to his friends, and more of his friends' letters to him, we should get to know him better, because among other reasons, we should be better able to realize how his personality affected and appealed to others.

Look for a moment to the list of famous Lives which I enumerated a little time ago, and you will find in them at any rate, one common feature. With the single exception of Lewes's "Goethe," there is not one of these great biographies which was not written either by a near relative or an intimate friend. The authors were, no doubt, all of them, in their degree literary artists; but we can measure the enormous advantage to the biographer of personal intimacy when we compare the result of their own, or in some cases of still greater writers' attempts to bring back to life those whom they have never known in the flesh. "And did you once see Shelley plain?" asks Robert Browning. To have "seen Shelley plain" would have been indeed a godsend to some of the accomplished gentlemen who have contributed to "the chatter about Harriet." The drawbacks of intimacy for this purpose are, of course, sufficiently obvious. The bias of kinship, the blindness of discipleship, are undeniable hindrances to just and even-handed judgment. But the true biographer is not a judge. He has no theory of his hero; he presents him to us as he appeared to those among whom he acted and moved and suffered; the living figure of a man whom we feel we should recognize in another world; a figure, moreover, which is not always the same, which grows and changes under the stress of circumstance; a figure which the biographer, from his own store of direct knowledge, has, as it were, to be constantly recharging with life. It is this quality which gives vividness, charm,

undying freshness to the pages of Boswell and Lockhart. The biographer who has not this advantage and has to seek for it elsewhere is often in sore straits for the material which he needs. Do you remember Dr. Johnson's account, at Mr. Dilly's dinner, of his strenuous, but not very successful, quest for authentic memories of Dryden? There were two people who had known Dryden well still alive—M'Swinney and Cibber. And what had they to tell? M'Swinney's only information was that "At Wills's coffee-house Dryden had a particular chair set for himself by the fire in winter, and called his winter chair, and it was carried out for him to the balcony in summer, and then called his summer chair." Cibber could only say: "He was a decent old man, arbiter of critical disputes at Wills's." There is no nutrition to be got out of chopped straw like this. Boswell: "Yet Cibber was a man of observation." Boswell: "I think not."

Let me again take by way of illustration not a celebrated book, one which in these days has probably few readers, a book in which a wife tells the story of a man who was in his time a solid and fruitful worker in business, in politics and in literature. I mean "The Personal Life of George Grote," by his widow, Harriet Grote, published in 1873. Grote was not a genius, but he was a man of many interests and activities—a banker, for many years member for the City of London, a politician who advocated with serene and irrepressible courage unpopular causes, and who at last, in despair at the inertness of the public opinion of his time, abandoned public life, devoted himself to research, and gave up twelve years to writing "The History of Greece." Mrs. Grote, who was a woman of strong individuality, tells us in her preface how, late on in his life, her husband one day came into her room, and finding her poring over papers,

asked, "What are you so busy over, Harriet?" "Well, I am arranging some materials for a sketch of your life." "My life," exclaimed Grote, "there is absolutely nothing to tell." "Not in the way of adventure, I grant, but there is something nevertheless—your life is the history of a Mind." "That is it," he rejoined with animation. "But can you tell it?" A conjugal query. But Mrs. Grote had no doubt about the answer, and proceeded with her task. Happily for its interest as a biography, the book is something very different from "the history of a mind." Even the great Goethe himself becomes barely endurable when he soliloquizes over the stages of his own mental development.

Mrs. Grote had a keen eye, and the selective judgment which is peculiarly necessary when a wife undertakes to write the life of her husband. Grote fell early in life among the Utilitarians, and was brought in due course by James Mill to the feet of Jeremy Bentham. You have had one picture of the Patriarch already from the pen of Haydon. Here is a sidelight on the same subject from Mrs. Grote: "Mr. Bentham," she says, "being a man of easy fortune, kept a good table, and took pleasure in receiving guests at his board, though never more than one at a time. To his one guest he would talk fluently, yet without caring to listen in his turn." To this convivial monologue Mr. Grote seems now and again to have had the honor of being admitted. His engagement to Harriet Lewin, who became his wife and biographer, was protracted by business and other difficulties beyond the ordinary span. He sought to appease his impatience by learning German, playing on the 'cello and drenching himself with political economy. I quote a typical entry, dated 1818, from the diary which he kept for his lady: "Dined alone. Read some scenes in Schiller's

'Don Carlos.' After reading these I practised on the bass for about an hour. Then drank tea, and read Adam Smith's incomparable chapter on the Mercantile System until eleven, when I went to bed." That is how the young Utilitarians whiled away their solitary evenings. At last they married. Things were not at first altogether easy. Mrs. George Grote, as she calls herself, had, she tells us with delightful frankness, "numerous friends and connections among the aristocratic portion of society;" but, as she says, "the aversion at this early period of his life to everything tinctured with aristocratic tastes and forms of opinion which animated G. G.'s mind obliged his wife to relinquish her intercourse with almost all families of rank and position rather than displease her (somewhat intolerant) partner." Another drawback was—again to quote her own words—that "the elder Mr. Grote bore very little share in the labors of the banking house during these ten years, but appropriated the greater portion of the profits."

Mrs. Grote gives an animated narrative, which will not bear abridgement, of her husband's public life, with its strenuous labors and many disappointments, and of the tranquil and industrious later years which were consecrated to scholarship and philosophy. It is full of vivid sketches of men and events, with not a few of those living touches which light up the past for us—as, for example, when she records that in 1837 Lord William Bentinck, the famous Governor-General of India, calling on her after a dinner party, said: "I thought your American very pleasant company, and it was a surprise to me, for I never in my life before met an American in society." It would seem that the world gets rounder as the years roll on. In 1855 the twelfth and last volume of the great History

was published, and Mrs. Grote determined to signalize the event. "I had," she says, "a bowl of punch brewed at Christmas for our little household at History Hut (Grote's workshop) in celebration of the completion of the *opus magnum*, Grote himself sipping the delicious mixture with great satisfaction, while manifesting little emotion outwardly."

This homely scene calls up, if only by way of contrast, the accounts which still greater writers than Grote have given of a like event in their lives. The passage in Gibbon's "Memoirs" is deservedly famous, but it will bear re-quoting: "It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake and the mountains. The air was temperate. The sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future fate of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious." Dr. Birkbeck Hill, in his excellent edition of "Gibbon's Life," reminds us in this context of Carlyle's description, in a letter to Emerson, of the completion of his "French Revolution:" "You, I hope, can have little conception of the feeling with which I wrote the last word of it, one night in early January, when the clock was striking ten, and our frugal Scotch supper coming

in. I did not cry; I did not pray; but could have done both." Grote sipping his punch, Carlyle sitting down to his oatmeal, Gibbon pacing the acacia walk, each having finished a task which had added a masterpiece to literature—these are figures which deserve to live in the memory.

In truth, the picture which we carry about with us of some of the most illustrious men is created, not so much by the rounded and measured story of their lives, as by a single act or incident or sentence which stands out from the pages, whether of the best or of the most inadequate biography. I think it is Boswell who quotes Plutarch to the effect that it is very often "an action of small note, a short saying, or a jest, shall distinguish a person's real character more than the greatest signs or the most important battles." It is so with Bentley, who lives by virtue of a single saying, to many who know little or nothing of the letters of Phalaris or the history of Trinity College. "It was said to old Bentley"—I am quoting from "The Tour to the Hebrides"—"upon the attacks against him—'Why, they'll write you down.' 'No, sir,' he replied, 'depend upon it, no man was ever written down but by himself.'" Or take the notable answer of Bolingbroke, when it was suggested to him that he should make some rejoinder to the virulent assaults of Bishop Warburton: "I never wrestle with a chimney sweeper." Or, again (you will forgive me for a moment, and not be unduly shocked by a bit of bad language), when on the field of Waterloo, Lord Uxbridge, riding by the side of the Duke of Wellington, lost his leg, the cannon shot which struck him having first passed over the withers of the Duke's charger, "Copenhagen;" "By God, I've lost my leg," cried Uxbridge. "Have you, by God?" was all the Duke's reply. You all remember the page in Lockhart which describes how,

on the occasion of George IV's visit to this city, Sir Walter Scott, having claimed for his own the glass in which the king had just drunk his health, and reverently placed it in his pocket, found on his return home that Crabbe had arrived as his guest, and in his joy and excitement at greeting the poet, sat down upon the royal present and crushed it into fragments. Could anything be more characteristic of the man? Or—to take one other illustration from the memories of this place—what can be at once more illuminating and more pathetic than the last words of Dr. Adam, the head of the High School, who had numbered Scott himself, and Brougham, and Jeffrey among his pupils: "But it grows dark. Boys, you may go." It is by seizing on incidents like these, small in themselves, but revealing as with a sudden flash the heights and depths of character, that biography brings back to life the illustrious dead.

Let me give you an Oriental apologue, which is not beside the point. "I forbid you," said the tyrannical Emperor to the Chief of the Tribunal of History, "to speak a word more of me." The Mandarin began to write. "What are you doing now?" asked the Emperor. "I am writing down the order your Majesty has just given me." The Mandarin was a born biographer.

But I feel that I am becoming garrulous, and that it is time to bring to a close this desultory and far from philosophical discourse. Much has been left unsaid. Upon one vexed question in the ethics of biography, which was debated with much vehemence a few years ago, first over Mr. Froude's "Memoirs of Carlyle," and then over Mr. Purcell's "Life of Cardinal Manning," I will only remind you of Voltaire's saying: "We owe consideration to the living; to the dead we owe truth only." The abiding interest of biography for each of us depends after all

upon our estimate of the worth and reality of human life. Byron in one of his early letters—I quote from the new edition by which Mr. Prothero has laid all lovers of literature under a heavy debt—expresses in his characteristic way the cynical view: “When one subtracts from life infancy (which is vegetation), sleep, eating and swilling, buttoning and unbuttoning—how much remains of downright existence? The summer of a dormouse.” If so, the less said about it, the sooner it is forgotten, the better. But, in truth, it is because we all feel that life is to us the most serious of realities that we crave to know more of the lives of others. As Emerson says: “The essentials in it—youth and love, grief and action—we all share; the difference of circumstance is only costume.” And thus the reading of biography becomes something more than a form of literary recreation. True, it furnishes the memory with a portrait gallery of interesting faces. True, it makes history and philosophy and poetry vivid with the personalities of the men to whom we owe great causes, great systems, great thoughts. But it does more than this. It brings comfort, it

enlarges sympathy, it expels selfishness, it quickens aspiration. “I console myself,” says Emerson again, “in the poverty of my thoughts, in the paucity of great men, in the malignity and dulness of the nations, by falling back on these recollections, and seeing what the prolific soul could beget on actual nature. Then I dare; I also will essay to be.” And if at times we are tempted, as who is not? to doubt the ultimate purpose and meaning of human existence, when we think of the millions of lives which deserve no record—lives “which came to nothing,”—lives full of “deeds as well undone”—we must take refuge in the faith to which, in lines that ought not to die, Edward Fitzgerald has given noble and moving expression:—

For like a child sent with a fluttering
light,
To feel his way along a gusty night,
Man walks the world. Again, and yet
again,
The lamp shall be by fits of passion
slain;
But shall not he who sent him from
the door
Relight the lamp once more, and yet
once more?

H. H. Asquith.

The National Review.

THE ART OF FRIENDSHIP.

“There were giants in those days,” is the Pessimist’s favorite quotation, for invariably he sees giants in the days behind us, and pigmies in the days before. In the past there were picturesque romance, the clash of swords, the flash of shields, the glory of resplendent doublets; in the present there are dust and grime and pettiness and monotony, the dull sable sameness of civilized life. In the past there were Raphael and Correggio; in the

present there is the cinematograph. In the past there were the harpsichord and the viol, and the lute of the troubadour; in the present there is the patent paper-wound automaton which groans out our music for us. In the past there were Homer and Virgil and Petrarch; in the present there is the omniscient encyclopædia-laden journalist. In the past there were the love of Isaac for the daughter of Bethuel, the love of Angelo for Vittoria, the love of

Dante for Beatrice; in the present there are the convenient marriages of princes and princesses, ill-imitated by the proletariat, who seek not a bride but the capital for a small shop, not a woman to love and to be loved, but a sordid partner in a domestic establishment where liability is unlimited. In the past there was the friendship of David and Jonathan, of Orestes and Pylades, of Pliny and Tacitus, of Anthony and Caesar, of Locke and Mollneux, of Swift and Pope; in the present there is the large circle of acquaintances, as the funeral paragraph invariably describes it.

It can probably be said for the Pessimist that, often as he is wrong, in respect to friendship he is nearest to the truth. There is reason for a suspicion, if not more than a suspicion, that the art of friendship is dead amongst us. The friendship of the ancients, both of Greece and of Rome, was very exacting. In modern times we should look a long day for such mutual regard as that of Damon and Pythias, which softened the heart of Dionysius himself. Friendship, in our crowded days, covers a wider area, but as in the case of all extensive developments it has lost intensively. It has become as Swift described it, "the friendship of the middling kind." But rarely do we see the stubborn, stolid, mutual regard which Cicero describes, self-annihilatory, seeking for excellence, priceless-rich in trust and confidence. Much of our friendship is wrecked, as Lysander says of love in "The Midsummer Night's Dream," by running "upon the choice of friends." Polonius bade Laertes to be deliberate, that is, to choose cautiously ere he grappled his friends to his soul "with hoops of steel." Herein we have the normal advice on the subject, distorted usually to such an extent that the kindly chamberlain would repudiate responsibility for our interpretation. Since our school-days

it has been dinned into our ears. We were whipped for swapping peg-tops with the boy from the house beyond the hill, not that the bargain was a bad one, nor that our regard for him lacked sincerity, but that some one else regarded him as an undesirable companion. It may be that his father once sold pork, by the pound, and not by the pig; it may be that his mother on one occasion herself wiped the dust from her own window. Whatever might be the ostensible reason, we were compelled to return the peg-top, which we did with an ill grace, for bitter is the first lesson in conventional friendship. It was an initiation into the lesson, the valuable lesson, that for the future our friends must not shake hands over the social barriers. Many hands have been torn by the broken bottles on the walls of social indifference.

The emphasis of the element of choice in friendship, with its concomitant, the banishment of the element of spontaneous affection, has done much to render true friendship impossible and to bring about the present decay of the art. It is unfortunate in a utilitarian day that we cannot likewise choose our parents. Friendship is fallen from its ideal. The friendship described by Bishop Hall nearly two hundred years ago as "diffusing its odor through the season of absence," is exchanged for the slenderest of acquaintanceships whose value is duly marked by our indifferent nods of greeting. So ready are we to say that John Smith and William Brown are unsuitable friends, because we cannot see the tie which binds them, that the simple quality of affection is left out of the reckoning altogether. Were we to choose a friend for John Smith, there is Thomas Robinson who could assist him in business, or Joseph Jones who would be that priceless of friends, in the modern computation, the friend at court. We forget the primary neces-

sity that John Smith must love his friend; we overlook the fact that as yet science has not discovered a process of vaccination whereby affection may be transplanted or infused. John Smith may choose a valet or a private secretary, and if by the same process he chooses a friend, that friend will be in greater or less degree, an *employé*. Hence it is that the wide preaching of the doctrine of choice has ousted friendship from the category of tender relationships. In its stead we have visiting-lists. Not those whom we love, but those whom we would propitiate do we invite to dinner. Those who would propitiate us invite us in turn, and permit us to eat their food, air our views and even, by incredible patience, to sing our songs, not for their but for our own satisfaction. We have banished from our lives the tender confidence and the sweet counsel, of which Cicero spoke: "Where would be the great enjoyment in prosperity, if you had not one to rejoice in it equally with yourself? And adversity would, indeed be difficult to endure, without some one to bear it even with greater regret than yourself." So far has the axiom of splendid isolation infected not merely national but personal affairs that the Stoic who does not even confide in his wife is rapidly coming to be regarded as the hero instead of as the Turk, which really he is. The morning train finds us ready to cast our pearls of wisdom before—fellow-travellers, who see us morning by morning and scarcely know our names and could not spell them if they did. A solicitor gives us advice on law, a stockbroker on finance, a medicine-man on ailments, each for a convenient fee, until we have disseminated the whole of friendship into several professional acts. The morning, midday and evening newspapers bring to us the influence of humanity, where once tender and confidential personal intercourse

would mould our lives into a true image with a clear superscription of loftier ideals. So far have we gone in our scorn for intimate, day-by-day personal contact, that we roundly declare we have no leisure for it, just as the American speculator impetuously, but not untruthfully, groaned that he had not the "durned time to live." Accordingly when we hear of Carlyle and Tennyson smoking together in silence for hours, we smile our lack of comprehension, since the unattainable is always a laughing matter. Thus do dogs bay at the moon.

It was said by a fluent orator, and fluent orators are usually very dangerous guides, that the post-card, the telegraph and the telephone make every man every man's friend. He even quoted Puck who declared that he would "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes," from which he deduced that two-thirds of an hour would accomplish universal friendship. But these three implements have done much to destroy intimate friendly intercourse. Obviously the post-card, while it saves a halfpenny, closes one's soul lest the expression of finer emotions should give occasion for ribaldry to those who regard post-cards as quasi-public documents. The telephone enables us to hold men safely at a distance while we converse hurriedly with them. The telegraph flashes a purchase, sometimes accurately, but even the novelist has not yet arisen to make it flash a proposal or an expression of regard. The triumph of electricity has achieved less than a warm grasp of the hand, for its triumph is to cut out the sweet superfluous words, and superfluous words are worth more than a halfpenny each. The cynic who asked a pair of lovers what subjects they found for eternal discussion was meetly answered when the maiden said, "Only one, sir—everything." Of course the cynic did not understand. He would be able to

estimate the influence of Saturn on the ripening of pomegranates, but a discussion on the one subject which wakes life into radiancy was to him—superfluous words. Amid all the waste of to-day we waste no words. We ask for crisp paragraphs in our newspapers, spicy paragraphs for jaded palates.

We wish to buy and sell, to ask for food, and to express our contentment or otherwise, but rarely do we wish to declare our simple regard for a fellow unit of humanity. Ask him to dinner, lament to him the weakness of the Government, but keep him safely without the veil which hides our little Holy of Holies. We live, alas, in the suburbs of each other's hearts.

Hence we establish clubs and societies; clubs, where we eat in accord; societies, where we speak in accord. These represent our modern individual weakness, while friendship in which men think in accord, would represent individual strength. Could any one imagine Daniel founding a society for opening wide the windows and praying towards the East? Daniel, says the hymn, "dared to stand alone." Nowadays he would have been chairman of an Executive Committee with five to form a quorum, for we seek a corporate metamorphosis to hide a cowardice which we are too cowardly to admit. Every propaganda has its cult, and even eating and drinking, which are essentially personal affairs, are made into matters for mutual pledge and association. Egotism is evil, no doubt; the everlasting I of a self-assertive man is more than objectionable. Yet there is this to be said of him; if he is criticized he himself receives the thrust, whereas in clubs and societies it is always possible to put the blame on the committee. Judging by present tendencies, many men expect the Judgment Day to divide, not the goats from the sheep, but the committees from

the members, for only societies do wrong.

This associationist tendency is symptomatic of the decay of true friendship. "Man is not good if alone," is a convenient distortion of a Biblical text which referred particularly to the married state. Men fly to societies, clubs, institutions and associations to find a companionship which friendship, if there were such, would readily furnish, and upon a sounder basis than the blackballing of undesirables. Birds of a feather should not need the guardianship of a committee and an exclusive subscription to enable them to flock together without danger.

It may be said that the decay of the art of friendship is characteristic of the male genus only; that women are still as ready for affectionate friendship with their own kind as ever they were. It is true that women have less temptations from the narrow path of friendship. Afternoon tea allures less subtly than the morning train, and the effects of the post-card are outweighed by the necessities of the postscript. The telegraph and the telephone, for obvious reasons, do not interrupt women's friendships as they do men's, for unhappily these devices can only be used intermittently and briefly; and brevity is the destroying angel of a woman's wit. But it is still true that acquaintanceship has taken the place of friendship in the woman's world, though there is a greater display of affection in the mere acquaintanceship of women than there is in the case of the less demonstrative and less demonstrable sex. It is well for women that the cynic who watches their farewell and greeting kisses is forced to admit that the historic kiss of betrayal was masculine. Women have less to gain than have men by the utilitarian choice of acquaintances. Ulterior motives may tempt an American heiress to charter a duchess as a *chaperone*, but

possibly no ulterior motive would suffice to bid her seek similarly a friend. And it is to the glory of womanhood that with women there has remained such of the old notion of friendliness as still exists in the world. It is better to be conservative of emotions than of constitutions.

Of course there is a third and a very important class of friendship, the friendship between members of the opposite, or, as the misogynist would say, the opposed sexes. Friendship is usually said to be impossible across the curious barrier which is alleged to divide man from woman. Plato regarded such friendship as perfect, being ideal sympathy. "It now means," said Mr. G. H. Lewes, "the love of a sentimental young gentleman for a woman he cannot or will not marry." Thus what we call Platonic friendship is the merest shadow of that which Plato described. It is a curious development that we should so sneer at friendship that the most perfect friendship is tacitly regarded as impossible. Unless love be regarded as an instantaneous vision, knowing no premonitions and having no preludes, there is nothing from which love can grow but true Platonic or perfect friendship. There must surely be some crumbs of esteem and admiration which fall for others from our table of love. At once we have the hint of jealousy. But a jealous husband is one who has not come into his kingdom, and a jealous wife is a woman who sees the charm of other women and hates those charms rather than learns their worth. And it must of necessity be disastrous that women can influence women, and no woman influence men save through the channel of matrimony. There is a deep truth in the Russian proverb that he who loves one woman has some love for all women.

Ruskin advised every girl to have six sweethearts coincidentally. It was ex-

cellent advice. That misjudged person, the flirt, is most frequently a woman whose heart aches for friendship, but who keeps the richest store hidden for her king when he shall come. Those who were never her king, who never could be her king, call her names by way of rejoinder. They overlook the salient fact that all she gave them was friendly interest, and that was all she pretended to give them, for a conscious flirt—that is, a woman who consciously pretends to love—is as impossible as a conscious hypocrite. In fact the flirt is the only remaining artist in friendship, and a world which knows not what friendship is makes good the deficiency by maligning her. We ask in love's forest that there be only the giant oak of love; as a matter of fact there are the many dwarfed evergreens of friendship and the undergrowth of mere mutual esteem, and these shrubs can never grow to be other than they are. It is folly, because we have not the oak, to burn to the roots the other trees and leave the brown place bare.

"Let all our intervals be employed in prayers, charity, friendliness and neighborhood"—thus wrote the saintly Jeremy Taylor. It is a far different sentiment from the mere choice of useful friends on the one hand or the choice of wife or husband on the other. Copybooks may bid us choose our friends carefully; the Uncopied Book bids us love them diligently. Mr. Gilbert's magnet sought the silver churn, and alas for its disappointment! And we so often choose and seek the responseless silver churns, when the steel would fly to us at our attraction. He who sets out to make friends is a sycophant, and Dr. Johnson knew what a sycophant was: "He that is too desirous to be loved will soon learn to flatter." He who desires to love will gain friends, if he does not set out to gain them, and they will love him, if not too apparently he seeks their love. No

choice, no fitness, no power to confer gifts, no mutual interest of acquaintanceship will take the place of simple spontaneous affection. The bees of infinitely numerous affectionate impulses produce the honey of goodly counsel, and goodly counsel is the evidence of friendship. It was of love in this wider sense that William Morris, the singer of friendship and fellowship, wrote these great lines; it was to arouse a world, somnolent and self-satisfied, to the truth which a life of hurry, skimming across the su-

perfacies of things, fails to perceive in the cavernous depths.

Love is enough; though the World be
a-waning,
And the woods have no voice but the
voice of complaining,
Though the sky be too dark for dim
eyes to discover.
Yet their eyes shall not tremble, their
feet shall not falter,
The void shall not weary, the fear shall
not alter
These lips and these eyes of the
Loved and the Lover.

Macmillan's Magazine.

J. G. L.

AUBREY DE VERE.

(Born, January 10, 1814; Died, January 20, 1902.)

In the far romantic morning where the giant bards together,
Ringed with dew and light and music, struck their lyres in
golden weather,
Came a child and stood beside them, gazed adoring in their
eyes,
Hushed his little heart in worship of a race so bland and wise.

They are gone, those gods and giants, caught Elijah-like to
glory,
And their triumphs and their sorrows are a part of England's
story;
Years and years ago they vanished; but the child, who loved
them well,
Still has wandered among mortals with a tale of them to tell,

Theirs were voices heard like harps above the congregated
thunder;
His, a trembling hymn to beauty, or a breath of whispered
wonder;
When the world's tongue spoke his vanished; but below the
turmoil rolled
Fragments of romantic rapture, echoes of the age of gold.

Others stun the years to homage with their novelty and splen-
dor;
He was shy and backward-gazing, but his noiseless soul was
tender.
When he sang, the birds sang louder, for his accents, low and
clear,
Never hushed a mourning cushat, never scared a sunning deer.

Now the last of all who communed with the mighty men has
perished;
He is part of that eternity he prophesied and cherished;
Now the child, the whisperer passes; now extremity of age
Shuts the pure memorial volume, turns the long and stainless
page.

Where some westward-hurrying river to the bright Atlantic
dashes,
In some faint enchanted Celtic woodland lay this poet's ashes,
That the souls of those old masters whom the clans of song
hold dear,
May return to hover nightly o'er the grave of their De Vere.

Edmund Gosse.

The Fortnightly Review.

VILLAGE SUPERSTITIONS.

It is scarcely surprising in the present age of restless credulity, when crystal-gazing, palmistry and other similar practices prevail among the upper classes, that among the so-called lower orders many ancient superstitions still hold sway. They are, for the most part, simple in character and redolent of Nature. They deal chiefly with the elementary facts of life: birth, death and that which occupies much of the intervening space—love between man and woman—being the main subjects around which the people's quaint fancies cling. Though by no means inclined to despise "good luck" and the omens that make therefor, the villagers are beginning to understand that it depends less on fortuitous circumstances than on industry and common-sense. Not long ago a widespread belief obtained that evil would befall the bee-keeper who sold his swarms, a superstition which in some counties was watered down sufficiently to admit of gold being accepted as an innocuous tender. "But," to quote a rustic authority, "folks don't think much nowadays o' the bad luck that stan's in the way o' makin' money; they mos'n

gen'ly takes all as comes, an' if they can't get gold, they'll put up wi' silver." To meddle with church bees is almost universally conceded to be lost labor, since swarms ecclesiastical—those, namely, which elect to dwell beneath the lead roof of the sacred building—lay up no store of golden honey and come to an untimely end if removed and placed amid profane surroundings.

The signs of ill-fortune are far more numerous than those portending good, which is perhaps natural since life at the best of times is somewhat of a struggle for the poor, and trouble is a more certain visitor beside their hearths than joy. These dark omens cluster thick about the birth and early days of village infants, who are beset with so many and diverse perils that one marvels that any manage to survive and reach the comparative safety of adolescence. The time of entry into the world may be unpropitious, for not all months of the year are favorable (May in particular is believed to exercise a malign influence over young creatures); nor, again, is every year auspicious. Granted, however, that the new arrival

is born at a fortunate moment, a careful watch must still be maintained to safeguard its career. It must not be taken downstairs before it has been carried up, or it will descend within the year, for the last time, in its tiny coffin. This being the case, a conscientious nurse will contrive a flight of steps in the bedroom with the aid of a stool, a box and a chair, and will thus secure her charge from premature dissolution. Vague evils, the more to be dreaded from their indeterminate character, threaten the child whose hair and nails are cut during the first twelve months of its existence, and should it fail to "squatch" at its baptism it is regarded as already marked for death. Indeed, the portents which herald the King of Shadows are innumerable. A dog lifts up its voice in long-drawn howls when the rest of the world is asleep; an owl hoots in the sunshine, or flies screeching over the house at the ghostly hour of midnight; a bird taps persistently on the window-pane—each and all to deliver the same message, that Death is standing at the elbow of friend or relative beloved by the hearer, who, it should be noted, never thinks of associating the idea of his own decease with the most awe-inspiring sign.

Often the shadow which announces the forthcoming event bears so small a resemblance to the substance that an untrained eye has difficulty in recognizing the relationship between them, as when an elderly dame related how while she sat at needlework one winter evening the lamp threw "a lovely white shine" upon the ceiling. "Twice it flimmered ther' an' then it went away. I sez to myself, 'Summat's a-gwine to happen, that light never come for nothink;' an' sure anuff the nex' dey I heard as my grandchild, a beautiful bwoy just ten months old, wur dead. I should ha' bin wunnerful

upset if it hadn't ha' bin for the warn-in' ma beforehand."

Many people believe that May-blossom brings death with it into the house; and there is another—a daintier superstition—connected with this pretty flower. Young maidens have no need to observe the ceremonies of chill St. Agnes' Eve. Let them wait until the hawthorn breaks into bloom, then place beneath their pillows the first snowy spray they see, and their true love will come to them in visions "upon the hon-eyed middle of the night." Those wishful to pry into futurity should reckon up on nine successive evenings the stars that form the constellation of the Great Bear, and the first unmarried man whom they encounter on the tenth morning will be their future mate. Again, the spinster desirous of learning the limit of her term of single blessedness has but to count how many times the cuckoo calls when she first hears him in the spring, and he will tell her the years that will elapse before she change her state.

The new moon, as most people are aware, exercises a powerful influence for good or evil upon individual lives (not to mention the money in one's pocket), and he who would secure her favor must treat her with befitting respect. The writer has seen a village girl stop short in the middle of the high road and drop seven rapid curtsies to the pale, slender crescent overhead, thereby ensuring, so she believed, good fortune through the coming month and the fulfilment of her dearest wish. The action, which struck the onlooker with a sharp sense of incongruity, carried back the mind down the long vista of centuries to those dim ages when, under her various titles, the moon—"walking in brightness"—enticed men's hearts so that, forgetting the Creator, they bowed the knee to the thing created and "denied the God that is above." Another curious supersti-

tion is one which says that the seed for cabbages must be sown the first or second day after the full moon, or the plants when grown will run to seed and have no heart. Somewhat similar to this is the belief, held now by the older rustics alone, that it is unlucky to plant potatoes on Good Friday. The younger generation finds it convenient to ignore this idea.

On the subject of ghosts the village is divided. Some people beg the question by a bold assertion that "ther' ben't sich things, an' them as sez they sees 'um on'y thinks 'um does." Others, more cautious, are of opinion that "ther' med be ghostes or ther' medn't;" they had never beheld any themselves, but they knew folks who had. A third section maintains that not only are they to be seen, but if proper etiquette be observed they will not disdain to converse with mortals. If "spoken rough"—namely, addressed in dialect—they will refuse to answer, and will, moreover make their presence disagreeably manifest. There is a story current that two young girls were walking home one misty night when a man, as they thought, came up behind them. They called to him:—"Who be? what be doin' year?" an' he answered never a word, 'cause, 'ee know, they'd spake 'un rough, but walked by 'um pace fur pace. Then they saw 'twurn't a man, but *Summat*. When they got to their door it vanished in a flame o' red fire, an' one o' the girls wur that frowtened she went off into fit, an' she kep' gwine off in 'um till she died." It will be noticed that the narrator of the above anecdote shrank from using the word "ghost." The more elastic term "*Summat*" or "Things" is preferred, as being less personal, and covering spiritual appearances of any shape and size, from the ghostly calf which lurks behind the trees at a certain notorious corner, to the headless man who performs the acrobatic feat

of standing in a ditch on the missing portion of his anatomy for the delectation of travellers along the high road.

The following circumstantial story was told to the writer by a working woman who implicitly accepted every word, and rather seemed to regret that she had not enjoyed a like experience. "There was an ooman who worked w' me in the field as said an ooman telled she as she'd sin *Summat*. The ooman as sin It had a bad leg, an' she uted to sit up in the middle o' the night to dress 'un. She was a-doin' it one night when *Summat* came an' hung out the beautif'lest baby clo'es as ever you sin on a cheer in front o' the fire. An' It brought out a pin-cush stuck all round w' pins in words. Thinks the ooman—'That's a nice pin-cush, I'll ha' 'e.' She stretches out her hand fur'n, an' she puts 'un in her box, but when she goes nex' marnin' to look, ther' was narra a pin-cush ther'! That night it come agen, an', thinks she, 'I'll spake to 'Un an' ax' 'Un what 'Un wants.' So she sez—'Gloory be to the Father an' to the Son an' to the Holy Ghost—Amen. What troublest Thou?' An' It answered—'Fear not,' so she knew that He 'udn't hurt she." There is a fine touch of nature about that part of the story which treats of the "pin-cush!"

A belief in witchcraft still exists in some rural districts, though the people who hold it are sometimes shy of confessing the same, lest they should incur the ridicule of their more enlightened neighbors. Not long ago an old woman died who was popularly credited with the power of being able to assume any form that pleased her fancy. She lived in a wretched hut built on a strip of waste land outside a village well known to the writer, and her favorite pastime was said to be masquerading under the guise of a hare. One day a coursing match was held in the fields near her cottage, when the gray-hounds seized a hare, which, however,

contrived to escape at the cost of a gaping wound in its flank. Shortly afterwards the old woman died, and when she was laid out a similar wound was found in her side, which was proof positive, the rustics affirmed, that she and poor puss were identical!

It has already been stated that some among the villagers reject tales of ghosts and witches as old wives' fables. The dictum of one hardy sceptic

The Spectator.

is worth quoting as an example of shrewd reasoning: "I dwun't believe in ghostes an' sich," said he; "why should I, seeln' I never sin nothink wusser nor meself all my life long? I looks at it this way, luk 'ee—If sa be as they be gone to the right place, 'tis sartin sure as they wun't keer to come back year agen. If sa be as they be gone to t'other, they wun't let 'um come, bless 'ee."

SCHOOLROOM CLASSICS IN FICTION—A SURVEY.*

In these later days, when one publication follows upon the heels of another, and when each work of current fiction, eagerly demanded and received with acclamation, gives place to its successor and passes with ever accelerating speed into the limbo of forgotten books, the novel of classical reputation survives rather as a tradition than as a living influence. From "Clarissa Harlowe" to "Marius the Epicurean," the immortality of the classic is for the general reader the perpetuation not of the book but of its fame. Its vitality is merely the vitality of a name. Richardson may claim his specialists, Fielding his. Miss Austen has her devotees, to whom her characters and dialogue are familiar as the plays of Shakespeare or the Homeric epic. George Eliot is an intellectual cult. Scott is—must we acknowledge?—a dying enthusiasm. And if Thackeray is still fully appreciated by one class of readers, and Dickens—as much by virtue of his demerits as by virtue of his genius—still appeals to the wider audience of public libraries and penny readings, they are exceptions, and disprove little. In the favor of the ordinary novel reader, the novel of the hour, whose success is as ephemeral as,

for that hour, its interest is engrossing, is an all-potent rival to the classic of bygone years, and while the classic rests dustily upon the shelf, the book of the week circulates by thousands, and novelty records one more triumph over worth.

But if the classic of the grown-up world lives rather in the renown of its reputation than in the knowledge of its contents, the schoolroom classic—boy and girlhood possessing, it may be, some strain of conservatism lacking to maturity—retains a living vitality which the caprice of invading fashions leaves virtually intact. It is of course apparent that the schoolroom is not sole arbiter in its own literary market. "You," wrote Charles Lamb, *à propos* of his "Travels of Ulysses," to William Godwin when the philosopher was applying his philosophy to the production of juvenile books—"you, or some other wise man, I have often heard say, 'It is children that read children's books when they are read, but it is parents that choose them.'" Yet, if the judgment of the book-buying authorities is the primary agent in the acceptance of this or that volume, that judgment itself more often than not is evolved from childhood's memories. If the classical imprimatur proceeds from the arbitrant above, its genesis may still

* "The Child and His Book." By Mrs. Field. London: Gardner, Darton & Co. 1891.

be traced to a pre-existent schoolroom. The re-read story which stamped itself upon the donor's imagination in his own youth, or the story which he takes as resembling the probably extinct favorite, is selected as the gift-book for the new generation, and it in its turn, and generations to come in theirs, will select according to no other rule. In this manner a classic, or a classical school, of child fiction arises, a product of past recollections blent with up-growing tastes, and by such processes books which fifty, a hundred years ago (and for schoolroom literature a hundred years may count as a hundred centuries) took their place in the first rank, retain it to this day.

Moreover, if the purchaser and chooser of books does in truth belong to "the years that run down hill," the child-recipient has a scarcely less weighty power—not of choice, but of rejection. It may be said all, and certainly much that is utterly valueless, comes as grist to the mill of any eager child-reader, but it is also true that while for the most part, always granted that the child be of the reading order, any new book will secure its reading, while, so to say, ten books will be read, only one among the ten—even so the proportion is overstated—will be re-read ten or half ten times. And each new generation brings its own demands, it exacts its own ideals, and to a modified degree imposes its own fashions upon the literature submitted to its choice.

One element, however, conducing to mutability of popularity in other departments of literature is with children partially non-existent. With the elder world style, the manner of expression, is of almost paramount importance; not the thing written, but the writing of it is a main, sometimes a solitary, always an essential factor, in success. And perhaps nothing has more unexpected developments, nothing suffers such swift eclipse as the

particular flavor attaching itself to that use and arrangement of words which constitutes a style. In course of a decade, or less, the language which impressed one generation changes into pomposity; custom can profane, in an inconceivably short space of years, words and epithets which were the written symbols of the simplicity and dignity and strength of passion to the basest usages of vulgarized emotion. Every day bears new witness to the fact that all particular and individual excellences in verbal modes are affected irrevocably by the taint of common appropriation. Words change their level, language loses its caste, and the novelist's diction must perpetually conform to fresh standards, and the ideas must re-apparel themselves in modern dress.

All such re-apparelling is of secondary import when the sphere is not the drawing-room but the schoolroom. The manner of narration is at a discount so long as it conforms to certain well-established rules in directness of progression, vividness of presentment and simplicity of construction. So the story in episode and incident arrests the attention and stimulates the curiosity of the child, the telling of it remains a means to an end, and the language is relegated to play the part of a mere conveyancer of facts. Further, one root quality which underlies the art of the successful child's book is the capacity of the author to appeal to the eye, to produce a pictorial effect, and tell his tale, as it were, with a paint-brush. "The thread of a story [should] come from time to time together and make a picture in the web." R. L. Stevenson says in his "Gossip on Romance:" "The characters fall from time to time into some attitude to each other or to nature which stamps the story home like an illustration. Crusoe recoiling from the footprint, Achilles shouting over against the Trojans, Ulysses bend-

ing the great bow, Christian running with his finger in his ears; these are each culminating moments in the legend, and each has been printed on the mind's eye forever."

Another secret of popularity is the adaptability of the incidents or of some easily grasped particulars in the story, to a child's almost universal dramatic and imitative instinct. In other words, the story should beactable. "Fritz, who is a great soldier," says the Hoffmann teller of children's stories, in recounting the effect of "The Little Nutcracker" on its school-room critics, "was delighted with his namesake's army, and the battle carried him away altogether. He cried, 'Poo and poof and schmetterdeng and boom booroom!' after me in a ringing voice, jigged about on his chair, and cast an eye towards his sword." And Stevenson also, to quote him in another essay, has divined or remembered that the actor is inborn in the child. "He works all with lay figures and stage properties. When his story comes to the fighting, he must rise, get something by way of a sword, and have a set-to with a piece of furniture, until he is out of breath. When he comes to ride with the king's pardon he must bestride a chair. . . . If his romance involves an accident upon the cliff, he must clamber in person about the chest of drawers." And when—for this is more or less nursery lore—some few years have passed and the primitive instinct to dramatize fiction is on the wane, a less elementary but nearly related instinct must be reckoned with. The story to please must be one into which he can throw his private personality. In the first instance he makes an obvious effort to bring the narrative into his own regions of action and experience; in the second, he puts himself into the narrative. A child is, in the realm of fancy, an egoist. A story into which he cannot project himself imaginatively will, we take

it, remain a dead letter of the brain. He is invariably the central figure of his inventions. No hero is a hero into whose life he cannot inject a portion of his own, the fame of whose high adventures he cannot in day-dreams ascribe to himself, in whose glories he cannot feel some glow of participated and appropriated honor. Feat upon feat may be achieved by the adventurer of the fiction, exploit on exploit, heroism on heroism. To the child-reader it is all one whether he bear the name of Crusoe or Christian, of Jason in "The Argonauts," or of any hero of lesser fame. Still he paraphrases with unconscious plagiarism the "anch' io" of the young Correggio, still the groundwork of his interest is based upon the assurance, "I also am a hero."

It is a stock-in-faith upon which books of adventure have traded for nearly two centuries of schoolrooms. When Grimm, Andersen, and all the fairy classics of the first ages of youth—the jewel age which antedates the golden, and to which we far more easily in later years return—are drifting into the unacceptable region of the unbelieved, realism in its first claims demands of fiction that it should present not maybe yet the actual, but the credible, the possible. It is then that the book of adventure has its reign. Worlds unrealized, unexplored seas, undiscovered countries, must figure in the tale, but worlds that may be thought to exist, countries with shores of solid rock, with bays and creeks and harbor—seas real ships might sail. And fiction must picture them plain with compass and map, longitude and latitude, and the full similitude of veracity.

And to supply such demand at the very epoch when the whole question of children's literature was occupying the attention of the authors and publishers of a day rife with theories of education and flooded with manuals for the guid-

ance of Nature, in 1719¹ "Robinson Crusoe" appeared, and attained in no long time that post of popular honor from which no rival in the field of schoolroom fiction has yet wholly dislodged it.

Whether the grown-up world, for whom Defoe wrote, would have perpetuated the renown of Crusoe without the concurrence of the schoolroom we may well question. The author was fifty-seven years of age when it appeared. He had twelve more years to live and to write. Yet of the 210 works, small and great, written during that lifetime of authorship, there is scarcely one—"The History of the Plague," "Captain Singleton," and, possibly, "Moll of Flanders" excepted—that has not sunk into the oblivion of the unread, certainly none, even among the novels following the track of Crusoe's success, which would have served for the foundation-stone of a literary immortality.

The popularity of Crusoe was attested by the "Robinsonades," which in Germany alone were produced to the number of some sixty volumes during the ensuing fifty years. But while the elder readers amused themselves with imitation and plagiarism, the younger had sighted in Crusoe a prey to be wrested from maturity for its own uses, present and future; and Defoe's "*facsimile* of nature" may be regarded as the prototype of that long line of books of adventure which in our own time added a new classic to fiction in "Treasure Island." Nor was Crusoe the only act of successful appropriation belonging to that period. A second raid upon works intended for the library of their elders resulted in the annexation of Swift's acrid satire. "Gulliver's Travels," divested of social and moral significance, were incorporated in collections of schoolroom tales, the first adaptation to the exigencies

of the juvenile library of the "Voyages Imaginaires" of French fiction, of which another satire, Cyrano de Bergerac's "Excursion to the Moon," was an earlier model.

"The Travels of Baron Munchausen," the composition, in a literal sense, for much is borrowed, of Rudolf Eric Raspe, a German mineralogist—the charm of whose talents seems to have covered a variety of somewhat disgraceful transactions—followed in Gulliver's train at the distance of some three-quarters of a century. It bore as its first title the name of "Gulliver Revived," and was as promptly adopted by the schoolroom. "Who is the author of 'Munchausen's Travels,'" asks Southey twenty years after its first publication—"a book which everybody knows because all boys read it?" It anticipated, with its bold excursions into the marvellous, the wonder journeys of Jules Verne, much as another fiction, the "Robinson Suisse" of Humboldt's tutor, J. H. Kampe, anticipated many desert island or desert inland tales of the type followed by the popular "castaway stories" of Anne Bowman and Mayne Reid and Marriott. A conventional, if wholly ineffectual, attempt is made in one and all to preserve the tradition of actuality inaugurated by Defoe. That semblance of truth—which has caused "Robinson Crusoe" to be classed "as one of the great realistic books of the English language . . . an example of the possibility of rendering scenes wholly imaginary, and, in fact, impossible, truer to the apprehension than experience itself, by the narrator's own air of absolute conviction and by unswerving fidelity to truth of detail"—has, no doubt, been the endeavor of all succeeding works, so called, of adventure by sea, by land, forest, mountain, or within the circles of the Arctic zone.

¹ Mrs. Field's date 1714 is erroneous.

² "The Age of Dryden." R. Garnett, LL.D. Bell & Sons. 1895.

But writing as later writers have written, avowedly for the schoolroom, the influence of the prevalent tendency to moralize or instruct has induced certain essential differences, apart from difference of genius, between Defoe and his copyists, which detract of necessity from their attempted realism. Defoe truly moralizes, as was the fashion of his day, and he moralizes at even greater length than those who came after him. But—and here lies the distinguishing mark—his hero is of that type now made wearisome by incessant imitation, which we may call the non-heroic hero. Integrity, indifference to gain, loyalty, courage and generosity are the inevitable attributes the authors who write for a boy-public attach to their hero. Defoe's hero, although he is not altogether lacking in such moral qualities, betrays, and is intended, one must believe, to betray, deficiencies in all. One instance will suffice. The sordid selling of the boy-slave who had been Crusoe's comrade in captivity and became his companion in his perilous escape from their Moorish master, is an incident characteristic of the unheroic manner of Defoe's method. "He [the captain of the ship who had taken both on board] offered me 60 pieces of 8 for my boy Xury, which I was loth to take; not that I was unwilling to let the captain have him, but I was very loth to sell the poor boy's liberty, who had assisted me so faithfully in procuring my own." We all remember that the "lothness" is overcome and that the 60 pieces of 8 find their way to Crusoe's money-chest.

In this matter of the unheroic hero—which no doubt induces a certain impression of actuality—Stevenson and the whole Stevensonian authorhood have followed in the track of his great forerunner. The probable, all that belongs in character and episode to enhance verisimilitude, had entered into the soul of the nineteenth century in

its decline. And if heroes are less heroic, so too waves are less high, mountains less precipitous, wildernesses less waste, deserts, if we may so express it, less desert. Realism has moved a step forward or—the minimization of extravagances may bear another interpretation—authors are less confident of their powers to make the impossible true. It is no longer enough to be plausibly circumstantial in recounting the detail of the event, but the event itself must be introduced as a natural outcome of some linked chain of events, and the ordinary must be emphasized until it becomes a screen from behind which the unordinary may emerge unnoticed and unchallenged. In a broad way Defoe asks his readers throughout to accept a basis of radical improbabilities, though when once started upon that level little further demand is made upon the connivance of the reader's imagination. Mr. Stevenson, so far as it is practicable, eschews, or when inevitable reduces to its minimum, even such initial exactions. He barely asks his readers to enter with him into any conspiracy, and arranges his illusions or reality without their concurrence. In addition, the modern psychological method is called into play to enhance the realism of the scene. If we doubt the actuality of the events depicted, our doubt is allayed by the actuality of the portrayal of the personalities involved in it, and the always credible idiosyncrasies of the characters are made of as much importance in the development of the plot as the incidents, often incredible, of the adventure.

In pre-Stevensonian days, with some notable exceptions, the delineation of character as part and parcel of the child's story belonged to a different section of fiction; a section initiated by the "Sandford and Merton" of Mr. Thomas Day, and by the "Moral Tales" of Day's younger coadjutor in the field,

Maria Edgeworth. In the eighteenth century the idea of a moral scheme had supplanted the idea of a theological scheme. The child-book with a purpose discarded the supernaturalism of the religious element popularized one hundred years earlier by Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." It equally eliminated imagination and romance, and "fable" was in its eyes synonymous with falsehood. Reason and good sense, as agents in the formation of "little Sir Charles Grandisons" and their feminine counterparts, were to reign supreme. That children's stories should have a moral bent was no new axiom. Tales of good counsel had existed for many generations of "chap" books, doubtless read as much by children as by the "common people" among whom they circulated. In these punishment followed ill-doing, and virtue was rewarded with as surprising a promptitude as, and perhaps a more unflinching ideal of brutal justice than, in the "Parent's Assistant" or the "Moral Tales" of Miss Edgeworth. But the aim of the eighteenth century was to do more. Its endeavor was to bring the new school of didactic fiction into close familiarity of surrounding, into common domesticities of circumstance and event. "Blind to the joy of the half comprehended," everything was to be brought home to the mind of the reader, at no matter what sacrifice of a child's faith and trust in human nature at large. "Accordingly," writes a just critic, "we have the mean calculations of mushroom manufacturers, the dirty tricks of low lawyers, the personal animosities of their wives and families . . . with other scenes of domestic and professional degradation, put into a familiarity of form which is ten times more disgusting as reminding us for whose eyes it is intended." The cheating attorney, the fraudulent servant, the coarse-grained fine lady, mankind in its most squalid and vicious

shapes, were presented no longer in the hazy perspective of romance and fairy tale. The "Arabian Nights" lay under an interdict—"Heaven forbid children being tempted to imitate the cabals of the Grand Vizier or the loves and intrigues of Schelsemnihar and the Prince of Persia." Instead evil bore the features and walked clothed in the garb of the next-door neighbor, while at the same time the whole literature was permeated by that artificiality of insincere sentiment which characterized English imitators of the Rousseau disciples.

From the perusal of Thomas Day's "Sandford and Merton"—the inaugurator of the school from whose worst vices he is exempt—even the most book-loving of children would nowadays retreat worsted in the attempt. Day arouses more interest as the bold experimenter in a twofold and infelicitous endeavor to educate a wife (the unfortunate victims, Sabrina and Lucretia, both proved irresponsible subjects) than by his fame of authorship. But the name of his coadjutor, Maria Edgeworth, has survived the fashion to whose service she dedicated her talents. A born story-teller, the elder of a family numbering twenty children—Mr. Edgeworth, the educational theorist, was the husband of four wives in succession—Maria had enjoyed, we may believe, exceptional opportunities of schoolroom experience and schoolroom criticism. Her innate instinct for pictorial narration is stamped upon her writings; her leanings towards dramatization, the more or less theatrical appointments of the figures who pass across her scenes, often the very stage properties of the scenes themselves, supply a make-weight of excitement to the millstone of the moral attached to the story. The white carrier pigeon of one tale; the volcanic doom, a Nemesis of eruption, overhanging the impolitic dishonesty of the little Neapolitan mer-

chant in another; the buried treasure, and the groping beggar-woman with her bent figure, her pipe, and her sinister malice in "The Orphans;" the fever-stricken gypsy of "Barring Out," were pictures whose colors neither the variations of fashion nor the lapse of years have effaced. And if we ourselves see little emotional value in the sentiment, a greater judge has pronounced otherwise. "When the boy brings back the lamb to the little girl," says Sir Walter Scott, writing of Simple Susan, "there is nothing for it but to put down the book and cry." While as moral teaching we may accept Miss Yonge's pronouncement: "The minor morals of life have never been better treated," is her verdict; "... the good sense, honor and expediency of life are the theme. It is a high-minded expediency, the best side of epicureanism."

Her lenient sentence can by no means be applied to the galaxy of moral tales of lesser worth which, from the last decades of the eighteenth and during the first of the nineteenth century, inundated the English schoolrooms. "Tales of Truth," "The Educational Story-teller, calculated to promote virtue and render vice hateful by striking examples," "Tales," by a Preceptor, "for the Instruction of the Youth of both Sexes," "For the Improvement of the Rising Generation," their names are truly legion, their record written only in the old bibliographies of children's literature. Those of their authors, extinct authors of an extinct morality of selfish respectability and virtuous self-seeking, with all the roll-call of the anglicized "Contes Moraux," modelled on Marmontel, and brought into fashion by Mme. de Genlis, governess to the children and reputed mistress to Philippe Egalité, have now passed, we may well believe forever, out of schoolroom knowledge.

What influence the moral tale exerted over the generations subject to its

sway is a profitless speculation. It will probably always be the lot of current schoolroom fiction to serve as nursing mother to contemporary doctrinal ideals, religious or secular, whether most for their strengthening or their weakening is an open question. The danger is obvious. Ideals nurtured in fiction are apt to bear on them the stamp of their fosterage. Some diminution of austerity, some contagion of artificiality ensues, and the hypothetical developments of such literature may go so far as to reverse the intention of the doctrinaire author. His scheme of morality, like the creed of many a religion, may be obliterated by its own myths.

Howsoever this may be, the first wave of the revivalist movement of evangelical emotionalism displaced the moral to re-evolve the religious scheme in schoolroom fiction, and undermined beyond salvation the monopolist popularity of the Edgeworthian tale. "The Story of Infant Piety," Mrs. Field records, had made its first notable appearance in the works of a Mr. Thomas White, whose "Instructions for Little Children" seem to have exemplified at their worst that curious feature of some of the later so-called "Sunday" stories—which illustrate the breach of "one after another of the Ten Commandments, without mincing matters." They seem likewise to have contained the germ of the regenerate and short-lived child destined to play so conspicuous a part later on. In the "Lyttill Treatise of the Wyse Chylde" (printed by Wynkyn de Worde), the "sage enfaunt," aged three, already had anticipated some of the qualities appertaining to his lineal descendants, judged by the tenor of his final instruction to his elders and betters impersonated by the Emperor Adrian.

Emperor: "Where was God before He made the world?"

Infant: "In a wood, where He made

fagots for to burne the and all these the which will from henceforth enquire of the secrets of owre Lord."

The passage has often been plagiarized in jest, but, in all seriousness, that "sage enfaunt" might have found himself outdone in spiritual arrogance by the sager infants of the school of religious fiction where Mrs. Sherwood's name stands foremost in the ranks of authorship. "Henry and his Bearer," the first of her Anglo-Indian stories, upon its publication in 1815 had an unprecedented success. But with the tales that followed, "The Ayah and Lady," "George Desmond" (suggested by a performance of dancing girls), and others of like nature, it is unknown even by name to the schoolroom of today. One, however, of her longer works—"The Fairchild Family"—remains as a lingering memory of childhood amongst elder readers, and from it we may arrive at some conception of what such literature achieved at its best, and how in the American school of Miss Wetherell's "Wide, Wide World," its tradition has been recast, rejuvenated and supplemented.

As portraiture of everyday country and home life of a family of middle-class gentlefolk, the story is clearly and vigorously outlined with real—although too rarely indulged—touches of humor. This with a keen sense of sympathy for the unprohibited pleasures of childhood, the excellent descriptions of country pastimes, of the healthy companionship of child with child in play and in mischief, of the ingenious misadventures of the less virtuously disposed, give a variety and animation which redeems the overcharged reprobation of microscopic sins, which, as "Bard Ethel," of the Irish poet, sings,

... give unto God the eye
(Unmeet the thought) of the humming
fly.

While, from another point of view, it may occur to some readers that were it possible by a stretch of imagination to translate the plety of "The Fairchild Family" into some far remoter region of time and place, to read this—to us wearisome—record of religious middle-class English home-life, in the same spirit as that in which we should decipher a parallel record of ancient Egyptian or Hindoo civilization, we might chance to find both beauty and dignity in the tedious reference of all the trivialities of common occurrences to the intervention of spiritual influences emanating from a supreme All Father, and from the miracle-working words of some psalter of divine magic.

But if "The Fairchild Family" chronicle may be taken as a kindly example, in its earlier and less remembered phase, of what came to be distinguished as the "Sunday story," Miss Wetherell's works only some twenty years ago were at the zenith of a widespread popularity. "The Wide, Wide World," the last notable instance of that particular school of fiction, may be said still to retain an almost classical fame amongst one section of readers. Miss Wetherell attempted, as Mrs. Sherwood before her, and both were writers of talent, to centralize the interest of her tales of American country life on the religious experiences of her very precociously pious heroines. The new ingredient in the American story was the introduction of a second element of precocity in the prematurely sentimental attachments of the little girls to the heroes—usually senior to them by many years. Thus "The Wide, Wide World," "Queechy," "Melbourne House," and its continuations, beginning as children's stories, end as quasi-novels, and leave upon the reader a rather sickly impression of the combination of the sentimental with the religious emotionalism. Freshness and grace of treatment they nevertheless

possess, a charm of detail united with a real delicacy and refinement of coloring, and often a lightness and gaiety of dialogue, which go far to justify the measure of favor they have retained even among children of this generation.

Evangelical fiction was, however, destined at the very epoch of its earlier triumphs to find itself confronted with a formidable rival on its own territory of emotional religion. In 1844 the "Quarterly" "hailed with satisfaction the rising of a class of religious books where the fancifulness of the story or the remoteness of the time did away with that so-called truth for which a child's mind is not ripe." It was a class owing its existence in the main to the Tractarian movement, of which it was a faithful reflex. But while the new venture in the realm of juvenile fiction was likewise a venture with a purpose primarily doctrinal, it differed both from the moral and evangelical tale, in so far as its productions trenched upon wider and more varied fields of general interest. It touched life at more points. It sought as allies, art, romance and history. Symbolism, with all its sacred images, its outward insignia of faiths, re-reigned in the churches; color and sound reconquered a place in worship swept bare by Puritan fervor. Men regarded childhood itself from another standpoint. The doctrine of baptismal regeneration lay with a lighter yoke upon the schoolroom than that of the "desperately evil heart" of the unconverted infant. And if the re-reformed Church enforced fasts, it equally enjoined that dogma most congenial to youth—the sacred duty of rejoicing. The legitimated emotional excitements of revivalist conversions, convictions of sin, and "open deathbeds" found a gayer counterpart in ritual excitement, in the glamor imparted to the external practices of religion. Links with the past were re-knit. The long tarnished *légende d'or*

of mediævalism was re-burnished. Possibly the mediævalism was spurious, and much of the gold counterfeit. But the zeal evoked for the resuscitated forms of faith was as ardent as that of the Evangelical for his scriptural formulas. And, re-consecrating material beauty to the service of the soul, Tractarianism extended its influence and enlarged its boundaries. In like manner, basing itself on tradition, it summoned history to its aid, and the romantic spirit, at once the source of vitality and of weakness to Catholicism, was rekindled in tales of sainthood and martyrdom, drawn from the records of the early churches and recast with a uniform of ecclesiastical idealism, while in the new atmosphere, with all its sacramental mysticism, that method of utterance to which Bunyan's solitary genius had given its immortal stamp became once more a chosen vehicle of expression for writers of cultivated talents and finely fashioned scholarship. Wilberforce's "Agathos," Adams's allegories, Monro's fantastic visions, tinged with the melancholy of his sombre imagination, one after another found their way to the schoolroom library, following afar off that greatest of all allegories produced by English prose, the "Pilgrim's Progress."

The "Pilgrim's Progress" still stands alone and apart the prototype of all allegory, as Crusoe of all adventure. In its day it arose, as Southey writes, from the love of the illiterate to the veneration of "those who are called the public." And with Crusoe and Gulliver the dream of the tinker has been termed one of the greatest of realistic fictions. Howsoever this may be, no one can recall the opening scene without recognizing the power of the spell with which it has held bound generation after generation of readers—readers young and old, catholic, puritan, secularist and religionist alike. "I laid me down and dreamt a dream"—a

dream, as more faithless eyes may interpret it, in a deeper sense than any Bunyan contemplated. But with that brief prefatory sentence the dream is lost in an illusion of reality, vivid as life itself. The figure of the man clothed in rags, the great burden on his back, his lamentable cry, that shadow of overwhelming calamity which tints with strange darknesses the familiar commonplaces of daily things, the neighbors' talk and the wife's remonstrances, all give the emphasis of mystery to that terror-stricken vagrant's flight. True, the long dialogues—the "discourse by the way"—might daunt the untried reader, but children's eyes are singularly discerning, and, curiosity once aroused, their capacity for separating what is to them the gold-dust from the dross is unmeasured. Some instinct inspiring patience tells them that beyond much moralizing there await them fights and fierce woundings, and lions and dragons with scales like a fish and feet like a bear, valleys of hobgoblins, castles of giants, pitfalls, caves, snares, adventures with evil merchantmen at Vanity's Fair, where crimes of "blood-red colors" may be seen as in a peep-show—entrance free—where the pilgrim will barely escape with life, and gallant Knight Faithful will die a cruel death. The City Celestial will bear for them the semblance of a Palace of Enchantment, and the Brave Country of Eternal Life will rise before them as one of those far lands which all heroes set forth to seek. And if from older readers with dulled imagination, that elementary condition of popularity—actability—is hidden, let them read, in Mrs. Gaskell's "Life," how the Brontë pilgrims set forth in very deed to find the goal which lies beyond Doubting Castle and met with many perils and much sorrow of heart thereby.

The "Pilgrim's Progress," despite its

extraordinary success, gave rise to no specially notable school of imitation. But in the nineteenth century symbolic romance, both in England and in Germany, one distinctive note of the earlier allegory was re-echoed in more than one instance. That permeating spiritual terror which in Bunyan's own childhood had branded its mark upon his imagination, which overtook him waking by day and sleeping by night, overcoming him with despair, and causing him to wish—a strangely logical aspiration—"that he might be a devil that so he might escape the tortures of Hell," a terror of which the exceeding horror clings to many a scene of Christian's wayfaring, re-awakened in two at least of the symbolic writers whose works were popularized by the Tractarian movement. Translations of *La Motte Fouqué* were in the forties issued side by side with such tales as the once well-known "Lord of the Forest," "Iro and Verena," and other works of the same doctrinal tendency. "Aslauga's Knight," an heroic romance of the North, susceptible of spiritual interpretation, was printed and circulated as an "allegory" among the allegories pure and simple of Adams and Munro, and possibly served as a model to many other compositions in manner, phraseology and atmosphere. But it was in "Sintram"—the wildest spiritual fantasy ever conceived by man in the name of religion—that the modern allegory most nearly approached a popularity of classical duration, and in "Sintram" terror is the master motive. The cry of Bunyan's ragged fugitive, "What shall I do to be saved?" is reiterated in Sintram's first utterance, with the fear accentuated to the verge of sanity. And in that dramatic entrance, the apparition of the frantic boy with his pursuers at the midnight feast of the Christmas revellers in old Blorn's hall; in his breathless appeal, "Father and Knight, Father and

Knight, Death and *another* are close behind me," the gist of the whole story is epitomized with a brevity so many of Fouqué's writings lack.

Who of us does not recall the dread, transcending the dread of all other forms of horror, which belonged to that unshapen evil, the spectral embodiment of Bunyan's Dark Valley?—

Christiana: "Methinks I see something yonder upon the road before us; a thing of a shape such as I have not seen."

Child: "Mother, what is it?"

Christiana: "An ugly thing, child, an ugly thing."

Child: "But, mother, what is it like?"

Christiana: "It is like I cannot tell what, and now it is but a little way off."

So, too, in "Sintram" it is not on Death but on that unnamed and nameless companion whom we come to know under the vaguely suggestive pseudonym of the Little Master, that the terror-spell concentrates itself. From the first dialogue onwards, where the small, fur-cloaked, feather-capped snail-hunter, "looking, for all the world, like a little bear erect on its hind legs, with a crooked horn on its head," presents us with a semblance of the utmost materiality combined with a sense of the utmost illusiveness, the effect aimed at is—with a slow *crescendo*—the same.

Little Master: "Young knight, brave young knight, whence came you, whither go you, and wherefore so afraid?"

Sintram: "Whence came you, and whither do you go, the question is mine to ask; and what are you doing in our castle garden, you ugly little man?"

Little Master: "Well, well! I am thinking I am quite big enough as I am. One cannot always be a giant. And what find you amiss in my snail-hunting here? Snails do not belong to the game your valor has reserved as sport for yourself. . . . I have caught sufficient for to-day—marvellous fat little

creatures, with wise faces like men, and long twisted horns. . . . Will you look, young lord?"

Sintram: "... Let them alone; tell me instead who and what you are?"

Little Master: "Are you so bent upon names? . . . Let it content you that I am well acquainted with the oldest histories. Ah, if you would only listen once! But you are afraid!"

Sintram: "Afraid of you!"

Little Master: "Many a better man than you has been so, only they would confess it just as little."

The Little Master's smithying feats in the guise of the dwarf-like warrior, his apparent dying on the battlefield, the terror which overtakes the men sent to bury the distorted corpse, again culminate in the recoil from the unknown, for questioned, no man can distinctly recall the features of the strange guest. "Neither chief, knight nor soldiery could accurately recall the stranger's semblance." His apparitions, from first to last, with jeers and laughter, or cringing amongst the rank yellow grasses by the sea-shore, with Sintram's last temptation and triumph, form a sequence of scenes which have few parallels in the fiction of romantic symbolism, nor can the calm of the final gloria, as Sintram rides home a conqueror to Drontheim, ever efface from our minds the haunted tragedy of his youth. That a book neither written nor intended for children should have been adopted for schoolroom use, was doubtless due to the undoctinal neo-catholicism of the religious sentiment as well as to the tone of purity—a purity almost transparent in the fearlessness and sincerity of its tone, characteristic not only of "Sintram," but of Fouqué's other undeservedly neglected romances of love and adventure—the "Magic Ring," a treasure of great worth to any child possessing it, and the more rarely found volume of "Thiodolf the Iclander."

Monro followed upon the same track.

His allegories, unquestionably the most striking of their kind, read like visions seen under the influence of some spiritual narcotic. Munro is the Edgar Poe of Tractarian fiction. The very names of the several narratives recall figures and scenes which some generations ago literally haunted the dreams of their schoolroom readers. The "Vast Army" has its magic-lantern slides of solitary sentinels posted among the recesses of shadowy mountain passes, where dimly outlined phantoms of evil glide behind the lonely watchers, and the bugle-calls ring with dying echoes faintly from the plain below, and the dusk and the midnight and the dawn throb with blind expectancy awaiting the final meeting of the adverse hosts. "The Revellers" has its phantasms of guests feasting in palace halls, regardless of the gray pilgrim who sits, with warning cry, by the roadside, and of the sinister bow-bearers, whose shaft may never miss the life it seeks, to whom the palace doors open, and whose coming lulls the mirth of the flower-crowned throng, till, with swift oblivion, the feet of the dancers again tread their gayest measure when the red stain of trampled rose-leaf and wine and blood discolor the whiteness of the marble floor. Or once more, in the "Journey Home," few who read can forget that other palace—that opium nightmare—a conception which, evasive as it seems in the sentence of descriptive criticism, takes conviction by storm in the gradual development of the story—the palace "without a background." The horror of that blank space of nothingness is unequalled perhaps by any other of Munro's sinister fantasies, and the sound of the chariot wheels falling on the strained ear which listens to the silence becomes a shadow of sound, but a very substance of terror. In days before the multiplication of cheap books and juvenile periodicals and before the abolition of restrictions

in the matter of novel, newspaper and magazine reading had blunted and vulgarized children's imagination, the creations of Munro's brain—the brain of a poet, a dreamer and a painter—afforded the child-reader that undercurrent of excitement which the successful introduction of the supernatural into fiction unfailingly supplies.

The literary movement, begun in allegory and continued in symbolic or spiritual romance, soon found a third outlet—the transition was almost imperceptible—in stories where historical backgrounds of persons and events took the place of the supernatural in removing the narrative from a too familiar approach to everyday life and common surroundings. Dr. J. M. Neale, author of "Stories of the Crusades," "Tales of the Ancient British Church," as well as of the far more striking quasi-novel of the French Revolution, "Duchénier," was one of the earliest, if not the first in the field where later Miss Yonge's ever well-beloved "Little Duke," "The Prince and the Page," and "Lances of Linwood," with, for elder children, her "Chaplet of Pearls," were to perpetuate the fashion of romantic historical romance for many a generation to come.

But while allegory and romance flourished, other currents, moral, realistic, scientific and adventurous, of schoolroom fiction were widening and broadening, filling new channels and overflowing in many divergent directions. Stories of domestic, school, animal or home life, of a changed tenor, succeeded to, if they did not supplant, the domestic moral tale or the tales of family life according to the creed of the religionist. Among the list of books commended sixty years ago by the "Quarterly" reviewer in his survey of children's literature, while reprobating equally the evangelical handbook and the scientific manual . . . "the one rendered as exciting, the other as superficial

as can possibly be managed," he finds place for Mrs. Argus's "Adventures of a Donkey," now forgotten, and Mrs. Trimmer's "The Robin," books, "which have," he adds, "saved many a nest from plunder, and warded off many a blow from the despised race." To these later days have added many of like—and unlike—nature. Mrs. Gatty, her "Parables from Nature," "Cruel Peter's Purgatory," now, it is to be feared, out of print. Miss A. Sewell's "Black Beauty," and Miss E. Keary's delightful "Wanderlin," both recently reprinted, continued the chronicle of "friendly beasts," till, in yet more modern guise, "The Jungle Book" carried away the prize as the animal book *par excellence* of its own century. In the "Quarterly" list, too, we find, among many books which have died the natural death of bygone fiction, not a few which still traditionally or veritably survive, as Miss Martineau's "Feats on the Fiord," "Settlers at Home," and the "Crofton Boys," the latter antedating a whole multitude of schoolboy records culminating in the accepted classic of "Tom Brown's School Days." The "Copsley Annals," Mrs. Craik's "A Hero," and Miss Sinclair's "Holiday House," where, despite its moral, for the first time children's misdoings appear rather as a source of amusement than reproach, obtained twenty-five years later a warm encomium from Miss Yonge,² though one of the most attractive works of secularized child fiction, the brilliant little volume entitled "A Runaway," seems to have made no impression on literary historians.

A clear code of honor, truth and courage pervades the whole of this department of the best child's literature of the period; with a reticent but avowed assumption of religion as the root and groundwork of all creeds

of conscience and social law. A practical recognition of a child's capacity to apprehend and enjoy imaginatively what lies beyond the scope of his purely intellectual capacity is, Miss Yonge further contends, an essential principle of authorship, while, experience prompting, she adds that what lies beyond the compass of their emotional faculties should be prohibited ground. Love as a romance, thus she applies the doctrine, has its legitimate use in child-fiction. Love as an emotion should be set on one side. Her writings—those, that is, intended for schoolroom readers—illustrate her principles. In her own works and in the works she commends, the primary purpose in the aggregate is that of affording wholesome amusement and pleasure to the reader, with, as a complementary and incidental result, the culture of a child's intelligence,⁴ the refining of taste, and above all the development of sympathy for Nature at large, for beast, bird, flower, leaf and man, in the natural world; for what is true, honorable and brave in the moral.

Other works of a less easily classified order had, even when, in 1869, Miss Yonge was occupied in tracing the genesis and progress of child-fiction, entered, or were about to enter, upon the schoolroom scene. As burlesque, Thackeray's "Rose and Ring," the coarsely comic parody of the true fairy tale of folklore, had struck a tuneless note, cheaply profaning, as it is the nature of caricature to profane, with "broad fun, slang and modern allusion," those enchanted lands of Straparola, D'Aulnoy and Grimm; kingdoms of shadowy primeval forest; countries where peacock kings and white cats reigned in glittering palaces, and princesses shepherded gold-fleeced sheep, and swine-herds and cinder-lads

² "Children's Literature of the Last Century." "Macmillan's Magazine," 1869.

⁴ Charles Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare,"

Miss Keary's "Heroes of Asgard," Kingsley's "Heroes," Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales," are above praise for schoolroom culture.

dreamed dreams of royal diadems. Miss Yonge's criticism of such fiction, boldly contrary to the verdict of the grown-up world, would seem both just and experienced. Such stories, so runs her verdict, "destroy the real poetry and romance of childhood, and foster that unnatural appetite for the facetious which is the bane of the young."

Meanwhile Kingsley's "Water Babies" revindicated with might the rights of imagination. It was the first notable example, since Miss Coleridge had published her fairy romance of "Phantasmion," of those narratives of serious fairy fantasy of which Miss Ingelow's "Mopsa the Fairy" (again a book wholly worthy of revival) also illustrates the possible charm. George Macdonald's fairy moralities—moralities bearing much the same relation to the didactic morality of the eighteenth century as a mystery play to a school catechism—likewise appeared, diverging slightly from Kingsley's lines of thought and entirely from his "open-air" atmosphere, but touching depths of feeling with as intuitive a sincerity and as sympathetically penetrative a spirit. And once more a work impossible to classify, "Alice in Wonderland," the delicately handled extravaganza of familiar things, the daily bread-and-butter of common life, transformed (the reverse of Thackeray's process) into a playhouse feast of such fanciful adventure as a child's own dreams might weave, became with these the most brilliant type of books, ostensibly written for children, but whose most direct appeal would seem to be to the appreciation of children's elders.

To those same elders we may, perhaps, more entirely ascribe the popularity of another, and that an increasing, class of children's books so called. It is the class well defined as books not *for* but *about* children. That children and child-life are the subject-mat-

ter of a book does not, as people are apt to assume, make it a book for children—Miss Montgomery's overwrought "Misunderstood," where the sentiment, though not undiluted by humor, is as little desirable for schoolroom wear as was the tragic emotion of the Irish sketch, "Flitters, Tatters and Councilor," or the delicate pathos of Mrs. Ewing's "Jackanapes," or, to cite no more, the heterogeneous reminiscences, gay and talented as they are, of Mr. Kenneth Graham's "Golden Age."

And yet, even in such passing judgment, hesitation and doubt creep in. Theories of an ideal of children's fiction have shifted too often in the past, far and near, for us of the present to offer any as worthy of acceptance. "A union of the highest art with the simplest form," suggested the "Quarterly" reviewer. But the definition, however excellent, leaves a wide practical margin. Possibly the choice of such literature admits of no formulated principle. It can perhaps only be governed by the discrimination of those whose love is not only for the child but—and the distinction is of import—for the childhood. One constant remembrance should, however, regulate all choice—the remembrance that the chambers of a child's mind and memory are not infinitely capacious, that fiction belonging to later periods of life cannot enter in without displacing or barring the entrance to the rightful occupants of a child's imagination and fancy—a remembrance, moreover, that knowledge proper to maturity, lodged in a child's brain, anticipates the action of the years, bringing age where age is not, suggesting emotions, teaching facts for whose learning life is yet unripe, and developing that tendency to display, fostered by the vanity of parents, which is the hall-mark of what has been, in late years, designated the show-child. "There is no degree of ignorance so unbecoming as the least

prematurity of knowledge" is a wise saying, and would have fitted well with Sir James Stephen's memorable essay on "Clever Children"—children sans reticence, sans that instinct of silence which, as he expresses it, is the diviner dower of the deeper child-nature; whose cleverness lies in the incongruity of their talents with all that is by eternal birthright a child's. "I like to read the fabulous histories of Robin, Dickey, Flapsay and Peccay," wrote Walter Scott's little Marjorie in her diary, "and it is very amusing, for some were good birds and some were bad, but Peccay was the most obedient to her parients. 'Macbeth' is a pretty composition, but awful one; the 'Newgate Calendar' is very instructive; Dr. Swift's works are very funny. 'Tom Jones' and 'Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard' are both excellent. . . . Miss Egward's tails are very good, particularly some that are very much adapted for youth, as 'Lazy Laurance' and 'Tarelton.'" But such inopportune development of knowledge and criticism entails the irreparable estrangement of childhood's fairest possessions. Childhood comes but once in a lifetime. Further, strangely inadequate as it may seem, it is the sole preparation Nature affords for man and womanhood. To be—we might almost argue—in the sense intended by Nature, true man or true woman, it would appear that a child must be in the sense Nature intended, true child. A life defrauded, though but by a fraction, of such a childhood, however its gifts of precocity replace the loss, will always remain a life maimed and incomplete. And Marjorie, with her many successors whose reading is conducted on the like principles of "admission behind the scenes," presents to eyes that see, something akin to the spectacle of an April pastoral degraded into the grotesque of a city street.

The question—as childhood emerges

from the confines of the schoolroom world and advances into that borderland which is neither childhood nor yet maturity—becomes, so far as girlhood is concerned, one of the most difficult of problems. The reading of boys in its unshackled liberty is as a general rule of minor importance. Books are with them of far less weight as factors in the formation of opinion. Reading seldom takes a place of primary interest in the day's doings, there are more and stronger counteracting influences, and it is self-evident that for a boy fallacies derived from fiction are sooner and more stringently corrected by experience of the realities of life. With girlhood it is obviously otherwise, and where the dusk of childhood's evening meets the twilight of womanhood's first dawn, books, if the mind prove sensitive to impressions, become silent and efficient agents of many unconscious developments, and the proverb of "youth and white paper" verifies itself.

The difficulty of the question is enhanced by the fact that no fixed limit of years, no clear line of severance or landmark of time can be assigned for that crucial phase of life. "Tel a vescu longtemps qui a peu vescu," said the keenest observer of the human puppet-show; and the converse is equally true. And although the life lived be but a child's, who can divine with certainty when it has reached that receipt of custom where childhood pays its last toll and womanhood its first tribute at the place where two ways meet? The near ties of blood by no manner of means pre-suppose, as the world has long acknowledged, clear-sightedness of vision. To see too near and to know too much is as fruitful a source of error as deficiency of intimacy, where love, and it may be vanity, conspire to blind-fold just appreciations of character. And for many a woman, the child, blood of her blood, soul of her soul,

within the self-colored circle of her home, shuts out all wider perceptions of childhood without the gate. The home-child becomes for her the standard by which all children are measured, while the standard by which all children are measured without is excluded from the home. "Once a father never a godfather," is a shrewd recognition of what is patent to uninterested spectators—the fact that close affections of blood-ties estrange the confidence of what we may name the guest-child whose instinct will turn for full sympathy, not to the Leah of many children, but to the Rachel of none. However this may be, from both childhood keeps its secrets, and none more closely than the advent of that transformation time when the flower casts its spring petals and the seed-vessel of harvest prepares for the ripening—when, for such is the moral aspect of the phase, choice ceases to be a matter of mere instinct and obedience, and becomes by gradual stages a question of thought and will.

It was to meet the requirements of this transitional intermediate period that Miss Yonge most specially devoted her talents and experience in those innumerable and interminable records of family life, as she conceived it, of which the "Daisy Chain" in England, "Little Women" in America have been the typical classics. But, to paraphrase a well-known saying, there is the book of its own time, and there is the book of all times. To distinguish between the one and the other is by common consent beyond the capacity of judgments too nearly contemporary. The judges are too much of their own day, life is too much intersected by the same aggregate epidemic tendencies. Common currents sway each seaweed on the surface, common influences bend each blade of the cornfield one way. There is an emotional communism belonging to certain periods of a century

by virtue or bane of which all estimates are restricted in value, and can, except where genius itself turns critic, pretend to no universality of application. Yet, with regard to the "Daisy Chain," and still more with regard to other kindred works, the demand, if not extinct by any means, has suffered eclipse, and with it the fame of Miss Yonge and her fellow authors. Restrictions are, among a growing section of the community, on the wane. The principles regulating restriction are under revision. Romance as presented by Fouqué or Sir Walter Scott, to take two widely severed species of romance, had long been free of access to the schoolroom. Its pictures of life included in due proportion the good and the evil. But the very atmosphere and dress of romance made of such presentment a symbol, not an applied example of life's actualities. Miss Yonge and her imitators worked upon another method. Eliminating absolutely and entirely, without hint of the reservation of truth, some aspects of life, symbolic truth was supplanted by an artificial reality. Miss Yonge's eliminations are now to a considerable extent disallowed. Knowledge which previously was veiled or withheld is now imparted with deliberate intention. Wisely, it may be as a simple lesson, a "parable from Nature" of human life and of human affection; with a wisdom we may well doubt by means of plays and novels promiscuously seen and read, suggesting questions which, when once suggested, can only be dealt with by directness and sincerity of answer. Whether psychological fiction and problem-drama, whether, that is, novel-reading and playgoing, two of girlhood's most exciting amusements, are the fittest medium through which suggestions should be conveyed, through which she should arrive at her first apprehension of the most intimate relationships, consecrated or desecrated, of womanhood

and manhood, is an inquiry with which at the present day men, no less than women, will do well to concern themselves.

Much may be plausibly urged on either side in the debate between the old and the new systems. But one factor in the dispute cannot be too often emphasized. Experimental methods are, on the one side, impossible. Knowledge acquired cannot be withdrawn. While, on the other, ignorance, or that unapplied knowledge lessons of childhood impart, can be enlightened. When occasion arises, arising late or early according to the temperament and the surroundings protected or unprotected of each individual girl, ignorance can be amended without the aid of current fiction, and the omissions of Miss Yonge and her school can be supplied. Her pictures of life are misleading, not so much because they are untrue as because they are one-sided, and, moreover, no girl's reading is confined to Miss Yonge. The reading of history, of the great poetic, dramatic and romantic classics, of "Faust," of "Much Ado," of "Othello," of Spenser, Dante and the "Mort d'Arthur," with their fearless recognition of the broad outlines, good and evil, on which hu-

man life is fashioned, give, even to a child's conception of the world, breadth, veracity and balance. In them ill is done and good also, the day cometh and also the night, and both are in the nature of man, and both are in the nature of the world which awaits the child's manhood or womanhood. In them sorrow and pain, and sin and death chequer the gold squares on life's chessboard; all must be met, suffered or overcome. From such reading the child's mind and imagination assimilate that spiritual truth of conception to which the years, and the experience the years bring, give the individual body and form; and whatever may be the superstructure reared the foundation will need no relaying. Such manner of knowledge will prove a surer preparation for reality than any forcing house of the emotions. And to close with one more plea for caution, girlhood—to repeat the phrase—as childhood, comes but once in a lifetime. The compensations womanhood presents for its loss, a loss the precipitation of emotional knowledge indubitably involves, cannot be counted upon with such certainty as to justify its abbreviation. "Puisque le jour peut lui manquer, laissons-lui un peu jouir de l'aurore."

The Edinburgh Review.

A CRADLE-SONG.

Baby, hark! The winds are creeping
O'er the woodlands hushed and sleeping,
Bringing lullaby and rest
To the bird within its nest;
And the daisy droops its head,
Shutting blossoms white and red;
While the curfew far away
Halls the quiet close of day.

Baby, sleep. The day is done;
Stars are peeping one by one.
Shut thy heavy, weary eyes—
Sleep to dream of Paradise.
Angel hosts with wings of white
Come to guard thee through the night
Then when shadows pass away
Wake from dreamland into day.

Arthur L. Salmon.

The Sunday Magazine.

THE ANGLO-SAXON SOCIETY WOMAN.

The subject of these notes is not so much that unapproachable being, the woman who is "in Society," as the phrase goes, but rather the woman who, whether she be a member of any privileged coterie or not, lives for society. She may, very possibly, be within the charmed circle; more probably she belongs to the multitudinous band of baffled but undiscouraged Peris who are forever knocking at the gate of that very indefinite Paradise, the smart set. The large majority of people who live for society, and whose ideals, ambitions and ethical code are regulated by it, are not members of any special caste; although most satirists of the vices and follies of Society (with a large S) write as though they had the aristocracy in their minds, their real aim being to disparage the exclusive. Now Society and the aristocracy, though often confused, are nowadays two totally different things; nor, though the latter doubtless have faults, like any other children of Adam, are their faults specially those that prevail in the world of fashion. Most of them, after all, lead quiet sensible lives like ordinary folk; and there are men and women with the bluest blood in their veins who cannot be said to be "in Society" at all. Possessing all the advantages which birth, training, inherited

social aptitudes and traditions confer, these are usually the most charming people you can meet; they afford little material for the society paragraphist, and they not unnaturally resent being identified with, as one of their number is said to have expressed it the other day, "those odious people whose names one sees in the newspapers."

Society, no longer, as of old, "the profession of pleasure-seeking," is now rather an ambition, a career which is pursued, not as a source of happiness or enjoyment, but as a means of self-advancement; and the present-day Anglo-Saxon society woman is the natural product of an age when placid joys have ceased to charm, and men and women of the world are tasters rather than drinkers of the wine of life, losing its finer flavors in the ceaseless rush and whirl and change, the idolatry of useless ostentation and the struggle for social preferment. If a multiplicity of wants and desires, and a discontent that is not exactly divine, be the true test of civilization, then may the fashionable Eve of our day be regarded as the finest flower of these luxury-loving times; and if we follow the lines of her development, we shall find her symptomatic of much in the world around us. Restless and excitement-seeking, she is the true child of a century that was

certainly an age of progress in the sense that it was forever on the move. She is filled with worldly ambitions of the social kind; but what she dreads beyond all else is insipidity. The meats provided for her at the feast of life must be many and full-flavored, even though satiety and mental indigestion bring in the end their inevitable revenges. Life being in her eyes a permanent possibility of sensation, her one aim is to transform the permanent possibility into a continuous actuality—in other words to cram as many experiences into it as possible. Nothing is more exhausting than the labor of constantly doing nothing, and the appetite of the professional pleasure-seeker needs constant pampering. It was in search of new sensations that we heard of her not long ago picnicking serenely and adorning herself in South African hotels, with carnage around her, and varying the monotony of existence by an occasional jaunt through the hospitals, and making a peep-show of our soldiers' sufferings. She emphatically does not believe that it is more blessed to give than to receive, her principles being frankly hedonistic, and her philosophy the simple one of getting all you can out of life in general, and those around you in particular. Disillusionment and discontentment may be the certain outcome of such an existence, but routine and the commonplace must be avoided at all hazards.

The selfishness of men is a favorite theme among lady writers, and the type of male egoism usually selected is that of the old club bachelor. But is he, after all, one whit more selfish than the typical modern society woman? No doubt his ideals are not very exalted, but you have only to leave him in peace, let his dinner be well-cooked and give him something to grumble at, and he does nobody any particular harm. He is, at any rate, fairly self-sufficing. Your society-loving woman,

on the other hand, needs a whole host of satellites to minister to her pleasures; and it must be admitted that she is apt to be somewhat *exigente* and that her tastes are terribly expensive. The wife of the late Bishop of London drew attention not long ago to "the woman who *will* have a good time" as a special feature of our day. Such women regard marriage as the antechamber to that larger life when their opportunities for amusement will be increased sevenfold and the consequence is that the terrors of matrimony bulk larger and larger in men's eyes. What may be termed the social exactions of Beatrice are often a sore trial to the modern Benedick, especially if he happens to be a business or professional man. Your City friend turns up at his office pale and with lack-lustre eye. You ask him what is the matter. "Oh! dinner last night at the Carlton, old chap; theatre, then supper at the Savoy. Dining out and going to a dance to-night. One's got to do it, you know; but it's killing work day after day."

The two prime necessities of so-called smart people are excitement and money. Gambling affords a certain means of obtaining the first, while it holds out alluring promises of the second. In spite of the fascinations of "bridge," smart society probably gambles and bets less than in former days, but Stock Exchange speculation has of late years enormously increased in favor with the fashionable *mondaine*. My halfpenny morning daily, which always devotes a column to the doings of the "upper circles," tells me in capital letters that she spends her mornings with her ear "glued to the telephone," waiting to hear the last price of Rand Mines or "Westralians." I observe, too, that one at least of the ladies' newspapers, supplying probably a long-felt want, now has a financial column where tips to buy Yankee rails and

mining shares are spread broadcast. The City invaded society long ago, and the latter is busily engaged in returning the call. For this the recent influx of smart young men into the Stock Exchange is largely responsible. In the daytime they act as "runners," or half-commission agents to stockbrokers, to whom they introduce their fashionable friends, and in the evening they spread tips and a taste for speculation in West End drawing-rooms. Small wonder that the cosmopolitan financier, "that dear Mr. Cræsus, who controls the market in El Dorados, don't you know?" is so popular in society; and we may be sure he often finds his smart lady friends most useful allies. The petticoated emissary of the company-monger is by no means unknown in Vanity Fair, and callow youths drink in love and financial tips simultaneously from the lips of fair sirens to their ultimate undoing.

It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that these smart ladies not infrequently make money out of their speculations, though of course the large majority are losers. More surprising still, perhaps, is the fact that they very often (not always) pay their losses. In any case, this growing craze for gambling among women, with all the obvious evils attending it, is a very serious matter, not only for themselves, but also for their relations. In America it has reached such a pass that the clergy of various denominations have united in a crusade against it. Not very long ago we read in the "Express" that "there is much cheating in New York at poker and bridge by fashionable matrons," and that Mrs.—(the name was given in full) "has invented a score-card designed to circumvent and expose cheaters. It is being generally adopted." Judging from the last sentence, a quiet game of cards in New York society would seem to be quite an agreeable form of diversion.

In former times the leaders of society maintained a sort of dignified aloofness and inaccessibility; they would have deemed it exceedingly bad form to be always strutting before the world's footlights. A certain halo of mystery shrouded their doings from the public gaze. The smart ladies of those days may have been "artists in egoism;" they were never machines for self-advertisement. Their successors, on the other hand, seem smitten with a perfect mania for notoriety. They must forever be playing to the gallery. If they saunter in the Row, or go shopping in Bond Street, the fact must be duly chronicled in the fashion columns. They are appraised, like cattle, for their physical qualities. Miss —, I read in my morning paper not long ago, "has a beautiful little face." Another blushing *débutante* was inventoried as the possessor of a "charming little nose and mouth, large soft eyes and lovely hair." The tastes, talents and disposition of a third were set out at length. She was devoted to cycling, we read, and other country pursuits; and an astonished world was informed in capital letters that she was "FOND OF MUSIC." The above examples are selected at hazard from a single copy of my halfpenny morning daily, and they could easily be multiplied *ad infinitum*, sandwiched in between paragraphs descriptive of the doings, the dresses and diamonds of the stage beauties and other celebrities.

Suppose, dear lady reader mine—what I do not for one instant imagine to be the case—that you are afflicted with a desire to get on in society; which means, in other words, that you are anxious to make the acquaintance of people who do not wish to know you. Your first step will be to give a large and expensive entertainment, and to hire some titled dame to invite the guests for you. You will not, of course, have so much as a bowing acquaintance

with half the people who crowd your drawing-rooms; but you will be deemed to have achieved a great success, and next morning we shall read in the newspapers that "Mrs. Newlyrich gave a charming party last night; and we may be quite sure that the company was select, because Lady Hard-up arranged the invitations." I remember reading of one such entertainment—said to have cost £4,000—where the most minute details were given of the supper-table and its viands, which included, we are told, "hot and cold soups and hot qualls;" of the movements of the guests—how the Duchess of So-and-so looked in for a few minutes, and Mr. Snooks arrived in hot haste from Lady Fitznoodle's rout, had shortly to leave in order to grace with his presence Mrs. Spangles's ball, etc. Such details do not appear very interesting, yet they form the chief mental *pabulum* of thousands of newspaper readers.

Nor must it be supposed that these paragraphs are inserted against the wishes of the ladies concerned. On the contrary, they love the publicity and pay for it. The abjectness and the vulgarity of the whole thing never seem to strike their innocent souls. It is well known that some of the clever ladies who "do the Society pars." for the papers make a comfortable income out of their fees for inserting notices of the dresses, appearances, entertainments, etc., of women anxious to appear in print. The purveying of tittle-tattle is, in fact, becoming a recognized industry in a world where the battle is not so much to the strong as to the best-advertised.

Mr. P. G. Hamerton, in his "Human Intercourse," expresses the opinion that incomparably greater than any other pleasure in life is that of sympathetic human intercourse; but he points out that "by far the greater part of what passes for human intercourse is not intercourse at all, but only acting, of

which the highest object is to conceal the weariness that accompanies its hollow observances." To many people, indeed, Society, as we understand the word, seems the very antithesis of sociability, and this chiefly on account of its terrific artificiality. Men and women who breathe habitually an atmosphere of social form and convention gradually lose all spontaneity. They are perpetually at war, as it were, with human nature. Sincerity, or what Stevenson calls "truth of intercourse," becomes an impossibility, until at last the artificial seems to be the only true natural. Hence the mincing accent now so common, the strange apish antics, such as the ungainly shoulder-high hand-shake; the conversation adorned and garlanded with strange hothouse flowers of exotic speech, and all the other affectations practised by those who wish to be regarded as the social *élite*. Society has been stage-struck for many years, and its mania for attitudinizing is as great as its craze for advertisement. There is a type of woman, which is growing commoner every day, who lives before a mental looking-glass, as it were, in which she is forever examining herself in order to observe the effect she is producing on others. Naturally prone to self-consciousness, and viewing the world at large from her own personal standpoint as a stage whereon it is her business to appear to the best advantage, she develops into a true "artist in egoism." Her precocity, particularly in matters affecting her worldly interests, is little short of marvellous. At eighteen she has long put off childish things, though at forty she is eager to don them again. Every word, look, attitude, and gesture is studied until her whole life becomes a pose, all that was originally natural or spontaneous in her having been lost in the maze of artificiality in which she lives and moves and has her being. She devours Ib-

sen and the "psychological" fiction of the day, in which she learns in a confused sort of way that she is a complex, enigmatic being, the mysteries, depths and ramifications of whose nature form a puzzle to the acutest observers; and she not unnaturally deems it her duty to endeavor to live up to the very interesting character with which sex-problem literature has invested her. Fifty years ago these things would never have suggested themselves to her. She would have regarded herself simply as a person endowed, in a greater or less degree, with the ordinary attributes, intelligence and functions of womanhood; and the last thing she would have thought of would have been the necessity of self-introspection or the examination of her relation to her environment.

It is this growing habit of posturing, the result of the highly artificial life they lead, which, more than anything else, detracts from the charm of many otherwise fascinating Englishwomen. Charm is an indefinable quality, but it is generally agreed to be a gift of nature. "A woman's charm," says M. Maulde de La Clavière in his fascinating "Women of the Renaissance," a work that breathes the true spirit of feminism, "depends on her acting spontaneously, even though imperfectly;" and the loss of sincerity is apt to be fatal to it, destroying as it does that sweet sense of graciousness, the magnetism of a sympathetic personality, which is the essence of true feminine charm.

The absence of any bond of union among women by virtue of their sex, their mutual distrust and the curious underlying antagonism subsisting between them is a mental phenomenon which has been commented on by many writers. There is certainly no such thing as the sisterhood of women in the smart world, where everybody in the struggle for social predominance

fights for her own hand. The attitude of Mrs. Worldly-wise towards her fortunate rivals who have attained success in the fray may be described as one of enmity tempered by imitation. Well for her if her knowledge of the world and its ways serves to enlarge her mind, to render her a fairly generous opponent, and to judge her fellow-women leniently. Well if she is content to "live and let live," and to forego the fearful joy of mischief-making and sport-spoiling, of stealing husbands or lovers, which for some of her sex exercises so irresistible a fascination.

There is much loose talk in the press and elsewhere of the wickedness of contemporary Society, which is represented as seething with corruption of every kind, while the "morals of the pavement" are even said to prevail among some of its leading members. Such talk, it may safely be said, is grossly exaggerated. Society is rather unmoral than immoral—using the latter word in the absurdly narrow sense which restricts immorality to one particular fault. It is worldly-minded and mercenary enough in all conscience, and what M. Bourget calls *la dépravation chaste* may possibly be imputed to some of our charming latter-day Pagans; but the variety of the modern fashionable woman's interests and the catholicity of her tastes form a considerable safeguard against the affairs of the heart becoming too engrossing. Love is certainly not her whole existence, not yet the half of it. Much, indeed, of what passes for love-making in Society is a mere pretence, part of that incurable habit of posing which was alluded to just now. The superficially emotional woman who frames a mental picture of the world around her, in which she is always the central figure, naturally finds a few adorers necessary for the completion of the *tableau*. She is in reality the reverse of sentimental, though her vanity may

invest her with a quasi-romantic atmosphere in her own eyes, just as in motherhood she feels as though a Madonna's halo were encircling her fair brow. Passion, in the vast majority of cases, is a far less potent force with the daughter of civilization than self-esteem. Her craving is for what is costly and unattainable, her passion the passion for pre-eminence and power.

There are periods, no doubt, when a wave of immorality (again using the word in its restricted sense) seems to sweep over Society—just as at other times it is swept by waves of pedantry, of luxury or of dilettantism—but, in spite of all one reads and hears, the present cannot be said to be one of those periods. Society in our day is passing through a wave of gross materialism, for which modern scepticism and the powerful Jewish influences are largely responsible. At a time when the old aristocracy is being elbowed out by cosmopolitan financiers; when, in Lord Rosebery's words, our land is becoming "the playground and the pleasure of the plutocrats of all nations," the tendency to judge everything by a monetary standard grows inevitably, and the result is that gradual coarsening of our social life which is now taking place. The true functions of society women are, or ought to be, to refine and elevate the amenities of life; to diffuse a spirit of graciousness, elegance and charm in human intercourse; but nowadays the smart world is too feverishly strenuous, too much in deadly earnest over the practical business of life, to pay sufficient attention to the arts that polish it. Elegance, no doubt, there is of a sort in it; but it is the elegance of externals rather than essentials, of the garment rather than the wearer, while the *luxu effréné des femmes*, the extravagance and display of both sexes, which issue in a mad rivalry of ostentation, are gradually ousting true refinement. A cer-

tain "pushful" arrogance of demeanor, a studied indifference that sometimes approaches perilously near to insolence, have almost slain good manners. The instinctive courtesy which consists in the avoidance of offence to others, the old stateliness without stiffness, the distinction that is devoid of condescension, yet compels respect by its unconscious dignity—these qualities are growing very rare in the smart world. Of the average *mondaine* it may be said, not so much that her manners are bad, as that she has none. Mark her stare in ballroom or opera; listen to her loud-voiced comments on her neighbors in public places, as though they possessed neither ears nor feelings. Are these things well-bred or womanly, or consistent with that true politeness which shows itself in making other people feel at their ease?

In our growing Mammon-worship and the consequent vulgarization of our social life Transatlantic influences are probably much greater than most people imagine. As regards the external garniture of society—its forms, dress, conventions and the like—America, no doubt, more or less closely adheres to European models, but in more essential matters this country, at any rate, largely takes its cue from the New World. The intimate relations, social and commercial, subsisting between the two peoples; the constant

exchange of fatted steers,
Chicago pig and eligible peers,

as Mr. Owen Seaman has it, tend towards a gradual approximation of social habits and ideals, and those of America are undoubtedly now in the ascendant. It is from the United States—*ce pays du toujours trop*, as some witty Frenchman calls it—that we derive, not only our weather and the raw material for many of our noblewomen, but also our growing love of

luxury and extravagance, the craze for publicity, the rush and hurry of our social life, its loss of dignity and restraint and the deification of mere money-bags. And the American woman of fashion, with her keen intelligence and masterful temperament, supreme in her own sphere and with the self-confidence of one accustomed to rule, sets the impress of her striking personality more and more upon our society. More natural and freer from the trammels of social conventionalities than her British cousin, more direct in speech and action, equally self-conscious, yet, on the whole, less addicted to posturing, she is even more sceptical and more frankly cynical in her utilitarian views of existence. She sees life clearly, and if she does not exactly see it whole, she surveys it more comprehensively at any rate from a material standpoint, than the Englishwoman. A gulf as of ages seemed to divide the youthful Transatlantic *mondaine* from our bread-and-butter misses of a hundred years ago. Alert, versatile, plastic, she is adaptable to any condition of life to which it may please Providence to call her. Her wit sparkles like a diamond, and if the diamond sometimes seem uncut we must not complain. Those steely-blue quizzical eyes of hers seem to read you through and through, and to fathom—if not the inner workings of your soul (she is probably too sceptical of its existence for that)—at any rate what you are thinking of for the moment. As M. Bourget observes: "*c'est une créature de tête*," the springs of her action are in her head rather than her heart. She is no society butterfly or fairy; but keen, ambitious, clothed with worldliness as with a garment, she makes a business of her pleasure and regards social intercourse mainly as a means of furthering her own interests.

This intense worldliness, which is permeating the polite circles of Europe,

is the very essence and marrow of society in the States. The demon of discontent holds sway there as elsewhere; and in that strange *congeries* of different social elements everybody, democrat and would-be aristocrat alike, treats life in general as a speculation for the rise. The husband slaves day and night in Wall Street or Chicago for the dollars which his smart wife spends abroad, or else competing in the unbridled extravagance of New York or Newport conviviality; and, strange as it may seem, he is content that it should be so. To talk of domesticity in connection with these ladies is to provoke a smile; and Europeans sometimes find it difficult to see "where the turn comes in," to use a homely phrase, in matrimony under such conditions; but if the working partner is satisfied with the arrangement nobody else has a right to complain. He feels, no doubt, that a kind of reflected glory is shed upon him by his better half's brilliance; and M. Paul Bourget is probably right when he says that the American husband of a smart wife regards her as an investment that is expected to return dividends in the shape of social triumphs.

In spite of the strong apparent individuality of American society women, the oppressive uniformity of our modern life has left its mark upon them. Indeed, in the Eastern States, at any rate, they have always seemed to the writer to converge more towards one common type than the ladies of any other country.

And if I praised the busy town,

He loved to rail against it still;

For, "Ground in yonder social mill,
We rub each other's angles down,

And merge," he said, "in form and gloss
The picturesque of man and man!"

Nowhere have I been more impressed

with the truth of Tennyson's lines than in New York, where more well-dressed ladies are to be seen than in any other capital of the world, and each member of the fashionable mob is so perfectly groomed that she seems to the casual observer an almost exact replica of her neighbor. There is monotony, too, in their methods of speech and conversation, as well as in their gait and erectness of carriage, suggestive of over-rigidity of the spinal column. A friend of the writer once humorously remarked that he always feared that if he fell in love with a New York girl he would be in danger of losing his heart to half the female population, so great is their outward similarity to one another. Their aims in life, moreover, are almost as identical as their types, being centred on two things—worldly success and self-advancement. Their view of social intercourse is essentially a commercial one; and their translation of the motto *ἄνθρωπος ἀνθρώπου* is, "Always go one better than your neighbor." Hence springs that rivalry in extravagant ostentation which forms one of the most unpleasant features of society across the Atlantic. It is the cause of much ruin and misery, which occasionally culminate in the suicide of those who have fallen behind in the mad race for pre-eminence in luxurious display, while at best its influence is a profoundly vulgarizing one. The "*toujours trop*," or want of sense of proportion in that land of extremes, is brought home to us when we read the descriptions of those tawdry Barnum-like entertainments and social functions, where the fabulous cost of the accessories is advertised in print, each article being inventoried according to its size, weight and value. One wedding, we were told, cost over \$1,000,000; at another the wedding-cake stuffed with expensive gew-gaws and conveyed on silver tram-lines, weighed a quarter of a ton.

Nor can we forget that soul-saddening spectacle of colossal wealth and luxury flaunting themselves in the face of direct misery—a Bradley-Martin ball given when America was in the deepest distress, when armies of tramps were marching thousands of miles on New York, and churches were filled to overflowing with paupers in search of food and shelter. Small wonder that the phrase "Republican simplicity" seems to have lost all meaning in these days, except as affording American newspapers material for small jests.

Money, as we all know, is the root, not only of evil, but of pleasure and influence; and the display of wealth is usually the display of power. As Mr. Herbert Spencer says, it is intended to subjugate. These givers of colossal parties and fabulously costly entertainments are simply asserting their very real sovereignty in days when the dollar is indeed almighty. They have an eye to business the whole time. The commercial aspect of the thing is everywhere apparent. We read the other day how a bride's mother, herself a millionairess, with true business instinct sets herself to avoid the duplication of her daughter's wedding presents; and with this end in view asked all friends "to state their intentions" in the matter of their gifts. Happy "groom," who to a beauteous bride endowed with prospective millions could add a mother-in-law possessed of such thrifty instincts!

Besides the colossal entertainments of American society women the finest efforts, even of the wives of our English parvenus, appear tame and insignificant; but the spirit that animates them is the same. We have caught the craze for publicity which prevails in a country where, if a society *belle* buys a new ball-dress, or a speculator decorates his house in Fifth Avenue, the fact must be advertised in the

newspapers; and the various commercial features of American social life are being faithfully reproduced in the cosmopolitan Vanity Fair of London. The pessimism of those early Victorians who foretold the vulgarization of the smart world, which they said would ensue from the advent of the money power and the reign of the shopocracy, has been justified by the event. Society, in the larger sense of the word, has not fallen to pieces, as was feared by some timid persons, nor has the polite world quite gone to the dogs; but fashionable life has certainly changed its quality, while philosophers, essayists and men of action unite in condemning its mercenary tendencies. Mr. Lecky, in his "Map of Life," denounces that "ostentation of wealth and luxury which has a profoundly vulgarizing and demoralizing influence upon Society;" and he discerns in the stimulation of class hatreds and divisions, owing to "the colossal waste of the means of human happiness in the most selfish and vulgar forms of social advertisement and competition," a menace to the whole future of our civilization. Lord Charles Beresford, as becomes a sailor, speaks out more bluntly on the subject. "British Society," he not long ago told the readers of the "North American Review," has been eaten into by the canker of money. "From the top downwards the tree is rotten. Beauty is the slave of gold, and Intellect, led by Beauty, unknowingly dances to the strings, which are pulled by Plutocracy." We may fairly hope that things are not quite so bad as that; but the chorus of condemnation seems becoming pretty general. One writer, a lady, who writes with some authority on such matters, thinks that there is only one thing to be done with this Society—namely, to bury it. Other people, viewing the matter from a different standpoint, are less impressed with the rottenness or immorality of

the smart world than with its hopeless vulgarity; and it certainly forms a not unamusing study to the cynical onlooker. If some twentieth-century Teufelsdröckh could mount his watch-tower in Mayfair or Belgravia during the early summer months, what a fermenting vat of petty rivalries and jealousies, entertainment-competitions, matrimonial anglings, sordid intrigue and pitiful ambitions he would look down upon! Mankind are judged best by their ideals—a snob, according to Thackeray, is one who meanly admires mean things—and the very unexalted ideals set up by the smart set in these days enable us better than anything else to form a true estimate of its character.

For the existing state of things in society its women must be held mainly responsible. They are its rulers; it is for, and by virtue of, them that what is called the smart world exists. Their influence is supreme in social life, gives it its tone, regulates its amenities, and lowers or elevates its moral standard. It may not be always true that nations perish from the top downwards, but the frivolity and prodigality of the pleasure-seeking rich may go a good way towards undermining that national character which is the only solid foundation of our greatness, while, as Mr. Lecky points out, they certainly deepen class hatreds and divisions.

"Gold and pleasure," says M. La Clavière, "were the deities to whom we owe the charming eighteenth century." But, he reminds us, they also brought about the Revolution; and the lessons of past ages all teach us that these two great world-forces should be restrained within wholesome limits. Our society of to-day has certainly missed the elegance of the Court of Marie Antoinette, and we may be permitted to hope it will also escape its disastrous end. There are, however, certain points of resemblance between the two epochs

to which it may be useful to call attention; and one of these is the influence wielded by society women in affairs of State. Political power, as a "Quarterly" reviewer recently observed, tends to gravitate into the hands of those who exercise social power, and nobody recognizes this fact better than the ambitious ladies of the fashionable world. In France their dominance has always been followed by disaster, and we in England have not failed to suffer from the same cause. Our army in particular has always been too much under the domination of a caste. Social influence, both at home and in South Africa and in India—witness the recent Tirah campaign—has, in the opinion of many good judges, been its especial bane; and petticoat government has done much towards sapping its efficiency. The society woman has far too much to say in the matter of military appointments, and the result at times has been deplorable. Who can measure the potency of feminine persuasion when pleading the cause of husband, brother or friend? "Intellect led by Beauty" is apt to go sadly astray, and the meddling of these smart ladies in public affairs is a pernicious thing when the higher interests of the Empire are at stake.

There are, of course, in every country ladies of high character and attainments whose advice in public matters will always be welcomed by men of light and leading, but such women form necessarily a small minority. The trouble is that women lacking in ability, and with merely private interests to serve, are allowed to interfere. It would obviously be impossible to give instances of this meddling without trenching on personalities, which it has been the writer's aim to avoid. In the foregoing pages he has simply endeavored to sketch the average society woman of our times without reference to individual characters. It has been left

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to others better qualified for the task to delineate the exceptional types—the Venuses with a passion for good works, or with purely mundane ambitions; the intellectual ladies who would reconstruct religion, and adapt outworn creeds to modern requirements; the political women who know exactly who ought to be what in Army, Senate and Church; the social drill-sergeants, with energies as wide and multifarious as those of the German Kaiser, who occupy their time in putting all and sundry to rights. Such women, endowed with more than common energy and ability, and scorning the life of luxurious futility led by their sisters of the smart world, are no more representative of their class than the latter are representative of the great body of sensible Englishwomen.

Fashion is as fleeting as the whims and caprices of its votaries are incalculable, and time may possibly bring about a reaction against the prevailing materialism.

Some of us may live to see a decline in that passion for excessive luxury and vulgar display which has its roots deep down in "the awful slough of commonplace," as M. La Clavière puts it, "in which present-day society is floundering." "Is it not at least possible," he asks, "to insist on simplicity in all things, to banish tinsel and brummagem and all our horrible pretentious magnificence?" Present indications, it must be confessed, give us little encouragement. Our hope must be that in some not-far-distant future less baldly utilitarian ideas may prevail, and a taste spring up for simpler and more natural modes of social intercourse; that the pursuit of pure happiness may count for more in society, and that of worldly advancement for less; and that fashion and true refinement, now unhappily estranged, may be, as in the days of the "dear dead women" of long ago, once more mated.

A LONDONER'S LOG-BOOK.

IX.

I am extremely glad that I induced my excellent friend, Mr. Soulsby, to let me republish in these pages some Jottings from his Journal. The circulation of the "Cornhill" is, I believe, considerably larger than that of "St. Ursula's Parish Magazine," and the republication has put the Vicar in touch with friends and sympathizers all over the country, of whose existence he was previously unaware. He says, with winning meekness, that he had lived through many a lonely decade—

Without a hope on earth to find
A mirror in an answering mind,

for even Mrs. Soulsby was not always able to follow the trend of his heart-longings, and now, suddenly, the air all round him is vocal with responsive notes, and he stands no longer isolated and alone in the great world of intellect and spirit. Sympathetic correspondence on psychical and æsthetic themes pours into the Vicarage letter-box, and the demand for the "Parish Magazine" rivals that for Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's 9th and 10th volumes. Now, I am well aware that, even without these newly-developed interests, Mr. Soulsby leads what he calls "a very full life" (though young Bumpstead and Bertha between them seem to do most of the parish work), and I hope, therefore, that I shall not be understood as reflecting injuriously on a friend and pastor, if I say that diary-keeping seems to be the natural occupation of an idle man. I quite willingly admit the bearing of this stern judgment on the rough memoranda out of which the "Log-Book" is evolved. When, like the House of Lords in "Iolanthe," one

Does nothing in particular,
And does it very well,

there is real though unintelligible pleasure in recording the performance. Soulsby, who believes that Atavism is the Sum of Philosophy, would probably say that heredity has been at work. And, in my own case, this is antecedently probable, for a journal of my great-grandfather's was discovered last year in the lumber-room at Proud-flesh Park, and the present head of the family has turned an honest penny by publishing some extracts from it in one of the magazines:—

Saw the Learned Goose, and I was not a little surprised at seeing it discover the cards mamma and myself had chosen out of a Pack, and afterwards shuffled in the Pack. After looking at a watch, it discovered the hour, etc. But what most surprised me was that the Goose explained which of us had drawn the several cards. A Learned Pig also displayed very wonderful Abilities and Sagacity. He instantly obeyed the Man who told him to keep his Ears and Tail quite still.

This being Christmas Day, myself and wife at Church in the morning. At the collection, my wife gave 6d.; but, they not asking me, I gave nothing. O! may we increase in Faith and Good Works, and maintain the good Intentions we have this day taken up.

Those two entries, when I casually encountered them, seemed, as they say, to strike a chord. In that enviable faculty of being easily amused by simple pleasures, I recognize a leading feature of my own character; and Selina was not slow to point out that my ancestor's meditations on Christmas bore a strong resemblance to my own. "He put nothing in the plate, and then

hoped he might live up to his good resolutions. That is so exactly like you, Robert—always professing to be going to do something, and never by any accident doing it. For my own part, I think the old gentleman was a humbug, and I only wish you weren't so like him."

The charge of doing nothing is certainly hard to bear from the lips of one who has a right to be supported in luxury by one's toll; and yet it is even harder to refute. As I glance over the pages of my diary, and see how September has slipped, and October is slipping, away—"the petty done, the vast undone"—I feel the pangs of a manly self-abasement. Is it conceivable, I ask myself, that any one will care to know that I rowed on the Serpentine, and went to "Are you a Mason?" and supped at Frascati's; played "Bumble-puppy" with friends at Wimbledon, or spent an afternoon at watching the "Goose-Match" at Harrow? But even while I chewed this bitter cud of meditation, and had almost resolved to bring the Log to an abrupt and unhonored close, my eye lit on a striking column in the "Classy Cuttings." It bore the ever-attractive heading "Rank and Fashion," and it contained some truly exhilarating paragraphs, set forth in all the majesty of large capitals:—

Mr. Jesse Collings will sail on the 27th inst. for India on a holiday tour.

The Rev. W. Splers has been appointed Wesleyan Minister for the Windsor Garrison.

H.R.H. Prince Purachatra of Slam will go into residence at Cambridge at the beginning of the Michaelmas Term.

Mr. Herbert G. Smith has been appointed Private Secretary to the Right Hon. Horace Plunkett.

Mr. S. R. Crockett is renewing his acquaintance this month with his native Galloway.

The contemplation of this column put new spirit into me. Like Dominic

Sampson, when he had toasted Meg Merrilies in the "cupful of brandy," I felt "mightily elevated, and afraid of no evil which could befall unto me." To Rank I lay no claim; and I yield all imaginable respect to the Princely Progeny of Slam. But if Fashion concerns herself with the preferment of Mr. Smith and the ministrations of Mr. Splers; with Mr. Collings's voyage and Mr. Crockett's rambles, I feel that I too may be Fashionable. Truly we are greater than we know. As Sam Weller repelled Mr. Smauker's patronage at Bath by observing that "me and the other fash'nables only come last night," so I am inclined to believe that the real "Fash'nables"—the cream and flower of the social world—are those elect souls who watch over deserted London and keep the flame of cultured intercourse alight during August, September and October. Alas! we are a dwindling band. Lady Holland—most gracious and hospitable of hostesses—is gone; and Mr. Charles Villiers, with his inimitable conversation; and Sir Charles Wyke, with his astonishing reminiscences. But Mr. Frederick Cadogan still adorns the town and links us to the days of D'Orsay. Mr. FitzRoy Stewart is in daily attendance at the Offices of the Central Conservative Association; and at my club I often eat my luncheon at the next table to Mr. Kenneth Howard, who boasts the unique distinction of not having slept out of London for eleven years. Surely in such company I am at least as fashionable as Mr. Collings on his P. and O., or Mr. Crockett in the wilds of "The Stewartry;" and I ought to be happy, but somehow I am not.

October is the one month in the year when I wish to be in the country. In London, October is a premature and shabby winter. In the country, it is the last month of summer, with a superadded charm of its own. Not being like Soulsby, a Cockney born, I cannot

be satisfied with the jaded air of Kensington Gardens or the dusty bosage of St. James's Park. I think regretfully of autumns in Loamshire, with its great tracts of yellowing woodland, the beech avenue at the Sawpits, and the bracken in Proudflish Park. These, of course, are memories of childhood, but even at Harrow October was one of the pleasantest months of the year; for then we bade good-bye to the Moloch of cricket which had devoured the summer, and welcomed the advent of football, which (having always been tall and bulky) I could play at least with enjoyment to myself, if not with advantage to my side. Poor Edward Bowen "voiced," as they say, the emotions of the month:—

October brings the cold weather down,
When the wind and the rain continue;
He nerves the limbs that are lazy
grown,
And braces the languid sinew;
So while we have voices and lungs to
cheer,
And the winter frost before us,
Come sing to the king of the mortal
year,
And thunder him out in chorus!
October! October!
March to the dull and sober!
The suns of May for the schoolgirls'
play,
But give to the boys October!

At Oxford it was just the same. The beginning of the October term saw everything at its best. Every one came back from the Long healthy and cheerful and sanguine. Every yearning was satisfied. For the æsthete, there was the Virginia creeper on the Founder's Tower at Magdalen; for the Ritualist, the Dedication Festival at St. Barnabas; for the "Young Barbarian," all the forms of salutary violence in which he most delights; for the studious and the cultured, the joy of good resolutions and the determination that

this term, if never before, they would read steadily and eschew loafing. If we had got through our Schools in the summer, we were safe for two years from that one device of Satan which has been mysteriously permitted to mar the otherwise flawless perfection of existence amid the Dreaming Spires.

And when that Last Enemy of undergraduate life had been confronted and overcome, October, in country houses, had still its peculiar charm. For those who love to "wade through slaughter," there waited the fat pheasant, tame to the point of familiarity. For such as prefer the nobler art of venerie, and yet have a constitutional unwillingness to break their necks, there was cub-hunting, late enough in the day to permit a comfortable breakfast, and pursued amid fences so "blind" that one might decline them without imputation of cowardice.

In virtue of my hereditary connection with "The County," and of certain pecuniary formalities discharged by my father, I was entitled to wear the chaste uniform of the Loamshire Hunt—a scarlet coat with pea-green facings, and the gilt buttons displaying a fox's mask and crossed brushes over a cypher of twisted L's. A manly diffidence in my own powers of horsemanship, coupled with an innate reluctance to pay unnecessary subscriptions, restrained me from thus bedizenizing myself; but a man may look very much like a gentleman in a well-cut black coat, and well-cleaned breeches and boots; and, though an indifferent rider, he may feel quite comfortable on the back of a horse which has learnt the vital accomplishment of standing still when required to do so. But I am anticipating the glories (and the perils) of November. In my favorite October I was happy enough in "ratcatcher" costume, and on an animal closely akin to the convent horse in "Ivanhoe," of which the Prior said that it "could

not but be tractable, in respect that it draweth much of our winter firewood, and eateth no corn."

The other day as I sate in my lonely drawing-room (for Selina had gone to her Bridge-party), gazing out on the desolation of Stucco Square, with its pall of clouds, its carpet of rotten leaves, its dingy turf and its starveling cats, those recollections of October as it used to be came back with all the force of contrast, "troubling" (I quote from a published sermon of Mr. Soulsby's) "every chord of thought into a sweet though melancholy music which I vainly endeavor to recall."

While I was musing, the fire burned; and I suddenly resolved to turn my back on the dismalness of London and once again see the glories of October in a more lucent air. In the autumn a middle-aged man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of Congresses. The newspapers are full of them. The Social Science Congress is, I believe, defunct, and lives only in Matthew Arnold's inimitable preface to Wordsworth. But the British Association is going strong and well. Miners, railway servants and all sorts and conditions of men—co-operators and trade-unionists, Zionists and Methodists, specialists in poor-law and enthusiasts for education—come together in their Congresses and read papers and wallow in statistics, and attend receptions, and gambol at picnics. Only last week I had an interesting talk with my very good neighbor the minister of the Wesleyan chapel in Stucco Road. Though myself (as Mr. Soulsby well knows) a Churchman, I always cultivate friendly relations with my dissenting brother, and I listened with sympathy to his account of the refreshing time which he had been enjoying at the Methodist Ecumenical Conference. What most thrilled me was my friend's account of his intercourse with that truly apostolic

man, Bishop Hoss of the Episcopal Methodist Church of America. What is it in the genius of the American people that makes their proper names so purely pleasurable? *Bishop Hoss*. I pause on the combination, and roll it like a sweet morsel under my tongue. When Matthew Arnold had been introduced to the Burgomeister of Hamburg, he wrote: "I am really quite glad to have called a man *Your Magnificence*, and to have been asked to dinner by him." In the same spirit I feel that I could really give a good deal to have been able to accost a bishop—even of the Methodist variety—as "Old Hoss," without a suspicion of slang or even colloquialism.

My Methodist friend's experience gave a practical turn to my thoughts about October. When Congresses were so plentiful and so edifying, I felt that in the beautiful words of the hymnodist, some droppings should be allowed to fall on me—even me. Bishop Hoss should find a rival in Bishop Wilberforce, who was at that moment opening the Church Congress at Brighton. The Métropole is within two hours' journey of Stucco Square.

So might my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale.

It was a decisive inspiration. I left Selina to her own devices, and went off for three days' change of air and scene to "the agreeable fishing village of Brighthelmstone in Sussex," where according to my favorite gazetteer (edition 1790), "the Prince of Wales has lately erected a residence during the bathing season." What would George IV have thought of a Church Congress? How would the choice spirits who junketed in the Pavilion a century ago have regarded the motley throng which peoples it to-day? I leave these problems to the spiritual insight of Mr. Soulsby, whose paper on "The Church

in India according to Mr. Rudyard Kipling" was one of the most attractive items in the program of the Congress.

I have always been fond of Brighton, ever since the days—alas! now distant—when I took my exercise in what the municipal code of fares describes as a "hackney carriage, fourth class," and drawn by a goat and attended by a nursery-maid. For me there is a sense of health and gaiety in its "unending and manurious street." I bask in its blinding glare; and its sea is made dear to me by the thought that I am not obliged to cross it. These are the normal charms of Brighton; and to-day they were enormously enhanced by the all-pervading atmosphere of clericalism. Everything was seen through a clerical medium; everywhere the clerical note was heard. To gaze upon "the Church of England by representation"—a term which applies much better to the Congress than to Convocation—is indeed a rich and rare experience. I am well aware of all that is to be said against the "iron uniformity of Rome"—indeed I have myself said a good deal of it at parochial gatherings in St. Ursula's Parish Hall. I am perfectly conversant with the sarcastic contrast between Roman ecclesiastics, "all turned out of the same mould, each the exact reproduction of the other," and English clergymen, "each the product of an individual training, each cut and chiselled and fashioned into his separate form by the manly handling of his Public School and his College;" and yet as I surveyed the interior of the Dome at Brighton and fought with brawny curates for my chop at Mutton's I felt that after all the admirable liberty of Anglicanism had gone very near the perilous border of license. I hasten to add that I do not refer to matters of faith and doctrine. With such I do not presume to intermeddle. My remark is

confined exclusively to matters sartorial and tonsorial.

Lord Beaconsfield once complimented an ecclesiastical friend on being "an expert in clerical zoology;" and a cultivator of that science could scarcely find a better field for observation than the arena of the Church Congress. Let me just jot down, with no pretence of scientific accuracy, a few of the leading genera and larger species, a few of the most noticeable instances which met even the cursory gaze. First there were dignitaries, and of dignitaries many types. There were dignitaries with gaiters and dignitaries with trousers, dignitaries with pectoral crosses and dignitaries with gold *pince-nez*, dignitaries with corded hats, and dignitaries with hats amorphous but not corded. Then the beneficed clergy—indeed a motley throng! Long beards and short beards, streaming whiskers and "Newgate fringes," clean-shaved faces and cavalry moustaches. Coats in infinite variety; secular frock-coats with braided edges, clerical frock-coats shaped like postmen's tunics, "Norfolk jackets," and jackets unowned by any self-respecting county. Here and there, swimming rare in the vast whirlpool of the Dome, a tall-coat reminiscent of Mr. Keble and the late Master of Balliol; here a monkish habit, not recognizable as belonging to any order in particular; there a smart great-coat with a velvet collar; here an Inverness cape, once gray, and now weather-beaten to brown; there the "Alexanemos, or priest's cloak," a garment much advertised by the "Lectern;" here one of Messrs. Vanhelm and Wheeler's celebrated cassocks, which "combine elegance in shape with ease in genuflecting;" there the double-breasted waistcoat which displays the golden stud; here the branching white neckcloth of the "corner man" at a nigger entertainment; there the "jam-pot" collar loved of the earlier Ritualists. No cast-

iron uniformity here, I trow—no slavish aping of Roman rigidity.

But when I turn my gaze to the junior clergy, an insidious change begins to present itself. I note something which really begins to resemble uniformity. Here and there a struggling moustache attracts the observant eye; here and there a white bow rather neatly tied—and did I catch a glimpse of brown leather trying shyly to hide itself in a crowd of shooting-boots and cycling shoes? The "Jemima" boot, with elastic sides and a plain front, survives, I think, only among such as being comfortably beneficed, are out of chaff's way; and the only patent leather which I saw at Brighton gleamed on the shapely foot of Mr Soulsby.

But, taking the curates as a mass, they begin to resemble one another. They are developing into a type. When the observer sees one of them, he can say with tolerable certainty, That youth is an English curate, not a Roman Seminarist, nor yet one of Mr. Spurgeon's students; not a walter, nor yet a Hussar. These young men are cleanly shaved all round, their hair is cut short and parted on one side. They wear black straw hats, Roman collars, black jackets and waistcoats, and trousers turned up at the bottom, serviceable-looking shooting-boots, and silver watch-chains carried across the waistcoat from one pocket to the other. They are a healthy, wholesome, clean, manly-looking lot of youths; and though the supply of ordinands is falling off in point of quantity, I am persuaded that in quality it has vastly improved in thirty years. I well recall the epicene and namby-pamby crew whom Dr. Vaughan so happily described: "Men who choose the ministry because there is a family living waiting for them, or because they think they can make that profession—that, and none other—compatible with indolence and self-indulgence; or because they im-

agine that a scantier talent and a more idle use of it can in that one calling be made to suffice."

But here my reminiscences were disturbed by a chorus of feminine voices, and I saw a strong contingent of District Visitors from St. Ursula's and "Fishers in Deep Waters," all swathed in the black waterproof of parochial piety, surging out of the hall in which Soulsby had been reading his paper. "Wasn't it wonderful? It was *quite* worth coming down for. I am *so* glad I came. I wouldn't have missed it for anything. I suppose we shall have it in the 'Magazine.' I had no idea the Church was so strong in India. Somehow I had got quite a wrong notion from 'Plain Tales from the Hills.' Perhaps it's stronger in the valleys? And did you know Mr. Kipling was such a good Churchman? Oh yes! don't you remember that beautiful poem of his about a wedding, and 'The Voice that breathed o'er Eden?' No, I have quite forgotten it. Well, you must look it up when you get home."

Suddenly the murmur of admiration lulled, and the sea of waterproof parted in two as Mr. Soulsby appeared—blander than ever, even to the point of the Seraphic, and limp from the effort of the morning's exercise.

"Hallo, Soulsby," roars a voice which I recognize as that of my neighbor Mr. Cashington. "Come along to our place, and have a bit of lunch. You must want it after that performance. No? Why the deuce are you in such a hurry to get back to the shop? Have a drink at any rate, even if you can't stop for the feed."

But Soulsby is mildly firm. He must return to London by the next train. He only came down at great inconvenience, because the Bishop pressed it *à outrance*, and he is a dear friend of many years. The ceremonies of the Harvest Thanksgiving at St. Ursula's are, as the theatrical folk say,

"in active rehearsal;" and Mr. Soulsby's whole energy is centred on a new development, "The Brown Paper Service." "It is quite a new idea, and a very beautiful one. Each child in the schools is to bring its little offering for the Cab Drivers' Orphanage; and, to avoid invidious comparisons of value, each offering is to be rolled up in brown

The Cornhill Magazine.

paper. All the brown paper parcels are to be piled up in a pyramid on the chancel steps, and after a few words from me are to be blessed by Archdeacon Buggins." To this development of Ritualism, I reply, beneath my breath, "*none other or otherwise;*" and mentally determine to stay at Brighton till the Harvest Festival is over.

A CENTURY OF LITERARY GOSSIP.*

When Amyat, chemist to George III, was in Edinburgh, he said to William Smellie, the printer and author: "Here I stand at what is called the Cross of Edinburgh, and can in a few minutes take fifty men of genius by the hand." His words might have served as the motto of this goodly volume.

Rather more than two years ago, we reviewed Mr. Graham's "Social Life in Scotland in the Eighteenth Century," and found it an excellent example of what may be called tessellated as distinct from synthesized history. Mr. Graham excels in collecting and dovetailing facts. He loves the personalities, incidents, quaintnesses and ironies of the past. To fit these together with literary sympathy and intention has again been his task, but this time he confines himself to the literary aspects of the century which two years ago he surveyed as a whole. Naturally Mr. Graham writes less about Scottish eighteenth-century literature than about the men who made it. In fact, he gives us a budget of detail and chit-chat about the men of letters whose characters, wit and genius warmed

Edinburgh throughout the eighteenth century.

Facts and details are like soldiers, they can be drilled into order and cohesion. Such is their happy fate here, though drilling suggests the effect rather than the means. In a word, Mr. Graham has brought to his task the industry and fundamental brain-work which enabled him, later, to turn on his task the unperplexed operations of taste and humor. But while formal synthesis is absent from these pages, it must not be supposed that unity of effect is lacking. Most methods succeed when they are carried out consistently and with skill. In only one respect could we have wished for an aid toward mental focus. It is the peculiarity of the book that it contains memoirs of a great many distinguished writers who were not only contemporaries, but neighbors and friends. This being so, we should have been glad of a life-atlas showing in what years all those gifted men were actually contemporaries. It would have been a valuable appendix. But its absence is not a matter for legitimate complaint.

This smuggling of many geniuses in the narrow wynds, taverns and wine-

* "Scottish men of Letters in the Eighteenth Century." By Henry Grey Graham. (Black, 13s.)

cellars of eighteenth century Edinburgh is so characteristic that we shall at once quote a passage in which Mr. Graham brings it home to us in the picturesque style which is his own:—

They could not go out of their wynds without being sure to see friends they had met last night at Mrs. Cockburn's merry parties over a light tea and cakes; or at the Lord President's over a heavy supper and drink. David Hume, when he left his house in James's Court, before he had gone for two minutes up the High street, might meet the dapper and prim Dr. Hugh Blair, or rub shoulders with Lord Elibank, to whom he would give a stiff bow, as he was not on good terms with his Lordship. Principal Robertson, proceeding in his stately gait, would meet Dr. Carlyle, arrived from Inveresk, who had just put up his horse in the stabling in the Grassmarket, equipped in jack-boots and spurs and whip, accoutrements which were slightly discordant with his clerical coat and bands. Probably there had ridden into town from Kilduff Mr. John Home—radiant in smiles and a scarlet coat—on his now aged steed. Lord Kames would pass by in wig and gown from his house in the Canongate on his way to Court, and as his tall, gaunt figure disappeared round the corner, who should come but Lord Monboddo, who always kept his distance from a man who had the bad taste to ridicule his profound speculations. At his door at the Luckenbooths, standing on the steps leading to his bookshop, Mr. William Creech would be seen, attired in silk breeches and black coat, with carefully powdered hair, for it was twelve o'clock, the hour that the bibliophile had his *levées* of literary friends, and he would intimate to Lord Hailes and rubicund James Boswell that in the back room were little Mr. William Tytler, of Woodhouselee, turning over some antiquarian books, and Mr. Adam Ferguson, with his young friend, Dugald Stewart, who was then Professor of Mathematics.

In the evenings these men, and men like them, met in taverns and cellars,

where they drank claret and talked books. Some of them could recall the earlier, harder-drinking, less literary days when Allen Ramsay sold wigs and made songs, and the book-shops offered the "Spectator" and "Tattler" in villainous pirated editions. Four years before Ramsay died was born, in 1723, Adam Ferguson, who lived to read the bulletin of Waterloo. The span of these two lives more than embraces the period within which the Scottish eighteenth-century writers lived and died. Lord Kames had been born in 1696, James Thompson in 1700, Hume in 1711, Lord Monboddo in 1714, Robertson, the historian, in 1721; John Home, the author of "Douglas," a year later; Adam Smith a year after that, James Beattie in 1735, Smollett in 1738, Boswell in 1740. To these men, who were destined to hob and nob in social and literary converse, were added scores of others—judges, clergymen, notaries and schoolmasters, each with his talents and whims, each cutting his own figure in the Canongate. And what men they were! how clever, kindly, accomplished and absurd! None more loveable than the great Hume, of whom Adam Smith wrote that he was "as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit." He loved to be petted in salons, and when he was in Paris he had his fill of flattery and good feeding. "No lady's toilette was perfect without his attendance." Yet he was an agnostic who looked like an alderman, and his English and French were alike execrable. When he quarrelled amiably with Rousseau, the dispute engaged the world so much that a peeress, in the excitement of her defence of Hume, gave premature birth to a son. He could not be ruffled by fair criticism. "Dr. Campbell controverted his theory of miracles, and he was amiable; Dr. Wallace controverted his views, and he

corrected the press for his opponent; Reid attacked his philosophy, and he revised his manuscript; Dr. Gerard disputed his opinions, and he was friendly. . . . One time, at his request, Caddell, the bookseller, invited to meet him as many persons as he could collect who had written against him, and they proved a goodly gathering . . . they were charmed with him and he was charmed with them."

On Tuesday evenings the Poker Club foregathered, a society formed to "poke up" the national spirit against English oppressions, one of which was the tax on claret, then very popular in Edinburgh; and here David Hume, the philosopher, and John Home, the minister, who had turned playwright, would exchange their ponderous jokes. That Home was a man of delightful presence is sufficiently proved by Raeburn's ingratiating portrait. Such an optimist was he that Robertson said that "he never would allow that a friend was sick till he heard of his death." With these sat Adam Ferguson, the needy but dignified tutor, who had taught optics, astronomy and Newton's "Principia" admirably by keeping himself only a few days ahead of his pupils. Later he had tutored Lord Chesterfield's disappointing son round Europe, had been to America, had been struck with paralysis as the result of free living, and had settled down in Edinburgh to write Roman history and teach moral philosophy on a vegetable diet. In his house at Sciennes, a mile from Edinburgh, where his comfortable age was spent, Walter Scott saw Robert Burns. Ferguson was then a septuagenarian, yet lived to see Burns die and Scott grow famous. He thought he would like his epitaph to be this in Greek: "I have seen the works of God; it is now your turn. Do you behold and rejoice." They lived keenly and died satisfied, these intellectual Scotchmen. Hume died, as

Lord Monboddo described it, confessing not his sins, but his Scotticisms, and making a jest of his approaching interview with Charon. Adam Smith left his table of guests one Sunday night, paused at the door, and saying he feared he should never see them again, passed from their sight forever, while they remained to drink his wine. Lord Kames surpassed all these, for he died not only tranquil but consumed with curiosity about the next world. You have only to look at his interminably long, worldly, researching face to understand it. A beau, a wit, a wrangler with theologians and philosophers, a writer on any and every subject from Gothic art to the poor-laws, he was an insatiable liver. At eighty he wrote a manual of farming founded on his own attempts to improve his land. "Nothing interested him more to the end of his life than to hear of a new kind of spinning-wheel or barrow, or new modes of growing turnips." And when he was about to die, he chafed under the delay, telling his friend, Dr. Cullen, that he was impatient to learn the nature and manners of the outer world. In the Elysian fields he would infallibly devise methods for the improvement of the asphodel crop. "I never could be idle in this world; I shall willingly perform any task that may be imposed upon me."

Kindlier, but even more eccentric, was his friend, Lord Monboddo, for they were not unfriendly at bottom, though at all times "they ridiculed each other's books, jeered at each other's speculations, scorned each other's law and laughed at each other's hobbies." A duchess once made them dance a reel together. Lord Monboddo's speculations on primitive man, whom he endowed with a tail, are well known. In court he was still unique. "In the Inner House," Mr. Graham tells us, "he was never seen sitting with his brother judges on the bench, but below among

the clerks, and for this a probable reason was given. It happened one time that his horse was mis-managed and died in the hands of the farrier, and he brought an action against the man. Instead of employing counsel, he descended from the bench and pleaded his own cause. After the expenditure of a vast amount of Roman law over the carcass of the quadruped, their lordships decided against their legal brother, and never forgiving the judges, especially Lord President Dundas, he never sat beside them again." It was at Monboddo, and as "Farmer Burnett," that he was visited by Dr. Johnson. In his house in St. John Street, off the Canongate, met all that was best in Edinburgh, and there Lady Anne Lindsay sang her own "Auld Robin Gray." There Burns was fêted in 1787. Asked whether he had admired Lord Monboddo's daughter Elizabeth Burnett, he replied, "I admire God Almighty more than ever—Miss Burnett is the most heavenly of all His works!" She died at twenty-five through her acquiescence in her father's passion for antiquity. Never could he be induced to ride in a coach. His yearly journeys to London were done on horseback, and the poor girl, governed by his will, rode in all weathers, and, not able to bear the exposure, died young. Profoundly grieved, her father allowed her portrait to be covered up, and said, "Let us now go on with Herodotus." Like the ancients, he anointed himself each morning with

oil, and when he was ill insisted that he had "a true Roman fever." The last time that he started for London on horseback he only reached Dunbar, where he went to bed ill, and coming home (in a chaise) said to his nephew, "Oh, George, I find that I am eighty-four." So he too went.

Of the humors of men like these the book is compact. We might stay to enjoy the oddities of Dr. Hugh Blair, of rhetorical fame; Professor William Winkie, the ephemeral "Scottish Homer;" Thomas Blacklock, the blind versifier, whose ideas of color interested Dr. Johnson; "Ossian" Macpherson, whose impotent rage Dr. Johnson provoked and defied, little thinking that the "impostor" would sleep beside him in the Abbey; David Mallet, "the only Scotsman," according to Steevens, "of whom none of his countrymen spoke well;" the lovable and corpulent poet of the "Seasons;" Smollett, missing good fortune at every turn; Henry Mackenzie, bending over his fighting cocks and going home to write pages for young ladies to weep on—all these, and Lady Anne Barnard and Lady Nairne and many others come into Mr. Graham's big book. In our judgment it is too big only by the inclusion of a memoir of Burns, who hardly needs a place in a collection of memoirs such as this. Had Mr. Graham concentrated his attention on Burns's visits to Edinburgh the sketch would have been sufficient, and more in keeping with the book as a whole.

LULLABY.

I've found my bonny babe a nest
On Slumber Tree.
I'll rock you there to rosy rest,
Astore Machree!
Oh, lulla lo! sing all the leaves
On Slumber Tree,
Till everything that hurts or grieves
Afar must flee.

I'd put my pretty child to float
Away from me,
Within the new moon's silver boat
On Slumber Sea.
And when your starry sail is o'er,
From Slumber Sea,
My precious one, you'll step to shore
On mother's knee.

Alfred Perceval Graves.

INDIAN CONJURING EXPLAINED.

By PROFESSOR HOFFMANN.

Within the memory of the present generation it was almost an article of faith that the conjurers of Hindustan surpassed all others. Travellers had given the most marvellous accounts of their feats, of which, as described, no explanation seemed possible; but sufficient allowance was not made for defective observation. Professor Jastrow, in "Fact and Fable in Psychology," says, speaking of the apparently supernatural: "The cases cannot be explained as they are recorded, because, as recorded, they do not furnish the essential points on which the explanation hinges." This exactly applies to the case in point. Even an expert, after witnessing the performance of a conjuring trick for the first time, often finds himself at a loss to give an

exact account of what has been said and done—to decide, for example, which of two movements preceded the other, though the question may have an important bearing on the solution of the mystery. In the case of an outsider, it is hopeless to expect anything even approaching an exact account. The most acute observer, speaking with every desire to be accurate, can at best only describe what he thinks he saw, which, under the glamour created by a skilful conjurer, will differ widely from what he actually did see. A man will tell you, for instance, in all good faith, that he saw his own watch smashed into fragments, crammed into a pistol and fired at a target, to which it adhered, restored to its original condition. If he had

really seen all this, the feat would be a miracle; but his statement is faulty in one little particular. He failed to observe that at a certain point of the trick a dummy watch was deftly substituted for his own, and it is just this one fact that destroys all the marvelous element in his story. If we add to malobservation in the first instance the elements of uncertainty arising from failure of memory and the instinctive tendency in human nature to magnify personal experiences, we need not be surprised if a whole bushel of salt is needed for the acceptance of such descriptions.

Fortunately, in the interests of truth and common-sense, the East has of late years been largely visited by Western conjurers, who, as might have been expected, have closely scrutinized the performances of their Eastern competitors. The natural result has been that the alleged miracles are found to be perfectly easy of explanation, deriving, in fact, their prestige mainly from the loose accounts which casual observers have given of them.

At this point it may be interesting to state how an expert sets to work to discover the secret of a new trick. Naturally, he observes as minutely as possible, with the advantage that he knows just what to look for, while an outsider does not. If, as often happens, the novelty is only new in point of form, being an adaptation of principles and expedients already familiar to him, it will give him no trouble. If, on the other hand, it is altogether on fresh lines, a first visit may tell him very little; but a second will largely increase his knowledge. He will discover that certain professedly accidental features of the first performance—for example, the dropping of a given article, or a pretended mistake or slip of memory—are repeated. It is a safe inference that the pretended accidents are in reality essential features, and he

sets to work, bringing his technical knowledge to bear, to discover the real reason of their introduction. Further observation will either confirm or correct his conclusion, after which it becomes merely a question of time and thought to fit the remaining bits of the puzzle into their proper places.

Reverting to the Hindu conjurer—who, by the way, is not a Hindu in religion, but a low-class Mohammedan—one point which specially impresses the uninitiated is that the performer apparently owes so little to clothing. In his native clime his costume is often limited to a turban and a loin-cloth. Under such circumstances he can clearly have nothing “up his sleeve,” and pockets are conspicuous by their absence; but the turned-in lower edge of the loin-cloth forms a very convenient receptacle for small articles, the turban, or the long hair twisted into a knot, forming another; the hollow of the armpit, enlarged by habitual use, is a third. Thus, a small animal of the guinea-pig or mouse kind is taken in the hands, and, under cover of a quick half-turn, transformed into two, the duplicate being procured from under the arm. Again, an expert performer will throw up a small ball, or a scorpion with the fangs extracted, and, after catching it once or twice, “vanish” it by throwing it into the opposite armpit. At palming, the Indian conjurer is an adept, the suppleness of his hand, and particularly of the mechanism of the wrist, giving him an advantage in this respect over his Western rivals.

Among minor tricks, one which greatly puzzles Europeans is that of the diving duck. A little tin or earthen pan, or sometimes a half cocoa-nut shell, supported on three stones, is filled with water on which is sprinkled a red powder, rendering it practically opaque. A little duck of wood or porcelain is placed upon the surface,

where it at first floats, but at the command of the performer suddenly dives, remaining submerged until again ordered to rise. This very ingenious trick depends upon the fact that in the bottom of the vessel there is a minute hole through which passes a hair. One end of this is attached to the duck; the other remains at the disposal of the performer, and is attached by means of a pellet of wax, to his tom-tom or to one of the hands with which he beats it. When he wishes the duck to dive he pulls the hair; when he desires it to rise he relaxes the pull. There is naturally some amount of leakage through the pinhole; and to cover this the performer takes care, when filling the pan, to accidentally(?) spill a little water. The ground being thus already wetted, the fact that it gets a little more so is not noticed.

A variation of this trick is to place a little china rabbit at the bottom of the pan (the water being previously rendered turbid, as above described), and to command it to come out. After the lapse of a few seconds it jumps out accordingly, landing at some point previously indicated by the performer within a small circle drawn round the pan. As a matter of fact the performer, when immersing the rabbit in the water, introduces at the same time a spring of cane or metal, the ends of which have been brought together and secured by some adhesive substance soluble in water. The rabbit is placed on the closed ends of this spring, and when the gum dissolves, the spring is released and the rabbit is shot out of the water. By turning the spring accordingly its flight may be made to take any desired direction.

The "lotah" trick is equally simple, though somewhat difficult to explain without the assistance of a diagram. The vessel known as a "lotah" is a big-bellied metal jar, in shape not unlike the pots in which preserved ginger is

sent to this country. The conjurer fills this with water, which he forthwith pours out again, turning the "lotah" upside down, to prove that it is empty. Placing it again in its normal position, he blows into a small hole in its side, and after a few moments it is again seen full to the brim. The water is again poured out and the operation repeated, with the same result, the supply appearing to be inexhaustible. The secret lies in the fact that the jar has an inner and an outer wall, communicating by means of a small hole near the bottom. The inner wall is nearly perpendicular, so that there is a considerable space between this and the convex outer wall. In the latter, near the neck, is a pin-hole. If water be poured into the lotah it will rise gradually in the inner and outer chambers till both are full. This is the condition in which the jar is first shown. Covering the air-hole with his thumb the performer throws out the water, that is, the water in the inner chamber. That in the outer chamber remains undisturbed. The "lotah" is now again filled, and the water again poured out, and the jar inverted, being to all appearance empty. When the performer blows through the air-hole, a portion of the water in the outer compartment is forced back by atmospheric pressure into the inner compartment, which it quickly fills. This may be repeated three or four times, or the performer may, if he so prefers, not empty out the water, but make it flow spontaneously over the brim.

The famous basket-trick depends mainly upon the construction of the basket. This in plan is oval, its longest diameter being about four feet and its shortest about two feet six inches. In elevation it is dome-shaped, with a flat top represented by the lid, which measures about two feet six inches wide by one foot six inches; but the exact shape and dimensions of the bas-

ket vary in different localities. A boy whose apparent bulk is increased by his wearing a turban and a loosely-fitting robe, is placed in a net, which is tied over his head. He is then lifted into the opening of the basket, and with apparent difficulty gradually settles down in the centre. The lid is put on, and the whole covered with a heavy woollen cloth. Sundry incantations follow, and much beating of tom-toms.

Presently the cloth on the top of the lid is seen to move. The performer, fumbling beneath it, finds the net in which are enclosed the turban and loose garment. He removes the cloth and looks into the basket, which he finds apparently empty. Again covering the basket with the cloth he steps upon it and into the central space, trampling heavily about it, and finally squatting down in it. The boy is evidently no longer in the basket; and to make this still more certain, the performer, removing the cloth, and replacing the lid, with a sword thrusts through and into the basket in various directions. The robe and turban are now again thrown into the basket, the lid replaced, and the whole covered with the cloth. After a few more incantations, and a little more beating of tom-toms, the lid is seen to rise under the cloth. This being removed, the boy steps out, clothed as before and not a penny the worse for his peculiar experience.

Now for the explanation. The net is so contrived that the undoing of a single knot allows the withdrawal of a string, which, being removed, opens one side of the net, and enables the occupant to get out of it without the least difficulty. To do this is his first proceeding, after which he replaces the cord, reties the knot, and makes all snug again, leaving his garments inside the net, which he then pushes out as described. His next step is to curl his

body round the basket, keeping as close to the sides as possible. By adopting this position he leaves ample room for the principal performer's trampling operations in the centre; and the sword-thrusts, though apparently haphazard, are really made in certain prearranged directions, so that the boy can dodge them without difficulty.

Sometimes the *mise en scène* is slightly altered, and a sword is used which is so contrived that on pressing on the hilt a red fluid shall run down the blade and drip from the point, the boy (in this case supposed to be still in the basket) uttering blood-curdling screams, which grow fainter and fainter with each successive thrust. But the shrieks of agony are only part of the trick. When the turban and robe are again thrown into the basket he has only to put them on and push up the lid, and the trick is done.

Where the nature of the place of exhibition permits it, the boy does sometimes really get out of the basket and reappear in some unexpected quarter. In this case the cloth is dispensed with, and in the place of it the principal performer drives into the ground around the basket four bamboo poles on which is hung a heavy curtain to serve as screen. Having attached the curtain to one of the poles behind, he next brings it to the corresponding front pole. After securing it to this, he carries it to the other front pole, and thence to the fourth pole, thus enclosing three sides of a square. During the brief space of time thus occupied the boy slips out of the basket, and under cover of the other members of the troupe (of which there are usually several, standing in a group behind) gets round a corner or elsewhere out of sight, and in due course surprises the spectators by his reappearance. Sometimes he vanishes altogether, swarming up inside the loose robe worn by one of the performers in the back-

ground, and hanging on by a strap attached to his shoulder.

In another version the boy first seen remains in the basket, and another boy, his exact double in appearance, represents him in his resuscitated condition, arriving, if possible, from some point in the rear of the spectators.

The great mango-trick is equally simple, when you know "how it's done." The performer is provided with two cuttings from a mango-tree, the one only four or five inches long and bearing three or four small leaves, the other considerably larger, say eighteen inches in length, and having a proportionately increased amount of foliage. Sometimes a still longer branch is used, in which case it is doubled in half, and the outer end tied to the stem an inch or two above the opposite end. As soon as the knot is untied it springs back to its normal position. This branch has a small green mango attached to it, either naturally or by artificial means. When the mango is not in season, rather than drop the trick out of the program, another small green fruit closely resembling it is substituted. Hence the often-repeated statement of travellers, in all good faith, that they have seen the mango produced by magic when it was impossible to procure it in the natural way. The larger branch is wrapped in a piece of wet rag, which keeps it fresh and also keeps the leaves folded close against the stem. The smaller piece is poked up inside the performer's Rahm Samee, a shabby little doll supposed to possess supernatural powers, and playing in an Indian conjurer's performance very much the part taken by the "wand" of his Western brother. The performer has also two mango-stones, alike in size and general appearance, save that the one is a new stone—that is, just as it leaves the fruit—and the other an older stone, which has reached the stage when it

opens, oyster-fashion, to release the seed. This latter is removed, and the cut ends of the two sprigs of mango are trimmed edgewise, so as to just fit the opening of the stone. To the lower end of the smaller piece of mango a few of the root fibres of the plant—or for lack of these a few ends of cotton-thread—are tied.

When about to show the trick, the performer first exhibits the unprepared stone. Filling a tin pan with earth, he adds water till it becomes a thick mud. In the centre of this he plants the stone. He then takes four bamboo canes, tied together at one end with string, and places them pyramid-wise over the tin pan. Over these sticks he throws a thick cloth, so as to form a miniature tent, closed on three sides, but open on that facing the troupe. In a pocket (sometimes merely in a fold) in the hinder part of his cloth is the larger branch of mango wrapped up as already described.

Of course the most magical of seeds must have a little time to germinate, so at this stage some other member of the troupe—for there are usually five or six, each having his own specialty—comes forward and performs *his* trick. The first performer has meanwhile extracted the smaller sprig from the interior of Rahm Samee, and inserted its pointed end into the second stone. It is an easy matter to palm so small an object. Peeping into the little tent now and then to see how matters are progressing, he thrusts this stone into the wet earth in the pan. After a proper interval and a sufficient amount of tomtomming he lifts the tent-cloth in front, and shows the little sprig "all a-blowing and a-growing." As a guarantee of good faith he pulls it up and exhibits the muddy fibres round the stone, which are accepted by the innocent spectators as proof positive of "no deception." Then the sprig is replaced. Again the front of the little tent is

dropped, and some other minor trick is exhibited. Meanwhile the mango-man keeps an eye, from behind, on the progress of his horticulture. As he is obviously empty-handed, no one can object to his pottering about the tent a little, and at a convenient opportunity he gets the larger branch of mango from its hiding-place, and after taking off the wet rag, substitutes it for the smaller sprig. A squeeze of the rag covers the youthful plant with pearly drops of rain or dew (as the spectator pleases), proving by conjurer's logic that the plant is fresh from the hands of Nature, and cannot have been tampered with by those of man.

Of the mythical feat of throwing a rope in the air, up which a man, boy or animal climbs and disappears, all that need be said is that no such thing ever happened. The story is generally told on the authority of the Emperor Jehangir. One would not wish to say rude things about an emperor; but if Jehangir ever did make himself responsible for such a "yarn," we can only conclude that he was a sort of imperial Mark Twain, and now and then sacrificed strict veracity to literary effect. Certainly no one of the present generation has ever wit-

nessed such a feat, or anything even remotely approaching it. The probable ground-work of the story is that the Indian jugglers do perform a curious balancing feat with a rope a few feet long. One end is thrown up in the air, and the rope is then balanced in a vertical position for a few seconds on the hand. The secret, apart from the dexterity born of lifelong practice, lies in the fact that the rope is, in conjurers' parlance, "faked," having a thin wire running through its centre, and giving it the necessary rigidity for the momentary balancing. The rest is but the embroidery added by successive narrators, reporting the feat from hearsay. It is easy to trace the process. The first step is to magnify seconds into minutes and feet into yards, till the upper end of the rope goes clean out of sight. The next is to allege that a monkey climbed it. In the later version the monkey becomes a man; and finally, after the man has passed out of sight, he comes tumbling down again in a dismembered condition. A story of the marvellous is like a snowball. Once started, you have only to keep it rolling, and it grows itself, till the original handful of truth is lost in a great globe of falsehood.

Chambers's Journal.

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS.*

Year after year, for more than a quarter of a century now, the wild honey bees have made their home under the leads on the porch of the house hidden deep in the oakwood. Whilst winter is yet in the air, in scarcely a matter of weeks indeed from this day, the queen must recommence her vast

labor of repeopling her state, laying the eggs from which the drone, the worker, the royal princess will come. To recall the spring morning when, through the open casement, one first heard them murmuring as they came with their exquisite burdens of honey from the April flowers, of orange and

* "The Life of the Bee. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. Fourth Edition. London: George Allen. 1901. 5s. net.

"Insect Life: Souvenirs of a Naturalist." By J.

H. Fabre. Translated from the French by the Author of "Mademoiselle Mori." London: Macmillan. 1901. 6s.

golden pollen from the palms, is always to feel again a little of the freshness in which a country-spent childhood was steeped. Never go back, urged the dying man, thinking of the old haunts and of all the familiar figures which had been blotted out of them, lest you, too, die, lest you should find yourself more dead than all the rest, your ghost to meet and mock you by all the sad hedgerows.

But no, on the contrary, if the poplars have not all been felled, and the house is not as that one deserted by its careless tenants, who left door and window wide upon their going away to a very distant city, let us always be returning in thought, or better still in reality. It is getting to be such a weary while since we last heard the hum of the bees through the open casement. How the wind whistles through the red twigs of the great lime tree, where the bees do make such music for a week or so in summer, on one branch of which—but the branch is dead and rotted away, the weight broke it down and killed it—a strong swarm clung for days last season, even formed a comb, the builders going about their work and making cells of the usual marvellous geometric accuracy in the midst of utter confusion and misery and starvation. True, a few of the bees were out quite late in the autumn sipping the bloom of the ivy which one might suppose delayed its flowering-time till the tree it clings to intercepts no longer the light and sun that green things compete for so; whilst some of the helpless drones, the final outcasts from the harem of nectar where they lolled through the scented summer, took sanctuary as usual within the western windows, there dying out one after another with the buzz of impotency. But those were stragglers. Before the lime had yellowed, the hived bees were settling down to their long winter doze—those of them who had

been spared the sulphur fume and the black pit, which, shameful to relate, many a humble beekeeper digs for them in October. With the New Year, with presently the perceptible increasing of the day, we begin to think again of the gold shower of willow blossom, of prime white violet and anemone, of the greening of the larch tree, the things we associate with the hum of the early foraging honey-seeker of spring. Yet, though the year has turned, there is still long to wait, and it may be doubted whether the reading of Maurice Maeterlinck's story, "*The Life of the Bee*," will help us to possess our souls serenely. Indeed to wait in patience such delights of air and sky, flower and winged thing, may well be more than ever hard with a Maeterlinck telling us of them. For his is an absorbing, an astonishing story, pouring fiery spirits on the flame of one's passion for Nature; a story told in a language seemingly as ethereal as a lyric in "*Hellas*," yet evincing in the writer a desire for strict accuracy in natural science that one might look for not here, rather in a Darwin, a Fabre, or, to go back to the great pioneers in entomology, in a blind Huber, a Réaumur. It is at once intensely subjective, and yet it is objective, a rare and captivating union of the two opposites. All unconsciously, not having any particular public in mind, Maeterlinck has told a story which the man who lives for literature and has not very likely the faintest notion of the economy of a beehive, and the man in whom literature simply is not, but who lives for the apiary, may alike revel in. The "*Life of the Bee*" has just appeared anew. It is a welcome sign that there is still some chance for a pure and good and beautiful book in spite of the sale by hundreds of thousands of the works of the popular novelists.

Through this glowing story of his heart—it is that as well as a story of

the bees—we are often conscious of a certain tinge of sadness, a shade passing the grass. It is not peculiar to Maeterlinck by any means. One might turn to Renan's "Recollections;" "The Crown of Wild Olive" or "Præterita;" "Bits of Oak Bark" or "Meadow Thoughts"—is Maeterlinck familiar with these two last-named essays? if not, let him read them, and acknowledge himself in our debt—to find the undertone of sorrow there too, whispering even through the pages of exultation; nay, is it not part of us, of the very woof and warp of our lives? That is a shining passage, the common words that composed it, transfigured as it were, seeming to tremble like the dewdrops on the wild flower as the bee alights on its petals, in which Maeterlinck's friend, having seen for the first time with amazement the teeming travail in the glass hive, turned his eyes away "with I know not what saddened fears . . . for underlying the blissful journeys that knit it so close to the flowers and running water, to the sky, to the peaceful abundance of all that makes for beauty and happiness—underlying all these exterior joys there reposes a sadness as deep as the eye of man can behold. And we, who dimly gaze on these things with our blind eyes, we know full well that it is not they alone whom we are striving to see, not they alone whom we cannot understand, but that before us lies a pitiable form of the great power that quickens us also." It has been said before. It is said in

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all
I should know what God and man is."

Never before have we read it in lan-

guage in which one can steep himself, as in the sound and sight of the rushy stream, sitting by which on an August day we have seen the bees, their great lime-tree and white clover feast over for the year, hurry down to finish with the purple knapweed and the blue scabious flower.

It is an alluring picture we here see so often in this story of the bees of the reverent figure bending over the wonderful little city, feeling that herein may well be something so nearly akin to the strivings and wrestlings of his own race; the ardent workers no more conscious of human intervention than we could be of the presence of some masterful power beyond our ken, watching us, perchance, moving us on the chequered board of life. Yet we are not by any means satisfied that it is by pondering over these inscrutable matters, by peering into the deeps, that we can derive the greatest good from Nature. Better surely forget the "painful riddle of the earth," and partake instead of the feast of wonder and delight that, in the environment of our bees, in their devotion, chastity and statecraft, is spread out around us. It is not credible, at any rate that in enjoying these things we can go wrong, imperil our souls. It would be a triumph of course to be able to prove for certain whether the evolutionist is right, whether our honey bee, whose comb exactly as it is to-day was depicted on sarcophagus or papyrus thousands of years before Christ, came originally from lowly prosope, naked savage of its race; to decide between the many who hold with Darwin and the fewer who doubt with Fabre. But faint is the chance of accomplishing that end. And meanwhile our springs and summers may be all slipping by, whilst entangled in the mesh of the unknowable, we are failing to enjoy to the full the color and scent and forms of the flowers that

enamel the meadows, the azure of the sky and the gray clouds and the delicate air and sunshine. It is among these influences that the bees have their being; in the absence of these living a life without lustre, without that exhibition of shining qualities that we so admire in them; among them that the workers go forth on their arduous, dangerous journeys with gladness, that they show themselves equal to that amazing self-sacrifice that is involved

in the departure of the swarm with the old queen, that the aerial nuptials of her on whom the hopes of the race are set are consummated in the blue. By moving very often among such influences whenever it is possible, in thought too when there is no other way, by letting go the Whence, the Whither and the Why, may not a man be fitting himself for the loveller life which he feels for in his moments of high and rare aspiration?

The Saturday Review.

THE FOUNTAIN.

Fountain, fountain of the square,
Leaping on the sunlit air,
At what heights of happiness
Do thy flashing waters guess?
Standing at thy basin's brink
More I gain than kindly drink;
Fairer are the draughts I find
For the fever of the mind.
Fountain, fountain of the square,
Leaping on the sunlit air!
Thou art life's eternal youth,
Symbol of its sweetest truth;
On thy limpid laughers follow
Spring and hope's reverting swallow,
Gladness and the cloudless days
Of thy spirit's fearless praise;
In thy art that is so eager,
In thy outflow never meagre,
In thy sparkling phantasy,
In thy pale foam's chastity,
In thy ceaseless, silver singing,
In thy bright and buoyant springing,
There is that of faith which teaches
How the trusting nature reaches
Upward, how it ne'er confesses
Unto earth-born bitternesses,
And to a diviner duty
Giveth forth an inward beauty.
Fountain, fountain of the square,
Thou art very sweet and fair!
Would I, too, might, upward springing,

The Revival of a Language.

Lift my spirit so in singing.

Yea, thus mounting from the sod,

Flash my being up to God!

Edward Uppington Valentine.

THE REVIVAL OF A LANGUAGE.

The modern conception of civilization seems to involve the agglomeration of communities into vast masses, all governed by the same institutions and all speaking the same language; and there are those who exult in the fact that English of all competitors, has the best chance to become, in the cant term, a world-speech, doing away with the curse of Babel, to the immense advantage of people who buy and sell. I cannot understand this enthusiasm. Neither the pidgin-English of China, nor the trade-English of West Africa, nor the delectable dialect of the Wall Street broker, kindles in me the least glow of satisfaction. I am a Little Englander in the matter of language; and every extension of a speech beyond the limits in which it originally took shape seems to take from it something of its essential character and beauty. It becomes less and less an appropriate instrument for embodying thought and imagination, and more and more a convenient tool in the business of barter and money-making. Latin and Greek literature ceased to be interesting in proportion as the languages grew cosmopolitan. The great things of the intellectual world have been done mostly by the small communities.

On the other hand, many people in many parts of the world are possessed with the desire to resist the progress of the great steam-rollers that are flattening out racial, local and parochial differences. They do not want to see, in Musset's phrase, a world beardless and hairless spin through space like a

monstrous pumpkin. In certain cases, as in Finland, for example, the struggle has a political complexion; a subject people holds to what it believes will be the key to deliver it from its chains. But in most instances the motives are merely sentimental, a local patriotism such as preserves the speech and the literature of Wales; and the most remarkable of all these revivals, that of the Provençal tongue, is perfectly free from any suggestion of a racial hostility. "I love my village more than thy village, I love my Provence more than thy Province, I love France more than all," writes Félix Gras, one of the leaders in the movement, quoted by Mr. Downer in his excellent little book on Frédéric Mistral.¹ And Mistral himself, so eloquent on the need for fostering the local life, is eloquent too upon the need for racial union.

For the brook must flow to the sea, and the stone must fall on the heap; the wheat is best protected from the treacherous wind when planted close; and the little boats if they are to navigate safely, when the waves are black and the air dark, must sail together. For it is good to be many, it is a fine thing to say, "We are children of France."

Unluckily the movement nearest to my mind, the revival of the Gaelic tongue in Ireland, springs under less kindly auspices. Dislike of England

¹ "Frédéric Mistral, Poet and Leader in Provence," by Charles Alfred Downer, London, 1901.

as well as love of Ireland enters into it. Nevertheless, the resentment that encourages Irishmen to promote national industries, to revive their ancient tongue, and to study their past history and store of legends, is a very much more useful feeling than the resentment which sits sullenly asserting that nothing but the Act of Union stands between Ireland and the millennium. And it would be misleading to assert that the feeling against England, rather than the feeling for Ireland, has been the spring of the movement. Protestants and Unionists have been prominent in it. In Belfast, where the Gaelic League has several thousand members, the president of the League is a Protestant; and one of the best known opponents of Home Rule, the late Dr. Kane, joined the League, saying that he might be an Orangeman, but he did not wish to forget that he was an O'Cahan. And many Irishmen, and others interested in the Celtic revival, will find in Mr. Downer's account of Mistral and the *Félibrige* a suggestive parallel which I shall endeavor to draw out, while giving some account of the *Félibrige* itself.

The Provençal speech, once the vehicle of a great literature, had lapsed, after the devastation of the Albigensian wars, into the position of a mere patois. A few peasant songs were still written in it, and before the efforts of Mistral and his fellows, Jasmin had composed in it poems which won the praise of Sainte-Beuve. Roumanille, a native of Saint-Rémy, born in 1818, conceived definitely the idea of saving from destruction the beautiful *langue d'oc*; and Providence threw in his way the instrument. In 1845 he met with Frédéric Mistral, then a boy of fifteen, son of a farmer whose home lay near the village of Maillane in a plain at the foot of the Alpilles. The boy had already a tenderness for the speech in which his mother sang her songs to

him, and the ridicule of his class-mates in the school at Avignon only strengthened this feeling. Already he was trying to render into Provençal the Eclogues of Virgil which recalled so vividly to his mind the life on the plains of Maillane. Then he met Roumanille, who showed him his poems "*Li Margarideto*" ("*Les Marguérites*," the Daisies). Before this, any passage of modern Provençal that he had met in print had been only given as the grotesque dialect of clowns. He went home and began a poem; but his father sent him (like Ovid) from verse-making to study law. He returned home *licencié en droit* (called to the Bar, as we should say), and was given his freedom. Then the young man devoted his life, just fifty years ago, to the glorification of his native tongue. Mistral set to work on the composition of "*Miréio*," which appeared in 1859, and was hailed with acclamation by Lamartine, crowned by the Academy and made the subject of Gounod's opera. The language was lucky; it had found a poet, who from the very first raised modern Provençal literature into an indisputable existence.

Dr. Douglas Hyde, who is the recognized leader of the Gaelic movement in Ireland, as Mistral of the Provençal, has not only collected folk-song, but has written many lyrics, and one charming poetic comedy; but there has not yet been accorded to his work any of the recognition which was from the first bestowed by great writers on the author of "*Miréio*," for the excellent reason that hardly any critic is in a position to judge it except through the medium of a translation. Irish literature will have a harder fight to establish itself than the Provençal. The Irish, in so far as they are or have been, or may become a bi-lingual people, are so in a very different sense from the *Méridionaux* of France. Any one who knows French and Italian can

with a dictionary and a few hints spell out the meaning of what Mistral writes; and the idiom, according to Mr. Downer, is so near the French that translation is nearly a substitution of word for word. The spelling, too, as in all Latin tongues, offers no difficulty. But Irish is of course a language differing entirely in construction and vocabulary from English, and, to add to the trouble, is encumbered with a system of orthography subtle and logical indeed, but elaborate and cumbrous. The difference in the written character makes another obstacle, though a slight one. Practically, therefore, one may be sure that any prose or poetry produced in Irish will only be read by Gaelic speakers; if it makes its way to English students of literature, it will be only known as the Polish is through the medium of translations. But literature is not produced for export, and the greatest poets have written for a public that was, so far as they knew, strictly limited in numbers. It is safe to say that either of two things would save the Irish tongue from all danger of dying out. The first cannot be looked for—a prohibition of its use. On the second, therefore, all hopes must be founded—the appearance of a really great writer who should write in Gaelic.

That is, as has been said, where the revival in Provence was lucky. The poet came to hand at once; and, apart from "Miréio" no one who reads even in a translation the noble "Penitential Psalm" called forth by the war of 1870 can question the genius of its author. But failing this special intervention of providence on behalf of a language, organization has a power, and there is much of interest and of profitable example in the proceedings of the Félibrige. What exactly is meant by this mysterious word most people are in doubt. Etymologies from the Greek, the Spanish, the Irish even, have been

offered—*philabros*, *philebraios*, *feligres* (that is *fili ecclesiæ*), and so on. But the essential fact is that Mistral found an old Provençal hymn describing how the Virgin came upon Jesus among "the seven Félibres of the Law," and adopted the word to designate the seven poets who came together on May 21st, 1854, to consult for the rehabilitation of the Provençal tongue. The Félibrige or League of the Félibres, was not founded till more than twenty years later.

What then was Mistral's procedure? He took, to begin with, a living language that was spoken about him. The dialect of the troubadours was, it appears, the Limousin. Mistral took the dialect of Saint-Rémy, or rather of Maillane. But the first meetings of the Félibres were held to discuss questions of grammar and orthography; for the language they were to work in was one that had long ceased to be used for any literary purpose. Taking a single dialect for basis, this is what according to Mr. Downer they have done.

They have regularized the spelling, and have deliberately eliminated as far as possible words and forms that appeared to them to be due to French influence, substituting older and more genuine forms—forms that appeared more in accord with the genius of the *langue d'oc* as contrasted with the *langue d'oïl*. . . . The second step taken arose from the necessity of making this speech of the illiterate capable of elevated expression. Mistral claims to have used no word unknown to the people or unintelligible to them, with the exception that he had used freely of the stock of learned words common to the whole Romance family of languages. These words, too, he transforms more or less, keeping them in harmony with the forms peculiar to the *langue d'oc*. Hence, it is true that the language of the Félibres is a conventional literary language that does not represent exactly the speech of any section

of France, and is related to the popular speech more or less as any official language is to the dialects that underlie it.

The same may, however, be said of any written language, and it is to be noted that as the movement has spread the different dialects included in its sphere have asserted their own claims, and since 1874 have been admitted in the competitions. But the point to emphasize is that the language of Mistral is based on a dialect, but a dialect purified and enlarged. For the poet, in his enthusiasm for the tongue of his birthplace, did not limit himself to demonstrating its fitness for literary uses. He spent, Mr. Downer tells us, a quarter of a century "journeying about among all classes of people, questioning workmen and sailors, asking them the names they applied to the objects they use, recording their proverbial expressions, noting their peculiarities of pronunciation, listening to the songs of the peasants." The result was his great dictionary "*Lou Tresor dou Félibrige*," which professes to contain all the words used in Southern France, with the dialect forms of each, their etymology and synonyms. Grammar is included by giving the conjugation of the verbs, etc.; so are explanations as to customs, manners, traditions and beliefs. In short, Mistral made a dictionary not only of the language but of the culture of the people, which aims at including all that is necessary to the understanding of the modern Provençal literature.

This brief account indicates sufficiently, I think, the character of the literary language written by the Félibres, and the means taken to develop it. The facts have a certain resemblance to those of the Gaelic revival, but the difference is to the advantage of the Irish. If the Provençal tongue be worth reviving, then the Irish is much more worth reviving, as

being the richest in records of any of the old Celtic tongues, any one of which has a continuous history going back for many ages before the dialects of Latin took shape even in common speech. Yet nothing is more hotly debated in Ireland than just this point—the value of the language. In the summer of 1900 a Vice-Regal Commission sat to inquire into the subject, and the evidence given before it is vastly entertaining. It may be divided into two parts—the evidence of Dublin University against, and the evidence of other Gaelic scholars in Ireland and on the Continent for the popular study of the language. So far as the outside public can gather, the history of Irish falls into three parts. First, that of the Old Irish, spoken and written before the great Danish invasions of about the ninth century. This tongue survives only in certain glosses on the margin of Latin manuscripts, but its linguistic perfection is the joy of philologists. Dr. Atkinson, the main champion of the Trinity College point of view, would desire to encourage the learning of Irish among students of philology chiefly for the sake of these remnants. Secondly, there is the Middle Irish spoken and written by all men in Ireland, settlers as well as natives, from the tenth century to the close of the sixteenth. In this, which is apparently related to the Old Irish as the tongue of Chaucer is to the Anglo-Saxon, there survives admittedly a very copious literature, much of it probably dating from centuries earlier, but re-shaped into the modified speech. This literature is of undoubted interest to archæologists; but about it two questions are raised. First, is it desirable that a knowledge of it should form part of an Irishman's education? Secondly, will an Irishman be better qualified to understand it by knowing the existing Gaelic? Upon the first point Dr. Atkinson is emphat-

ic. He is worth listening to, for, unlike Dr. Mahaffy who testified in the same sense, he knows the books about which he is talking; and in his opinion it was difficult to find a book in the older (that is the Middle) Irish "in which there was not some passage so silly or indecent" as to give Mr. Justice Madden (his questioner) "a shock from which he would never recover during the rest of his life." He offered to bring Judge Madden, or any of the Commission, to his rooms in college and administer to them a series of these shocks, but it is not recorded in the Report whether or not they went. All Irish literature, he went on to say (by implication), is folk-lore, and all folk-lore (he said expressly) is "abominable." This is one of the opinions, and Dr. Atkinson is apparently unique in it and not a little droll. To a certain extent Trinity College has dissociated itself from this wholesale condemnation of a literature which many distinguished members of its body have endeavored to make known. The normal opinion of scholars, who have either not felt or have recovered from the shock, is that the traditional Irish sagas, as they have come down to us, contain much that is of interest and not a little beauty for any reader. And for the ordinary Irishman or Irishwoman, whom it is proposed to educate, or merely to delight, by the revival of these old tales, it will be found, I think, that the literature has a special appeal. I judge by myself; the memories that haunt the Irish mountains and shores, from Ben Bulbin to Ben Edair, waken my imagination with a more living touch than all that is told with greater art of an alien Thessaly, and Tara is more to me than Camelot. France may admire Mistral; but it is for Provence that he describes the life and scenery of Provence, and for Provence that he weaves into his poems the

history and traditions of his own country. The value of a literature lies in its power to interest, and no literature and no history can be to any country what are the history of its own race or the literature that sprang from its soil. Few serious thinkers will deny that every civilized man should be familiar with the history of his own race, and it is at least doubtful whether that familiarity is possible without a knowledge of the racial tongue. And it is not history alone that is needed. M. Darmesteter writes in a fine passage, translated by Mr. Downer:—

A nation needs poetry; it lives not by bread alone, but in the ideal as well. Religious beliefs are weakening; and if the sense of poetic ideals dies along with the religious sentiment, there will remain nothing among the lower classes but material and brutal instincts.

Whether the Félibres were conscious of this danger, or met the popular need instinctively, I cannot say. At any rate, their work is a good one and a wholesome one. There still circulates, down to the lowest stratum of the people, a stream of poetry, often obscure, until now looked upon with disdain by all except scholars. I mean folk-lore, beliefs, traditions and popular tales. Before this source of poetry could disappear completely the Félibres had the happy idea of taking it up, giving it a new literary form, thus giving back to the people, clothed in the brilliant colors of poetry, the creation of the people themselves.

With very few alterations, this should hold good of the work that is being done by the Gaelic revival in Ireland. It will be asked by Englishmen why these people, all of whom speak English, cannot find their account in English poetry. The simplest answer is the fact: they do not, and they cannot. What they take from England is the worst, not the best; and that is true even of the men of genius among them. Neither Carleton nor Banim was able to assimilate the vir-

tues of English literature; the merit in their tales lies in the Irish qualities, the defects lie in the tawdry and superficial tricks of style picked up from the flashiest models. Nor is this only true of Ireland. Mr. Baring Gould, in a recently published "Book of Brittany," devotes a page to Théodore Botrel, the son of a blacksmith, and a Breton poet. And this is M. Botrel's account of his own objects.

We are menaced with a great evil. Not only is the Breton tongue threatened, but the Breton soul itself. That flower of sentiment which was its beauty is ready to shrivel up at contact with a materialistic civilization. Vulgar songs are penetrating throughout the land of the saints, brought home from the barrack and dropped by the commercial travellers. I have done what I can to substitute for these depressing compositions something that shall smell of the broom and contain a waft of the soil.

The reason for the fact here attested, and attested by many witnesses in Ireland, is, I think, admirably given in a passage from Alphonse Daudet's words in commendation of Mistral's work, rendered by Mr. Downer.

It is a bad thing to become wholly loosened from the soil, to forget the village church-spire. Curiously enough, poetry attaches only to objects that have come down to us, that have had long use. What is called *progress*, a vague and very doubtful term, rouses the lower parts of our intelligence. The higher parts vibrate the better for what has moved and inspired a long series of imaginative minds, inheriting each from a predecessor, strengthened by sight of the same landscapes, by the same perfumes, by the touch of the same furniture polished by wear. Very ancient impressions sink into the depth of that obscure memory which we may call the race-memory, out of which is woven the mass of individual memories.

That is the plea for the study of a literature based on the old traditions, the old history and the old beliefs of the race, and written in the old tongue, but in the modern form of that tongue. Here again there is a conflict of opinion over the value of Irish. The written language altered materially after the break-up of the old order when Ireland was completely crushed and conquered under Elizabeth and James. Up to that time the order of the bards had subsisted as a professional literary class, and had rigidly maintained a literary idiom growing gradually more and more divorced from common speech. In the first half of the seventeenth century, in the general break-up, a man called Keating departed from the tradition and wrote in popular Irish a history of Ireland and other works. That was the beginning (according to Dr. Hyde) of a new literature which circulated surreptitiously in manuscript throughout Ireland, and received continual additions both in prose and verse. These manuscripts abounded all over the country but more specially in Munster; poverty, and the apathy born of poverty, did their work in Ulster and Connaught. Then came the blow of the famine, which fell chiefly on the Irish speakers, and the continuity of the literary tradition was for the first time snapped. The heart was out of the people, and for a time they made up their minds that the way of salvation lay in becoming Anglicized. The institution of National Schools killed out the hedge-schoolmasters, many of whom had taught in Irish; the parents opposed themselves strongly to the use of Irish by their children, and a generation brought up without a knowledge how to read or write Irish³ lost the respect for the

³ The rules of the Board of Education everywhere permitted a teacher to teach Irish-speaking children in Irish, but no attempt was made to see that this

Irish manuscripts which were destroyed by thousands. Still the tongue survived, and as the people gradually recovered from the terrible blow, racial pride began to reassert itself; for this language-movement, whether in Ireland or Provence, is an expression of the love of country and tends to foster that historic spirit of true nationality which Lord Beaconsfield once attributed to the Irish. But, as was natural in the absence of a written literature, divergence of dialects accentuated itself; and one of the questions hotly fought out before the Commission concerned the very existence of the language. Dr. Atkinson denied that there was such a thing as a standard of the tongue; he refused the title of Irish to what Dr. Hyde wrote. It was "an imbroglio, a mélange, an omnium gatherum." Dr. Hyde retorted that an Ulster and a Kerry peasant talking Gaelic together differed no more in speech from one another than they would have differed when talking English; and further, that what he wrote in the idiom used by educated Connaught men could be understood and enjoyed by Gaelic speakers in any part of the island. He cited testimony which seems conclusive. It is much to be wished that Dr. Atkinson, who knows all languages, would institute a **comparison between the Provencal** as it was when Mistral and his fellows took it in hand and the Irish when Dr. Hyde began his work. To judge from Mr. Downer's book it would appear that the notion of using Provencal as a literary medium had dropped out of men's minds altogether till first Jasmin and then Roumanille, took it up; whereas in Ireland there still was in oral

circulation a large body of folk-song, and in manuscript a considerable quantity of stories and histories.

The question for the educational authorities to consider, whether they should or should not encourage the study of Irish among young people not born to speak it, has been reduced to three heads. First that of practical or commercial utility, which may be at once set aside. Consideration of these ends usually defeats itself; and in any case I doubt very much whether the man who starts his career in Ireland would not be more helped by a slight knowledge of Gaelic than by a similar knowledge of French or German. None of the three will, however, probably ever bring him in a penny; shorthand would be more marketable. Secondly, that of the language's value as an exercise for the mind. Here the Trinity College experts deny its fitness to be a subject for study, while half a score of eminent scholars on the Continent, and, what is more to the point, eminent Celtic scholars with Welsh experience, affirm. Thirdly, that of its use as a key to literature. Here no one proposes to put it into serious comparison with French or German. But it may be urged that the experts overlook altogether the special value that Irish literature has for Irish people. The study begun at school or college is by no means so likely to be dropped in later life as that of any foreign language; of its power of stimulating interest and intellectual enthusiasm the Gaelic League is there to testify.

This League is the most interesting and significant outgrowth of Nationalism that Ireland has seen in my time.

was done, nor to provide Irish-speaking teachers though the advisability of doing so was repeatedly urged. The practice was almost universally to teach children who had never heard English spoken till they came to school the rudiments of reading and writing in English. The result was that the scholars learned little, forgot quickly what they learned, and became the illiterate peasantry that they are to-day.

Now some attempt is being made to follow the precedent which has been set with great success in Wales, and teach Irish speakers through the medium of Irish. The Board of Education is, however, sluggish in the matter, and the outlying peasantry are as will be seen little touched by the revival as yet.

It is not political, but it is national; that is to say, it aims at fostering by all means the distinct and separate national life of Ireland. It is in close sympathy with the industrial movement led by Mr. Plunket, and aspires, like Mr. Plunket, to keep Irishmen in Ireland by making life there more prosperous and more attractive. These two movements differ from others in that they are constructive not destructive; they do not cry "Down with everything," or anything; they try to build or rebuild. In a sense the Gaelic League is the more interesting, as it is the less utilitarian, though any one who has followed the work of Mr. Plunket and his associates knows well that they appeal to men's more generous emotions as well as to their pockets. But, grossly considered, the industrial movement is like the Land League and its successors, a movement to put money into the pocket of Irish farmers and peasants. It differs from them in not proposing to do this by taking it out of the pockets of landlords. The Gaelic League aims at an object which is partly sentimental, if you like, but in reality educational in the highest degree—at a revival of the national life on its intellectual side. It appeals to Nationalism in its finest form, and it has met with most response where Nationalism has in the past been least profitable. The townsmen have made nothing out of their principles, the farmers have pocketed a solid reduction in rent, and a solid lump sum for tenant-right. It is the townsmen who are supporting the Gaelic League. Especially the whole class of Government servants, post-office clerks and the like, who were debarred from joining any political organization, have thrown themselves into this with enthusiasm. The meetings of the different branches have of course a social character which has been heightened by the inclusion of the national songs and dances as part of

the study, and a very excellent part. But substantially you find in Dublin, in Belfast, and in any other considerable town, groups of clerks, shopmen and domestic servants, coming together evening after evening to work at the rudiments of a very difficult language which to at least nine in ten of them is as strange as to any Englishman. The little primer "Simple Lessons in Irish," by the Rev. Eugene O'Growney, which I bought the other day (and a better planned introduction to the study of a language I have never come across) was marked "121st thousand." It is fair to add that the fifth part of the same work was only in the thirteenth thousand. But let it be remembered that this whole movement is a growth of the last few years. Fifteen years ago, ten even, Dr. Hyde was a voice crying in the wilderness. Now he has not only his League with its far-reaching organization (even here in London it has a membership of twelve hundred) but he has the Church at his back. Readers of Father Sheehan's "My New Curate" will remember the priest's opinion of the cheap literature that is hawked about; and the Church has wisely accepted the best means of combating this vulgarizing and demoralizing agency. And lastly, the League has secured at least the formal support of Mr. Redmond and his party, many of whom are already strong for it, though many, and those not the least influential, are by long habit inclined to think of nothing but the land question in all its details, and (in shadowy outline) the parliament on College Green.

The movement, like everything else in Ireland (or for that matter like any other product of a generous enthusiasm) has its droll side; a new Daudet has a new Tarascon before him. On the whole I do not know that any one connected with it is more ridiculous than the literary gentleman who per-

rates or writes in good set phrase for or against a language of which he knows nothing; this essay, some may say, is not a bad illustration. However, we shall probably all be compelled to come in, even Mr. George Moore and Dr. Mahaffy. We are run hard, though, by the Pan-Celts, who, not contented with reviving the language, the airs and the step-dances, seek also to resuscitate, or re-invent, the costume. Mr. W. B. Yeats, who has a fine vicarious sense of humor, solemnly warned the Pan-Celts that they were heading straight for collision with a force that could, if it knew its strength, wreck any movement and would certainly wreck theirs. They had reckoned, he told them, without the Small Boy, and on the Small Boy they would come to ruin. But Mr. William Gibson, Lord Ashbourne's son (for this seed sprouts in the most unlikely and most embarrassing places) defies the Small Boy, not only of London, but his more formidable congener of Dublin. I hasten to add that the Dublin street arab sees no joke in the interchange of Gaelic salutations and (I am sure) smokes "Slainte" cigarettes with delight. We have not yet reached the stage when the names of all streets and railways stations will be written up in Irish, but town-councillors who object to gladden the Gael with an alternative version incur a disagreeable publicity, and at least one railway company has yielded to persuasion. Cricket is threatened with taboo (but the Irish climate already goes far in that direction) and so is Rugby football, a sport in which the Irish excel. Those, however, who advocate the disuse of the latter plead for some mitigation of the severity of the Gaelic game.

But these absurdities are only on the surface. Fundamentally the movement is admirable. It is allied with the industrial propaganda which every sensible Irishman applauds; it is allied

with a crusade against the curse of drunkenness; it is allied with the attempt to create a national dramatic literature (as I have attempted to show in the "Fortnightly Review" for the last month); it is giving to the people a keen intellectual interest, which is all the more likely to thrive because it is taken partly as a pastime, partly as an expression of the most genuine patriotism. And though the peasantry who have the language actually in their keeping, who are the true repositories of the national tradition, are slow to move, in Ireland as elsewhere, yet it is impossible that they can be long indifferent to the renewal of their language which they habitually discuss and appreciate as few Englishmen, but many Frenchmen, discuss and appreciate their own speech. More than once I have heard a Connaught man speak of the pleasure it was to hear such a one of his acquaintance recite a poem in Irish: "He had the right way of it, surely." And again and again I have heard them deplore the falling off among the younger folk in correctness of diction and even in accent. "They do not seem to be able to twisht their tongues around it, the way we used to," one of them said to me the other day. And in the last twelve months the change is notable; last summer, in the West of Donegal no one had heard of the movement; this year in Donegal and Mayo alike there was nothing the people were more ready to discuss than the Irish teaching in the schools. I see no reason to doubt, but every reason to believe, that there will come into being a new literature in the old tongue; and that literature will be as it was in Provence, the work of men with whom poetry or writing is a cult or passion, not a trade. Such men will turn with hope and emulation to survey the work done by Mistral and his fellow-workers; and to them may be commended the sonnet prefixed by

Mistral to his great dictionary. I transcribe the sestet of it, to give the reader some notion of this splendid daughter of the Latin, with its sonorous double rhymes and profusion of stately words. Mistral speaks of his own work, and gives thanks like the ploughman or the shepherd on the eve of St. John.

En terro, fin qu'au sistre, a cava moun
araire;
E lou brounze rouman e l'or dis em-
peraïre
Treluson au soulèn dintre lou blad que
sort. . . .

O pople dóu Miejour, escouto moun
arengo;
Se vos reconquista l'empèri de ta lengo,
Pèr t'arnesca de nou, pesco en aquéu
Tresor.

My plough has dug into the soil down

Macmillan's Magazine.

to the rock; and the Roman bronze and the gold of the Emperors gleam in the sunlight among the growing wheat.

Oh people of the South, heed my saying: If you wish to win back the Empire of your language, equip yourselves anew by drawing upon this Treasury.

Under the speech of the peasants, the speech that grows like corn in the fields, lie buried treasures from an older world of great kings and great artists, the words and the phrases and the thoughts of an ancient and illustrious civilization; and these Mistral has brought again to the light of day, no longer to "rust unburnished," but to "shine in use." Under the soil in Ireland also there lie bronze and gold, and Dr. Hyde in his ploughing may be as fortunate as Mistral.

Stephen Gwynn.

SONNET.

When you are very old and in your chair
At eve, beside the fire, your shuttle ply,
Singing my verses, you amazed will cry,
"Ronsard proclaimed my charms when I was fair."

No servant then hearing you thus declare
(Though o'er her labors toiling drowsily),
But at my name her weariness will fly.
Blessing your name with praise all time shall spare.

I shall a boneless ghost lie 'neath the ground,
My rest by myrtle shades forever found,
And you will o'er your fire crouch old and gray,

My love regretting and your scornful hate;
Trust me, live now, nor for to-morrow wait,
But pluck life's roses while it is to-day.

Ronsard.

Translated by Dean Carrington.

PASTEUR.*

"L'œuvre de Pasteur est admirable; elle montre son génie, mais il faut avoir vécu dans son intimité pour connaître toute la bonté de son cœur," wrote one of Pasteur's most distinguished disciples who was in daily intercourse with him.

This sentiment, so simply and so eloquently expressed by Dr. Roux, can now, thanks to M. Vallery-Radot, be shared by that larger circle of Pasteur's friends and admirers who, distributed in all quarters of the globe, knew him in his public capacity, but could not have the privilege of being included amongst his intimate associates.

There are, however, few men whose scientific writings reflect the inner life of the man to the same extent as do those of Pasteur, for with Pasteur his work was his life—his religion, and it was inseparably bound up with every action, with every aspiration.

M. Vallery-Radot has enabled us to accompany Pasteur throughout his career, to share alike in his joys and his sorrows, in his anxieties and his triumphs, guiding and directing us the while with consummate skill, so that the true proportion of the actions and events which are recorded is maintained in their relation to the whole. As Pasteur's son-in-law, M. Radot has had exceptional opportunities for undertaking this biography, and already we are familiar with his workmanship in that vivid sketch of Pasteur published many years ago in which the authorship is modestly veiled under the title "l'histoire d'un savant par un ignorant." This little volume was

brought out in Pasteur's life-time; since his death we have had M. Duclaux's intellectual appreciation of his master, whom he succeeded as Director of the Pasteur Institute, Dr. Roux's sympathetic personal reminiscences of his great teacher, M. Fleury's impressionist sketch, and in England the volume in the Century Science Series, for which the writer of this notice and her husband are responsible. M. Radot's work differs from all of these inasmuch as he has had access to letters and diaries, note-books and divers documents which were to others inaccessible, and by the judicious use of which the personal element is so happily brought into relief and yet blended so harmoniously with its surroundings.

Of no man can it be more truly said that whatsoever his hand found to do he did it with all his might; the *de minimis non curat* did not exist for Pasteur. As Dean of the new Faculté des Sciences at Lille, for example, despite his passionate devotion to his researches on crystals and molecular dissymmetry, he would forsake his beloved laboratory to take his students round factories and foundries, even organizing a tour in Belgium so that they might visit the industries of the country, "questioning the foreman with his insatiable curiosity, pleased to induce in his students a desire to learn."

Later, when he returns to the Ecole Normale as administrator and director of scientific studies, in which office were included such miscellaneous duties as the surveillance of the economic and hygienic management, the responsibility for general discipline, intercourse

* "The Life of Pasteur." By Rene Vallery-Radot. Translated from the French by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire. Pp. 628; 2 vols. Westminster:

Archibald Constable and Co., Ltd., 1902. Price 22s.

with the families of the pupils and the literary or scientific establishments frequented by them, we find him noting down as matters for attention "Catering; ascertain what weight of meat per pupil is given at the Ecole Polytechnique. Courtyard to be strewn with sand. Ventilation of class-room. Dining hall door to be repaired."

If professors in this country have in the past, had but slight encouragement to embark upon research, what would they have said to the position of Pasteur in this respect, who at the Ecole Normale, in addition to such vexatious demands upon his valuable time, had no laboratory, but a garret only in which to carry on his investigations, whilst we hear of him later "building a drying-stove under the staircase; though he could only reach the stove by crawling on his knees, this being better even than his old attic?"

The general state of affairs connected with higher education in France was indeed at that time most deplorable, and Duruy, the enlightened Minister of Public Instruction, whilst sympathizing with the lamentable position occupied by science in the country and deeply regretting the penurious policy which stifled its aspirations, was unable to make his voice heard in Cabinet councils, the other ministers, we are told by him, "being absorbed in politics."

Pasteur and Duruy had often discussed the contrast presented by the flourishing young University of Bonn, with its staff of fifty-three professors and vast laboratories for chemistry, physics and medicine, and the Strassburg faculty, with its handful of teachers, hampered in every direction by a policy of deplorable penury. It is not surprising to find Pasteur, in the anguish of his soul, well-nigh crushed by the disasters which overwhelmed his country, bitterly exclaiming in 1870:—

We savants were indeed right when we deplored the poverty of the department of Public Instruction! The real cause of our misfortune lies there. It is not with impunity—as it will one day be recognized, too late—that a great nation is allowed to lose its intellectual standard. . . . We are paying the penalty of fifty years' forgetfulness of science, of its conditions of development, of its immense influence on the destiny of a great people, and of all that might have assisted the diffusion of light.

Again he writes in a pamphlet entitled "Why France found no Superior Men in the Hours of Peril:—

France has done nothing to keep up, to propagate and to develop the progress of science in our country. . . . She has lived on her past, thinking herself great by the scientific discoveries to which she owed her material prosperity, but not perceiving that she was imprudently allowing the sources of those discoveries to become dry. . . . Whilst Germany was multiplying her universities, establishing between them the most salutary emulation, bestowing honors and consideration on the masters and doctors, creating vast laboratories amply supplied with the most perfect instruments, France, enervated by revolutions, ever vainly seeking for the best form of Government, was giving but careless attention to her establishments for higher education.

This crying need of a people was voiced by Pasteur more than thirty years ago, at a time when great national disasters were sweeping all before them; a quarter of a century later these words sound a prophetic note of warning to another nation which, with similar arrogance and similar criminal neglect, has made a fetish of political illusions whilst the very foundations upon which the soul of the people depends have been forgotten or deliberately ignored.

"Is it not deplorable, almost scandalous," exclaims the Minister Duruy,

"that the official world should be so indifferent on questions of science?" Would that England had a minister who, whilst sharing such a conviction, possessed the courage to express it! Pasteur with rare prescience was never weary of insisting upon the importance of higher education; "If that teaching is but for a small number, it is with this small number, this *élite*, that the prosperity, glory and supremacy of a nation rest," and we find him again and again returning to the same theme.

M. Radot takes us step by step along the victorious path which Pasteur cleared in the conquest of the most difficult scientific problems of the day. Yet he reminds us that those imaginative people

who would decorate the early years of Louis Pasteur with wonderful legends would be disappointed; . . . at the Arbois College he belonged merely to the category of good average pupils . . . at the examination for the *baccalauréat ès sciences* he was only put down as *médiocre* in chemistry.

But all this was to be changed, and under the inspiring influence of two such teachers as Balard and Dumas he became a student of chemistry second to none in the enthusiasm for his subject.

His discoveries in crystallography soon won for him a foremost place in the scientific world. In a letter from the great physicist Biot to Pasteur's father we have a charming tribute paid by the aged to the young philosopher.

It is the greatest pleasure that I can experience in my old age to see young men of talent working industriously, and trying to progress in a scientific career by means of steady and persevering labor and not by wretched intriguing. That is what has made your son dear to me, and his affection for me adds yet to his other claims and increases that which I feel for him.

Biot's friendship for Pasteur, which ripened into a fatherly love and pride in his work, only terminated with his death and was one of Pasteur's most valued possessions.

It will be remembered how Mitscherlich had discovered that the two tartaric acids so familiar to chemists, while apparently identical in chemical composition, in chemical properties, in crystalline form and, in fact, in every known detail, behaved differently in solution towards polarized light. This distinguished crystallographer, unable to detect any difference in these two tartrates, asserted that they were identical in every other particular. Pasteur could not accept this conclusion as to the absolute identity of these substances in face of the fact of their different behavior towards polarized light, and determined, if possible, to procure some of the inactive tartaric or racemic acid and submit it to an exhaustive examination. But how to procure this racemic acid? Originally obtained in 1820 by Kestner, at Thau, through a mere accident in the manufacture of tartaric acid, it had suddenly ceased to appear in spite of all efforts to obtain it again. Pasteur's emotion was immense on hearing from Mitscherlich that a manufacturer in Saxony had again produced some racemic acid, and that he believed the tartars employed had originally come from Trieste. "I shall go to Trieste," says Pasteur, in a fever of excitement; "I shall go to the end of the world. I must discover the source of racemic acid, I must follow up the tartars to their origin."

Armed with letters of introduction, he starts off on his voyage of discovery and, writes a contemporary, "never was treasure sought, never adored beauty pursued over hill and vale with greater ardor."

How he succeeded in obtaining specimens and in establishing a minute difference in the crystalline structure of

these two acids, overlooked by the renowned and experienced Mitscherlich, and how his fundamental discovery of the relationship which exists between crystalline form and optical activity, followed up by a series of masterly investigations, has given birth to that fertile offshoot of chemical science known as stereochemistry, is familiar to all.

The red ribbon of the Legion of Honor was his country's recognition of these brilliant discoveries in the field of chemical science. In the further prosecution of his investigations, Pasteur discovered that if he allowed one of the salts of racemic acid to ferment, the dextro-tartaric component was alone acted upon, which action in his own words he declares to be "the ferments of that fermentation feeding more easily on the right than the left molecules." At this time, when his attention was being arrested by the problems of fermentation in connection with the production of chemical compounds, he was appointed professor at Lille. Difficulties encountered by a local manufacturer in the production of beetroot alcohol induced Pasteur to turn his thoughts more especially to the phenomena of fermentation, and these studies led by a natural sequence to his throwing down the gauntlet to the great Liebig and entering single-handed upon that famous contest with the most brilliant intellects of the day as to the origin of the phenomena of putrefaction and decay.

The current contempt for Pasteur's conclusions may be realized from the following words emanating from the most distinguished chemist of the day. In 1845 Liebig wrote:—

As to the opinion which explains putrefaction of animal substances by the presence of microscopic animalculæ it may be compared to that of a child who would explain the rapidity of the Rhine current by attributing it to the

violent movement of the numerous mill-wheels of Mayence.

Pasteur relates how, several years later, he visited Liebig in his laboratory, anxious to induce him to acknowledge the truth of his theories; he was received with kindly courtesy, but on endeavoring to approach the delicate subject he had so much at heart, Liebig, "without losing his amenity, refused all discussion, alleging indisposition."

The multiplicity and varied character of Pasteur's researches have been well-nigh forgotten by a generation which almost exclusively associates his name with the work of his later years—rabies and its prevention. His researches on vinegar, on the diseases of wine, his laborious investigations extending over years which succeeded in disclosing the origin of the diseases in silk-worms which had threatened to ruin the silk industry of France, his studies on beer collected in a magnificent volume covering nearly 400 octavo pages, are but a few of the colossal labors which occupied his mind before he became absorbed in the study of contagious diseases.

At the ripe age of fifty-five we find him devoting himself with all the energy and enthusiasm of youth to the study of pathological phenomena. Various theories as to the origin of anthrax were in the air at the time when Pasteur determined to enter the field. M. Radot gives a most vivid account of these researches and of the hopes and anxieties to which Pasteur was a prey at this time, living as he did in a condition of intense nervous tension and excitement during their progress. Difficulties, however, never deterred, they only served to stimulate, Pasteur. The memoir in which Pasteur and his assistants communicated their successful investigations on anthrax and septicæmia to the Academy of Sciences is famous, not only on account of the

manner in which they mastered the etiology of these diseases, but also for the extreme fertility and originality of the ideas and experiments which it records. Having established the identity of the virus he set to work to discover the means of combating its action, and thus he was led to those epoch-making researches in the domain of immunity which were to succeed in converting a virus into a vaccine—a malignant foe into a beneficent friend—and which have made the name of Pasteur a household word revered in the remotest corners of the globe.

M. Radot, besides giving us a faithful and fascinating history of Pasteur's scientific life and aspirations, has, with the delicate touch of the master revealed the inner life of this great genius, with rare subtlety indicating the essential character of the man who,

absorbed as he was in his daily task, yet carried within himself a constant aspiration towards the ideal, a deep conviction of the reality of the infinite and a trustful acquiescence in the mystery of the universe.

No one who reads Pasteur's speeches
Nature.

can fail to be struck by the lofty tone which pervades them; he sought always the highest and scorned to touch what was base; his deep religious sense communicated itself to all who were brought in contact with him, from the most exalted in the land to the poorest student who came to work under his guidance.

In one of those public utterances which in his declining years became so rare and so eagerly sought for, he tells us:—

Our only consolation, as we feel our own strength failing us, is the consciousness that we may help those who come after us to do more and to do better than ourselves, fixing their eyes as they can on the great horizons of which we only had a glimpse.

This is the keynote to his life, embodying the same passionate desire to help others which stimulated him from his earliest years, but mellowed by the ripeness of advancing age, and the consciousness of a life fast drawing to a close, the burden of which was soon to be laid aside.

G. C. Frankland.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Miss Agnes Weld is at work upon an anecdotal memoir of her uncle, the late Lord Tennyson.

George Meredith's autobiography is promised for this year. Mr. Morley is to revise the proofs.

The latest edition of President Roosevelt's "Strenuous Life" contains six additional essays and addresses.

Lord Wolseley has just completed

his memoirs, which are said to deal not only with his own career but with the question of civilian control of the War Office, a subject upon which he naturally feels deeply.

The "Athenæum" disputes the statement that the price, about \$26,000, recently paid by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan for the Fust-Schoeffer Psalter of 1459 was "the highest ever paid for a single book." The "Athenæum" avers that it is only about half the amount re-

celved for the Ashburnham MS. of the "Evangelia Quatuor."

Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain is reported to be engaged in writing her "Reminiscences," which can hardly fail of being diverting, if they are in the least candid.

"Linesman," author of the striking narratives of incidents in the Boer war, some of which have been reprinted in this magazine from "Blackwood's," is said to be Captain Maurice C. R. Grant of the 2d Devonshire Regiment.

The recent death of Aubrey de Vere removes one of the most prolific poets of the Victorian era, whose verses were strown along a period of sixty years, and won high favor among cultivated readers, although they did not captivate the popular fancy.

Mrs. Burnett has written a sequel to her story "The Making of a Marchioness" which goes far to justify the ancient jest about a woman's postscript, inasmuch as it is three times as long as the original story. It is to be called "The Methods of Lady Walderhurst" and will be published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Henrik Ibsen's rapidly falling strength precludes all possibility of his writing any more dramas. He is absorbed in painful attempts to complete his autobiography. He does the work furtively, as if his chief desire were to escape observation; he sleeps on his manuscripts, as if afraid that they might be purloined; and not even his wife is permitted to see what he writes.

The spring announcements of A. C. McClurg & Co. include five books of fiction, three of travel, one of nature studies and six works of literary interest. One striking story, entitled "The Thrall of Lief the Lucky," is a ro-

mance of Viking days, Lief being that Lief Ericsson who visited this country a thousand years ago. The book is by a young writer of Northern descent, Miss Otilie Liljencrantz, and the story is said to be an absorbing one.

The cheapening of books can hardly go much farther than in an attractive series of penny "Notebooks," which an English house is publishing. There is one series of "Notes on the Cathedrals," intended for the use of students when larger volumes are out of reach and for hasty visitors to the cathedrals described. Another series of "Biographical Notes" includes attractive booklets on King Edward, Queen Alexandra, Lord Salisbury, Tennyson, Rudyard Kipling, Lord Kitchener and others.

When so many old favorites in the field of fiction are being reproduced in new and attractive editions, it is amazing that it does not occur to some energetic publisher to issue a uniform edition of the stories of the late Mrs. Oliphant. Nearly all of her books are out of print in this country, and some of them are unobtainable in England. Such stories as "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "The Ladies Lindores" and "He that Will Not When He May" are worth more than scores of the present-day novels which are "boomed" to large sales by adroit advertising. A uniform edition of Mrs. Oliphant's writings would be warmly welcomed by those who are already familiar with their charm, and would find many new readers.

Few words in familiar use are less understood than "folio," "quarto," "octavo" and other corresponding terms employed in describing books. Strictly, the terms indicate that a given sheet has been folded a given number of times. Formerly, the watermarks on

papers showed at once the size of the sheet. The smallest sheet, marked with a jug, was known as "pot;" the next had a cap and bells, hence our foolscap;" others bore a horn, "post," a crown and so on. Nowadays, the terms folio, quarto, etc., are sometimes loosely used to indicate the size of the pages irrespective of the number of times a sheet is folded; but strictly, a folio is a book wherein the sheets have been folded once only; in a quarto they are twice folded; in an octavo three times; in a 16mo, four times. Each sheet bears a "signature"—*i. e.*, small letters or figures at the foot of every second, fourth, eighth or sixteenth leaf, and this furnishes evidence of the number of times the sheet has been folded.

According to the "Author" Sir Walter Besant's forthcoming autobiography is of an unusual kind. It is neither a diary, nor does it contain lengthy transcripts from a diary; it includes no letters from eminent friends, and is remarkably free from personal references; it says nothing at all about the pecuniary side of his career as a professional man of letters; and is quite silent about his domestic life. It tells briefly and modestly of the influences which led him to be a novelist and an antiquarian, and of the circumstances which conduced to his success; and undoubtedly the main purpose which Sir Walter Besant had in writing it was to draw attention to what he considered to be the proper equipment for sound and useful literary performance.

A somewhat amusing incident is reported in connection with the account recently rendered by Aylmer Maude of the "Resurrection Fund," which means the fund for distributing the profits arising from the sale of Tol-

stoy's "Resurrection." Mrs. Maude's translation was written to assist the migration of the Doukhobors. The royalties amounted to \$7,500. But when a check for \$750 drawn from this fund was sent to the clerk of the Friends' Doukhobor Committee, that estimable gentleman returned it, on the ground that "Resurrection" does not promote the cause of morality. In taking this course he acted on his own responsibility, and refunded the money out of his own pocket, saying in the note returning the check "Whether the Committee will deem it right to repay me I cannot tell."

The old question whether the growth of circulating libraries is a good or an ill thing for the booksellers has been revived in London, and experts disagree with reference to it. One influential member of the trade avers from his experience that the booksellers benefit by the libraries. "Where free libraries have been established in London," he said, "the local booksellers have told me that it was for them the best thing that could have happened." There is a rush for a book as soon as it gets talked about. The number of copies at each library is limited, and some members will soon tire of waiting, and make for the nearest bookseller's shop. This statement, however, was qualified by a well-known publisher, to whom the subject was broached. While true so far as fiction and the popular books of the day were concerned, it did not, he said, apply to more serious literature, especially to text-books and works of reference. "It would pay me," he added, "to go the round of the free libraries and buy up all my publications, for I should probably sell at least half a dozen copies for every one that makes its way into these institutions."

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